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# CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY-XXIII*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the present year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated March 9, 1906.*] . . . I am talking of a time sixty years ago, and upwards. I remember the names of some of those (1845.) schoolmates, and, by fitful glimpses, even their faces rise dimly before me for a moment—only just long enough to be recognized; then they vanish. I catch glimpses of George Robards, the Latin pupil—slender, pale, studious, bending over his book and absorbed in it, his long straight black hair hanging down below his jaws like a pair of curtains on the sides of his face. I can see him give his head a toss and flirt one of the curtains back around his head—to get it out of his way, apparently; really to show off. In that day it was a great thing among the boys to have hair of so flexible a sort that it could be flung back in that way, with a flirt of the head. George Robards was the envy of us all. For there was no hair among

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us that was so competent for this exhibition as his—except, perhaps, the yellow locks of Will Bowen and John Robards. My hair was a dense ruck of short curls, and so was my brother Henry's. We tried all kinds of devices to get these crooks straightened out so that they would flirt, but we never succeeded. Sometimes, by soaking our heads and then combing and brushing our hair down tight and flat to our skulls, we could get it straight, temporarily, and this gave us a comforting moment of joy; but the first time we gave it a flirt it all shrivelled into curls again and our happiness was gone.

John Robards was the little brother of George; he was a wee chap with silky golden curtains to his face which dangled to his shoulders and below, and could be flung back ravishingly. When he was twelve years old he crossed the plains with his father amidst the rush of the gold-seekers of '49; and I remember the departure of the cavalcade when it spurred westward. We were all there to see and to envy. And I can still see that proud little chap sailing by on a great horse, with his long locks streaming out behind. We were all on hand to gaze and envy when he returned, two years later, in unimaginable glory—*for he had travelled!* None of us had ever been forty miles from home. But he had crossed the Continent. He had been in the gold-mines, that fairyland of our imagination. And he had done a still more wonderful thing. He had been in ships—in ships on the actual ocean; in ships on three actual oceans. For he had sailed down the Pacific and around the Horn among icebergs and through snow-storms and wild wintry gales, and had sailed on and turned the corner and flown northward in the trades and up through the blistering equatorial waters—and there in his brown face were the proofs of what he had been through. We would have sold our souls to Satan for the privilege of trading places with him.

I saw him when I was out on that Missouri trip four years ago. He was old then—though not quite so old as I—and the burden of life was upon him. He said his granddaughter, twelve years old, had read my books and would like to see me. It was a pathetic time, for she was a prisoner in her room and marked for death. And John knew that she was passing swiftly away. Twelve years old—just her grandfather's age when he rode away on that great journey with his yellow hair flapping behind him.

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In her I seemed to see that boy again. It was as if he had come back out of that remote past and was present before me in his golden youth. Her malady was heart disease, and her brief life came to a close a few days later.

Another of those schoolboys was John Garth. He became a prosperous banker and a prominent and valued citizen; and a few years ago he died, rich and honored. *He died.* It is what I have to say about so many of those boys and girls. The widow still lives, and there are grandchildren. In her pantalette days and my barefoot days she was a schoolmate of mine. I saw John's tomb when I made that Missouri visit.

Her father, Mr. Kercheval, had an apprentice in the early days when I was nine years old, and he had also a slave woman who had many merits. But I can't feel very kindly or forgivingly toward either that good apprentice boy or that good slave woman, for they saved my life. One day when I was playing on a loose log which I supposed was attached to a raft—but it wasn't—it tilted me into Bear Creek. And when I had been under water twice and was coming up to make the third and fatal descent my fingers appeared above the water and that slave woman seized them and pulled me out. Within a week I was in again, and that apprentice had to come along just at the wrong time, and he plunged in and dived, pawed around on the bottom and found me, and dragged me out and emptied the water out of me, and I was saved again. I was drowned seven times after that before I learned to swim—once in Bear Creek and six times in the Mississippi. I do not now know who the people were who interfered with the intentions of a Providence wiser than themselves, but I hold a grudge against them yet. When I told the tale of these remarkable happenings to Rev. Dr. Burton of Hartford, he said he did not believe it. *He slipped on the ice the very next year and sprained his ankle.*

Will Bowen was another schoolmate, and so was his brother, Sam, who was his junior by a couple of years. Before the Civil War broke out, both became St. Louis and New Orleans pilots. Both are dead, long ago.

[*Dictated March 16, 1906.*] We will return to those schoolchildren of sixty years ago. I recall Mary Miller. She was not
(1845.) my first sweetheart, but I think she was the first one that furnished me a broken heart. I fell in love with her

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when she was eighteen and I was nine, but she scorned me, and I recognized that this was a cold world. I had not noticed that temperature before. I believe I was as miserable as even a grown man could be. But I think that this sorrow did not remain with me long. As I remember it, I soon transferred my worship to Artimisia Briggs, who was a year older than Mary Miller. When I revealed my passion to her she did not scoff at it. She did not make fun of it. She was very kind and gentle about it. But she was also firm, and said she did not want to be pestered by children.

And there was Mary Lacy. She was a schoolmate. But she also was out of my class because of her advanced age. She was pretty wild and determined and independent. But she married, and at once settled down and became in all ways a model matron and was as highly respected as any matron in the town. Four years ago she was still living, and had been married fifty years.

Jimmie McDaniel was another schoolmate. His age and mine about tallied. His father kept the candy-shop and he was the most envied little chap in the town—after Tom Blankenship ("Huck Finn")—for although we never saw him eating candy, we supposed that it was, nevertheless, his ordinary diet. He pretended that he never ate it, and didn't care for it because there was nothing forbidden about it—there was plenty of it and he could have as much of it as he wanted. He was the first human being to whom I ever told a humorous story, so far as I can remember. This was about Jim Wolfe and the cats; and I gave him that tale the morning after that memorable episode. I thought he would laugh his teeth out. I had never been so proud and happy before, and have seldom been so proud and happy since. I saw him four years ago when I was out there. He wore a beard, gray and venerable, that came half-way down to his knees, and yet it was not difficult for me to recognize him. He had been married fifty-four years. He had many children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and also even posterity, they all said—thousands—yet the boy to whom I had told the cat story when we were callow juveniles was still present in that cheerful little old man.

Artimisia Briggs got married not long after refusing me. She married Richmond, the stone mason, who was my Methodist Sunday-school teacher in the earliest days, and he had one dis-

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tinction which I envied him: at some time or other he had hit his thumb with his hammer and the result was a thumb nail which remained permanently twisted and distorted and curved and pointed, like a parrot's beak. I should not consider it an ornament now, I suppose, but it had a fascination for me then, and a vast value, because it was the only one in the town. He was a very kindly and considerate Sunday-school teacher, and patient and compassionate, so he was the favorite teacher with us little chaps. In that school they had slender oblong pasteboard blue tickets, each with a verse from the Testament printed on it, and you could get a blue ticket by reciting two verses. By reciting five verses you could get three blue tickets, and you could trade these at the bookcase and borrow a book for a week. I was under Mr. Richmond's spiritual care every now and then for two or three years, and he was never hard upon me. I always recited the same five verses every Sunday. He was always satisfied with the performance. He never seemed to notice that these were the same five foolish virgins that he had been hearing about every Sunday for months. I always got my tickets and exchanged them for a book. They were pretty dreary books, for there was not a bad boy in the entire bookcase. They were *all* good boys and good girls and drearily uninteresting, but they were better society than none, and I was glad to have their company and disapprove of it.

Twenty years ago Mr. Richmond had become possessed of Tom Sawyer's cave in the hills three miles from town, and had made a tourist-resort of it. In 1849 when the gold-seekers were streaming through our little town of Hannibal, many of our grown men got the gold fever, and I think that all the boys had it. On the Saturday holidays in summer-time we used to borrow skiffs whose owners were not present and go down the river three miles to the cave hollow (Missourian for "valley"), and there we staked out claims and pretended to dig gold, panning out half a dollar a day at first; two or three times as much, later, and by and by whole fortunes, as our imaginations became inured to the work. Stupid and unprophetic lads! We were doing this in play and never suspecting. Why, that cave hollow and all the adjacent hills were made of gold! But we did not know it. We took it for dirt. We left its rich secret in its own peaceful possession and grew up in poverty and went wandering

(1849.)

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about the world struggling for bread—and this because we had not the gift of prophecy. That region was all dirt and rocks to us, yet all it needed was to be ground up and scientifically handled and it was gold. That is to say, the whole region was a cement-mine—and they make the finest kind of Portland cement there now, five thousand barrels a day, with a plant that cost $2,000,000.

For a little while Reuel Gridley attended that school of ours. He was an elderly pupil; he was perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three years old. Then came the Mexican War and he volunteered. A company of infantry was raised in our town and Mr. Hickman, a tall, straight, handsome athlete of twenty-five, was made captain of it and had a sword by his side and a broad yellow stripe down the leg of his gray pants. And when that company marched back and forth through the streets in its smart uniform —which it did several times a day for drill—its evolutions were attended by all the boys whenever the school hours permitted. I can see that marching company yet, and I can almost feel again the consuming desire that I had to join it. But they had no use for boys of twelve and thirteen, and before I had a chance in another war the desire to kill people to whom I had not been introduced had passed away.

I saw the splendid Hickman in his old age. He seemed about the oldest man I had ever seen—an amazing and melancholy contrast with the showy young captain I had seen preparing his warriors for carnage so many, many years before. Hickman is dead—it is the old story. As Susy said, "What is it all for?"

Reuel Gridley went away to the wars and we heard of him no more for fifteen or sixteen years. Then one day in Carson City while I was having a difficulty with an editor on the sidewalk —an editor better built for war than I was—I heard a voice say, "Give him the best you've got, Sam, I'm at your back." It was Reuel Gridley. He said he had not recognized me by my face but by my drawling style of speech.

He went down to the Reese River mines about that time and presently he lost an election bet in his mining camp, and by the terms of it he was obliged to buy a fifty-pound sack of self-raising flour and carry it through the town, preceded by music, and deliver it to the winner of the bet. Of course the whole camp was present and full of fluid and enthusiasm. The winner

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of the bet put up the sack at auction for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Fund, and sold it. The excitement grew and grew. The sack was sold over and over again for the benefit of the Fund. The news of it came to Virginia City by telegraph. It produced great enthusiasm, and Reuel Gridley was begged by telegraph to bring the sack and have an auction in Virginia City. He brought it. An open barouche was provided, also a brass band. The sack was sold over and over again at Gold Hill, then was brought up to Virginia City toward night and sold—and sold again, and again, and still again, netting twenty or thirty thousand dollars for the Sanitary Fund. Gridley carried it across California and sold it at various towns. He sold it for large sums in Sacramento and in San Francisco. He brought it East, sold it in New York and in various other cities, then carried it out to a great Fair at St. Louis, and went on selling it; and finally made it up into small cakes and sold those at a dollar apiece. First and last, the sack of flour which had originally cost ten dollars, perhaps, netted more than two hundred thousand dollars for the Sanitary Fund. Reuel Gridley has been dead these many, many years—it is the old story.

In that school were the first Jews I had ever seen. It took me a good while to get over the awe of it. To my fancy they were clothed invisibly in the damp and cobwebby mould of antiquity. They carried me back to Egypt, and in imagination I moved among the Pharaohs and all the shadowy celebrities of that remote age. The name of the boys was Levin. We had a collective name for them which was the only really large and handsome witticism that was ever born in that Congressional district. We called them "Twenty-two"—and even when the joke was old and had been worn threadbare we always followed it with the explanation, to make sure that it would be understood, "Twice Levin—twenty-two."

There were other boys whose names remain with me. Irving Ayres—but no matter, he is dead. Then there was George Butler, whom I remember as a child of seven wearing a blue leather belt with a brass buckle, and hated and envied by all the boys on account of it. He was a nephew of General Ben Butler and fought gallantly at Ball's Bluff and in several other actions of the Civil War. He is dead, long and long ago.

Will Bowen (dead long ago), Ed Stevens (dead long ago)

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and John Briggs were special mates of mine. John is still living.

In 1845, when I was ten years old, there was an epidemic of measles in the town and it made a most alarming slaughter among the little people. There was a funeral almost daily, and the mothers of the town were nearly demented with fright. My mother was greatly troubled. She worried over Pamela and Henry and me, and took constant and extraordinary pains to keep us from coming into contact with the contagion. But upon reflection I believed that her judgment was at fault. It seemed to me that I could improve upon it if left to my own devices. I cannot remember now whether I was frightened about the measles or not, but I clearly remember that I grew very tired of the suspense I suffered on account of being continually under the threat of death. I remember that I got so weary of it and so anxious to have the matter settled one way or the other, and promptly, that this anxiety spoiled my days and my nights. I had no pleasure in them. I made up my mind to end this suspense and be done with it. Will Bowen was dangerously ill with the measles and I thought I would go down there and catch them. I entered the house by the front way and slipped along through rooms and halls, keeping sharp watch against discovery, and at last I reached Will's bed-chamber in the rear of the house on the second floor and got into it uncaptured. But that was as far as my victory reached. His mother caught me there a moment later and snatched me out of the house and gave me a most competent scolding and drove me away. She was so scared that she could hardly get her words out, and her face was white. I saw that I must manage better next time, and I did. I hung about the lane at the rear of the house and watched through cracks in the fence until I was convinced that the conditions were favorable; then I slipped through the back yard and up the back way and got into the room and into the bed with Will Bowen without being observed. I don't know how long I was in the bed. I only remember that Will Bowen, as society, had no value for me, for he was too sick to even notice that I was there. When I heard his mother coming I covered up my head, but that device was a failure. It was dead summer-time—the cover was nothing more than a limp blanket or sheet, and anybody could see that there were two of us

(1845.)

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under it. It didn't remain two very long. Mrs. Bowen snatched me out of the bed and conducted me home herself, with a grip on my collar which she never loosened until she delivered me into my mother's hands along with her opinion of that kind of a boy.

It was a good case of measles that resulted. It brought me within a shade of death's door. It brought me to where I no longer took any interest in anything, but, on the contrary, felt a total absence of interest—which was most placid and enchanting. I have never enjoyed anything in my life any more than I enjoyed dying that time. I *was,* in effect, dying. The word had been passed and the family notified to assemble around the bed and see me off. I knew them all. There was no doubtfulness in my vision. They were all crying, but that did not affect me. I took but the vaguest interest in it, and that merely because I was the centre of all this emotional attention and was gratified by it and vain of it.

When Dr. Cunningham had made up his mind that nothing more could be done for me he put bags of hot ashes all over me. He put them on my breast, on my wrists, on my ankles; and so, very much to his astonishment—and doubtless to my regret—he dragged me back into this world and set me going again.

[*Dictated July 26, 1907.*] In an article entitled "England's Ovation to Mark Twain," Sydney Brooks—but never mind that, now.

I was in Oxford by seven o'clock that evening (June 25, 1907), and trying on the scarlet gown which the tailor had been constructing, and found it right—right and surpassingly becoming. At half past ten the next morning we assembled at All Souls College and marched thence, gowned, mortar-boarded and in double file, down a long street to the Sheldonian Theatre, between solid walls of the populace, very much hurrah'd and limitlessly kodak'd. We made a procession of considerable length and distinction and picturesqueness, with the Chancellor, Lord Curzon, late Viceroy of India, in his rich robe of black and gold, in the lead, followed by a pair of trim little boy train-bearers, and the train-bearers followed by the young Prince Arthur of Connaught, who was to be made a D.C.L. The detachment of D.C.L.'s were followed by the Doctors of Science, and these by the Doctors of

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Literature, and these in turn by the Doctors of Music. Sidney Colvin marched in front of me; I was coupled with Sidney Lee, and Kipling followed us; General Booth, of the Salvation Army, was in the squadron of D.C.L.'s.

Our journey ended, we were halted in a fine old hall whence we could see, through a corridor of some length, the massed audience in the theatre. Here for a little time we moved about and chatted and made acquaintanceships; then the D.C.L.'s were summoned, and they marched through that corridor and the shouting began in the theatre. It would be some time before the Doctors of Literature and of Science would be called for, because each of those D.C.L.'s had to have a couple of Latin speeches made over him before his promotion would be complete —one by the Regius Professor of Civil Law, the other by the Chancellor. After a while I asked Sir William Ramsay if a person might smoke here and not get shot. He said, "Yes," but that whoever did it and got caught would be fined a guinea, and perhaps hanged later. He said he knew of a place where we could accomplish at least as much as half of a smoke before any informers would be likely to chance upon us, and he was ready to show the way to any who might be willing to risk the guinea and the hanging. By request he led the way, and Kipling, Sir Norman Lockyer and I followed. We crossed an unpopulated quadrangle and stood under one of its exits—an archway of massive masonry—and there we lit up and began to take comfort. The photographers soon arrived, but they were courteous and friendly and gave us no trouble, and we gave them none. They grouped us in all sorts of ways and photographed us at their diligent leisure, while we smoked and talked. We were there more than an hour; then we returned to headquarters, happy, content, and greatly refreshed. Presently we filed into the theatre, under a very satisfactory hurrah, and waited in a crimson column, dividing the crowded pit through the middle, until each of us in his turn should be called to stand before the Chancellor and hear our merits set forth in sonorous Latin. Meantime, Kipling and I wrote autographs until some good kind soul interfered in our behalf and procured for us a rest.

I will now save what is left of my modesty by quoting a paragraph from Sydney Brooks's "Ovation."

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Let those stars take the place of it for the present. Sydney Brooks has done it well. It makes me proud to read it; as proud as I was in that old day, sixty-two years ago, when I lay dying, the centre of attraction, with one eye piously closed upon the fleeting vanities of this life—an excellent effect—and the other open a crack to observe the tears, the sorrow, the admiration—all for me—all for me!

Ah, that was the proudest moment of my long life—until Oxford!

* * * * * *

Most Americans have been to Oxford and will remember what a dream of the Middle Ages it is, with its crooked lanes, its gray and stately piles of ancient architecture and its meditation-breeding air of repose and dignity and unkinship with the noise and fret and hurry and bustle of these modern days. As a dream of the Middle Ages Oxford was not perfect until Pageant day arrived and furnished certain details which had been for generations lacking. These details began to appear at mid-afternoon on the 27th. At that time singles, couples, groups and squadrons of the three thousand five hundred costumed characters who were to take part in the Pageant began to ooze and drip and stream through house doors, all over the old town, and wend toward the meadows outside the walls. Soon the lanes were thronged with costumes which Oxford had from time to time seen and been familiar with in bygone centuries—fashions of dress which marked off centuries as by dates, and mile-stoned them back, and back, and back, until history faded into legend and tradition, when Arthur was a fact and the Round Table a reality. In this rich commingling of quaint and strange and brilliantly colored fashions in dress the dress-changes of Oxford for twelve centuries stood livid and realized to the eye; Oxford as a dream of the Middle Ages was complete now as it had never, in our day, before been complete; at last there was no discord; the mouldering old buildings, and the picturesque throngs drifting past them, were in harmony; soon—astonishingly soon!—the only persons that seemed out of place, and grotesquely and offensively and criminally out of place were such persons as came intruding along clothed in the ugly and odious fashions of the twentieth century; they were a bitterness to the feelings, an insult to the eye.

The make-ups of illustrious historic personages seemed perfect,

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both as to portraiture and costume; one had no trouble in recognizing them. Also, I was apparently quite easily recognizable myself. The first corner I turned brought me suddenly face to face with Henry VIII, a person whom I had been implacably disliking for sixty years; but when he put out his hand with royal courtliness and grace and said, "Welcome, well-beloved stranger, to my century and to the hospitalities of my realm," my old prejudices vanished away and I forgave him. I think now that Henry the Eighth has been over-abused, and that most of us, if we had been situated as he was, domestically, would not have been able to get along with as limited a graveyard as he forced himself to put up with. I feel now that he was one of the nicest men in history. Personal contact with a king is more effective in removing baleful prejudices than is any amount of argument drawn from tales and histories. If I had a child I would name it Henry the Eighth, regardless of sex.

Do you remember Charles the First?—and his broad slouch with the plume in it? and his slender, tall figure? and his body clothed in velvet doublet with lace sleeves, and his legs in leather, with long rapier at his side and his spurs on his heels? I encountered him at the next corner, and knew him in a moment—knew him as perfectly and as vividly as I should know the Grand Chain in the Mississippi if I should see it from the pilot-house after all these years. He bent his body and gave his hat a sweep that fetched its plume within an inch of the ground, and gave me a welcome that went to my heart. This king has been much maligned; I shall understand him better hereafter, and shall regret him more than I have been in the habit of doing these fifty or sixty years. He did some things in his time, which might better have been left undone, and which cast a shadow upon his name—we all know that, we all concede it—but our error has been in regarding them as crimes and in calling them by that name, whereas I perceive now that they were only indiscretions. At every few steps I met persons of deathless name whom I had never encountered before outside of pictures and statuary and history, and these were most thrilling and charming encounters. I had hand-shakes with Henry the Second, who had not been seen in the Oxford streets for nearly eight hundred years; and with the Fair Rosamond, whom I now believe to have been chaste and blameless, although I had thought differently about it before; and with

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Shakespeare, one of the pleasantest foreigners I have ever gotten acquainted with; and with Roger Bacon; and with Queen Elizabeth, who talked five minutes and never swore once—a fact which gave me a new and good opinion of her and moved me to forgive her for beheading the Scottish Mary, if she really did it, which I now doubt; and with the quaintly and anciently clad young King Harold Harefoot, of near nine hundred years ago, who came flying by on a bicycle and smoking a pipe, but at once checked up and got off to shake with me; and also I met a bishop who had lost his way because this was the first time he had been inside the walls of Oxford for as much as twelve hundred years or thereabouts. By this time I had grown so used to the obliterated ages and their best-known people that if I had met Adam I should not have been either surprised or embarrassed; and if he had come in a racing automobile and a cloud of dust, with nothing on but his fig-leaf, it would have seemed to me all right and harmonious.

MARK TWAIN.

*(To be Continued.)*

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# SOME CONCLUSIONS OF A FREE-THINKER.

BY THE LATE D. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

It is deemed well that a document so personal as is the following should have a brief prefatory sketch of the main events of its author's career and the more salient features of his character, that "the persons who read what he has written may know upon what large experience of life his conclusions are based." Such is the task here essayed.

Of simple, upright, God-fearing New England stock, Daniel Henry Chamberlain was born at West Brookfield, Mass., on June 23rd, 1835, the ninth child of Captain Eli and Achsah (Forbes) Chamberlain. Until fourteen years of age he worked on his father's farm, intermittently attending the common schools of the town. At the age of fifteen he began to study Latin and Greek during the few months he spent at Amherst College in 1850. Thence he passed for a short time to the Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., teaching school, to defray his expenses, when the opportunity offered. When twenty-one years of age he entered the Worcester, Mass., High School, and there, under the tutelage of such rare teachers as Homer B. Sprague and Wolcott Calkins, he progressed rapidly, showing, as one who knew him at the time has recently said, "an extraordinary maturity and power of study."

Through many struggles he passed to Yale College, which he entered in the fall of 1858. Marked throughout by unusual thoroughness and industry, and even brilliancy, his course in college culminated in his graduation in 1862, with the award of highest honors in oratory and English composition and the fourth place in a class of one hundred and ten members. That he did not fail to leave the impress of his ability on his teachers and classmates is well shown by the remark of one of his professors, who, when asked who among Yale students had made upon him the strongest impression of intellectual ability, replied, "John C. Calhoun and Daniel H. Chamberlain," while President Woolsey characterized him as "a born leader of men." Such was his record in a class containing Franklin MacVeagh, W. H. H. ("Adirondack") Murray, Judge Frederic Adams, S. B. Eaton, Henry Holt, Buchanan Winthrop and Melville C. Day.

From Yale he went to the Harvard Law School. Here his career was short, but the time spent there sufficed to secure him the enviable reputation of being, in the words of Charles S. Fairchild, ex-Secretary of

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the Treasury, "on the whole the ablest man in the Harvard Law School," and this when its register enrolled the names of Frederic Adams, William C. Whitney, George Gray, Anthony Higgins, Henry James, John Fiske, William Everett, James Green, and Charles S. Fairchild. "Chamberlain," said one of his fellow students, "was in the front rank. In the union of legal scholarship, debating power, and personal attractiveness which go to make up a great lawyer, he was second to none in this promising group."

But the vital issues of the Civil War loomed large at this time, and in November of 1863 he wrote to a friend: "I am going to the war within the next two months. . . . I have no plans beyond that; . . . but go I must. I ought to have gone in '61, but the real reason I didn't was that I was then, as I am now, in debt for my college expenses to those who cannot possibly afford to lose what I have borrowed from them. . . . But years hence I shall be ashamed to have it known that, for *any* reason, I did not have a hand in this life-or-death struggle for the Union and for Freedom. I find that I can insure my life for enough to cover the $2,000 I owe, and nothing shall hinder me longer than is necessary to get the money to do this." Through his friend, the late Emory Washburn, he secured from Governor Andrew a lieutenant's commission in the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry, afterwards commanded by Colonel Charles Francis Adams. His work in the army was done, as elsewhere, thoroughly and faithfully, and in December, 1865, he was mustered out of service at Boston.

In January, 1866, going to Charleston, S. C., to settle the affairs of a deceased classmate, and, perhaps, "impelled southward by the magnetism of his own destiny," Chamberlain cast in his lot with the proudest State of the South. Two years he spent in a pecuniarily unsuccessful effort at cotton-planting, in the hope of paying his college debts. In the fall of 1867 this lawyer, "whose legal studies had been prematurely broken off, and who had never had a day's practice in the courts," was chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention. In the reorganization of the State government the office of Attorney-General fell naturally to his lot. Here he at once found himself pitted against some of the most brilliant members of an ever able and distinguished bar, who soon learned that they had to reckon with one in whom no flaw of legal armor was to be found which indefatigable labor and the most conscientious thinking could remedy.

He soon became the candidate of the Republican party for Governor, and, elected in 1874, he held office until April 11th, 1877. Those interested in the events of that stormy career may find the story told in graphic terms in the admirable work by Walter Allen, entitled "Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina."

Constantly at war with the baser elements of his own party as well as of the opposition, he fought with remarkable vigor and pertinacity a straight-out battle for civic virtue and public morality. That he suffered then and later from unavoidable association with corrupt characters was inevitable, but the facts, impartially viewed, give evidence of

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naught but the most resolute perseverance in the course which he believed to be for the greatest good of the people. Walter Allen's excellent narrative bears ample testimony to his loftiness of purpose and the purity of his aim of these years. Its historical accuracy and fidelity to demonstrable facts cannot be impugned. Upon its publication in 1888, the "Boston Herald" said: "The work . . . is carefully written, and, while enthusiastic in its admiration of the Governor and his work, is yet fortified by an amount of proof that justifies all the praise that is awarded in its pages." Said the "Cincinnati Commercial Gazette": "No man can read this book, made up largely, as it is, of messages, addresses, interviews, letters, and various other forms of personal expression, and not feel that he is in the presence not simply of a great man, but a man filled full of the instinct and passion and ambition of a reformer—a man who would have gone to the stake two hundred years ago for his opinions, a man who valued intellectual honesty above all price."

But the most powerful mentality and physique could not well stand the terrible strain. To see his purposes thwarted at every step, his hopes blasted, his ambition frustrated, was an experience that undermined his vitality. In the cause of honest government, he sacrificed the health of thirty years to come. In the closing words of Allen's book, it was the "story of a brave attempt, a good fight, and a baffling, cruel defeat. . . . From first to last it was a battle, waged with dauntless energy and fortitude, for two great causes which he represented with an ardor and fidelity equal towards each—the cause of *equal rights* and the cause of *honest government*. From beginning to end it illustrates the candor of his avowal of his ambition and hope . . . and not less the sincerity of his declaration: 'Public duty is my only master.'" The story of the closing days of his administration has become history. How in the election of 1876 honest men were divided in opinion as to the result, how he and Hampton were invited to Washington to confer with President Hayes, how the Federal troops were finally withdrawn and his continuance in office made impossible, these things the world knows.

Shortly after he gave up the keys of office he removed to New York City, where for thirty years he practised in the State and Federal courts. In 1882, broken in health, he sought in Europe a renewal of strength. On his return to this country in 1883, he became non-resident professor of Constitutional Law in Cornell University. In 1897, finding the exactions of his legal duties undermining his health, and having laid aside a considerable competence, he retired from his profession, and, purchasing the old Chamberlain homestead at West Brookfield, Mass., he remodelled it completely, intending there to end his days among his books and the associations of his youth.

But in 1902 he suffered a terrible blow in the death of his youngest son, which rendered longer residence at the scene of bereavement intolerable to him. His health again failed him and he sold his estate and sought the curative effects of less rigorous climes. The winter of 1902-03

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he spent in South Carolina. In 1903, accompanied by his son, he sailed for England. Returning in the fall, he again went to South Carolina, but, continuing to fail in health, he once more set sail, this time for Egypt. Twenty months spent in Egypt, where he became acquainted with Lord Cromer, on the Riviera, and in London, seemed in a measure to revive some of his old-time vigor. But the end was not far off. He landed in New York for the last time on June 23rd, 1906.

He went at once to Charlottesville, Va., never to leave it except to be carried to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore and back again. The dread cancer which carried him off had begun to manifest itself, and from now on its inroads were rapid. He saw the end approach, but was undismayed.

His mental powers were wholly unimpaired, even to the last hour. His power of sustained thought, his patriotism, his interests, were as strong as ever. Almost entirely confined to his bed, he had little or no strength, yet his purpose to serve his country never flagged. Very near the end he wrote one of his most powerful invectives against one whom he thought a "Traitor to Public Duty." Of the well-nigh superhuman exertion it required, he said in a letter to a friend: "I did not let you know what I was doing, for I felt you would think me foolhardy, and I could not blame you if you did. But I simply couldn't give up my purpose. I little cared whether or not it killed me, and I was actually so weak that when I had partially raised myself on my pillow and had my pencil in my hand, I could write only a dozen or twenty words, and then give up exhausted and panting. I thus wrote during five long days, and then from my notes, undecipherable to any one but myself, I dictated it to a stenographer. What I did now seems almost incredible even to myself. Considering the circumstances, I must consider it the greatest feat of my life. I reckon it shows how the spirit can triumph over the flesh."

Such was the spirit and temper of the man as he watched the end approach.

In the care of friends and relatives his life slowly ebbed away, until, after a day of more than usual animation, in the midst of a hemorrhage, he passed away on the morning of the 13th of April, 1907.

Of the many estimates of his career and character which appeared in the public press, space will permit of but two quotations. Said the "Springfield Republican": "In the public spirit, breadth and sanity of his contributions to current issues of national moment, the late ex-Governor Daniel H. Chamberlain rendered faithful and conscientious service to the people and the country. His spirit and temper and ability were to be ranked with the good work done by George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, and James Russell Lowell, whose capacity for clear and high thinking made them leaders and mentors for a host of young and honest voters possessed of less grasp, knowledge and background. . . . He handled a subject to illumine and adorn it with that touch of a strong personality which is powerful to enlighten and impress. . . . He faced declining health with bravery, and his brain and pen were



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kept busy after his personal activity came to be circumscribed by the inroads of disease. There was no flickering in the steady flame of his thought, and the purpose to serve his day and generation remained to the end." Said the "News and Courier" of Charleston, S. C.: "Mr. Chamberlain was a very remarkable man. He was a scholar of the truest temper, a lover of his country of the broadest views." The same paper, three years before, on the occasion of the publication of his now famous Open Letter to Mr. Bryce on the Negro Problem, had said: "In sheer intellectual ability and mastery of the English language few excel him."

One more public appreciation deserves notice. On May 9th, 1907, Charles Francis Adams, as its President, rose in a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society and paid the Governor eloquent tribute. In it he quoted from a remarkable letter from Colonel A. C. Haskell of South Carolina, one time the bitterest enemy of Mr. Chamberlain, latterly his devoted friend. Colonel Haskell closes with these words: "He was endowed with high traits; he was a patriot, he was a searcher after truth, and, when he believed it found, he was brave enough to declare it, without regard to danger or its inconsistency with his past. He loved his country, and was to the end loyal to the State of his adoption, and he came to love the men who had crushed his highest hope in the zenith of his public life. He was a student, a worker, and a thinker. . . . He was pure of heart and of a pure mind; and in time he rose above the clouds. I remember him with love and respect."

In politics he was a free-trader, an anti-imperialist, and an Independent. Some years ago he publicly said: "I am not a Democrat more than a Republican. I am an Independent, *i. e.*, one who tries to look at political matters with his eyes and not with his prejudices, one always on the lookout merely for the best men and the best measures, one who, as a rule, seeks only what is the best thing practicable." In religious matters his views are fully and fearlessly set forth in the following document, found after his death, sealed and addressed to the present writer. P. C. C.

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If I were asked why I write these lines I might not be able to give a very satisfactory answer. My motives are probably quite mixed. One thing is certain: I do not write primarily for publication now or hereafter. Perhaps no more than two or three persons will ever see what I now write.

Still less do I write in a proselyting spirit. I wish to change or influence no man's opinions or beliefs. All my life I have respected the views of others, many times forbearing to even express my own from deference to those of others. In matters of outward conduct or form, I should describe myself a conformist. I do not love singularity in any of its forms. When-

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ever honor or truth or public weal have seemed to be at stake, I trust I have been able to act fearlessly and independently; but, whenever duty has not seemed to call for divergence from others in action or opinion, I have been glad to acquiesce in feelings and opinions with those with whom my life has been thrown. Least of all, have I sought or wished to influence or unsettle the religious beliefs of others. These I have regarded as sacred precincts, within which no uninvited steps might intrude. More than this, when invited or challenged to put forth my views on religious topics, I have ordinarily declined. Lifelong I have been a constant attendant at the religious services of the standard churches of the communities where I have resided or been temporarily located.

Still, near the close of a long life, I have found myself wishing to record in terms the views which I have most maturely and deeply pondered and adopted on the most important themes. This record I purpose to place where it will be certain to be used only, if used at all, for purposes consistent with my lifelong attitude towards my fellow men, as just stated.

I may properly make another introductory remark. My education, environment, associations, all those pressures which ordinarily influence, and often determine, one's religious views, have been of the strictly orthodox Protestant sort. I will not quite say of the Calvinistic sort, though I might call them of a modified or modern Calvinism. Through Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, church-going at the pace of four services a Sunday, including the Sunday-school, all forms of Christian nurture and training, so called, such as New England Protestant communities are apt to provide, I have come from my earlier years.

Some thirty years ago, after a careful reading of Newman's "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*" and "A Grammar of Assent," I was led to review with some care my own thoughts and customary beliefs—hardly beliefs, more nearly habitudes of thought—on topics which concern the realms which lie outside or beyond our visual world, or world of material experience.

During the period since I began this special study, I have read and studied widely and deeply, though constantly following assiduously my profession as a lawyer, and never neglecting entirely the cultivation of literature generally, and especially of

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the classical writers of Greece and Rome. For all these subordinate purposes, I have rarely been able to reserve on an average more than an hour a day; but even so short a time, when utilized with diligence for a quarter of a century and more, will cover a very large measure of reading and study.

I shall not undertake to give the authorities which I have examined and studied in my long search. The list would be too long to repeat here. I will, however, remark that by far the larger part of these have been the works of writers who have accepted and defended the Christian religion and the sources of support on which that religion relies. I should say that only four books of an opposite tendency have had much to do with my conclusions—Strauss's "*Leben Jesu*," Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," Renan's "*Vie de Jésus*," and Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe," though I have read nearly all the German works that are germane to the subject. Leslie Stephens's brief writings on the same themes have interested me very greatly.

I cannot help remarking the rather peculiar fact that, as Newman was telling us how, step by step, he was making his way to Rome, where reason is dethroned as a final umpire, I was shaking off, under the influence of Newman's two subtlest and most persuasive works, and not a little under the influence of his thoughts and arguments, the last shackles of former Christian beliefs and creeds, and going forth into the freedom and clear sunlight of unfettered thought and unbiassed judgment. The "*Apologia*," I suppose, I might have read ten times or more, each time for a different, special purpose, but always in part for its unequalled literary style and merits; but I have never yet succeeded, much as I have tried, in putting myself, even for the moment and by the strongest effort of imagination, into Newman's attitude towards religious matters, and especially towards dogmas and the Church. I mean his attitude towards these long before he openly and nominally seceded to Rome. His religious proclivities came from sources and were directed by forces that made for dogma and sacerdotalism. Rome lay plainly at the end of the road he was travelling when he was the cynosure and pride of so many young and ardent Anglicans at Oxford. His direction was fixed from the start. What remained was only to answer the query, How soon?

Still I confess I hold Newman in reverence such as I give to

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hardly any other great religious character, especially a Churchman. Besides his almost unrivalled literary gifts, making him, as another has said, "the Fénelon of our day," there was that about him which, combined with his golden voice, put to shame his enemies; while, as Mr. Gosse has well said, "he performed the inestimable service of preserving the tradition of sound, unemphatic English."

After my marriage in 1869, I associated myself with my wife's church, the Unitarian, and there I found, as I still find, much that commands my approval and enlists my sympathy as respects both doctrines and spirit. At all times I have been a great reader of printed sermons, as well as a listener to the most eminent preachers. There are but few volumes of sermons in English, whether modern or of the last two or three centuries, which I have not read; and I have seldom missed hearing Christian preachers of note who were accessible to me during the last sixty years—preachers so unlike in all respects as Dr. Bellows, Mr. Beecher, Dr. Bushnell, Dr. Patton of Princeton, Bishop Brooks, Moody, and Ingersoll, if the last may be, as I think he may, classed among preachers. As a passing remark of possible interest, I will say that the most powerful pulpit orator I have ever heard was by long odds Henry Ward Beecher, while, to me, the most pungent and affecting was President Woolsey of Yale College. His sermon entitled, I think, in the published volume of his sermons, "The Self-propagating Power of Sin," I heard in the old Yale College chapel, and it sticks in my memory now as the most moving and transpiercing sermon I have ever heard. I still often read it to refresh the sensations it gave me when I heard it delivered.

From all my studies and reflections of so many years, my first clear resulting postulate was that my own reason, reasoning faculty, was the final guide and master which I must follow and obey in my search for truth and in fixing my opinion on all subjects. By this I do not mean my unaided reason, but reason as fully informed and as largely aided as is possible; but that my own reason when so informed and aided must finally pass upon and decide all questions whatever. Of the validity of this position I have no shadow of doubt.

This is not a narrow view. It excludes nothing. It does not forbid belief in what is called the supernatural, or imagined, or

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miraculous. It only demands that the reason shall be satisfied, on whatever grounds, of the truth or reasonableness of what one accepts and believes. Through all the intervening years, this postulate has guided me. What my reason has not approved, I have not accepted as truth. What my reason has approved, that I have accepted.

A second leading, guiding thought has been the fact of the limited area of our knowledge and the vastness of the world of the unknown and unknowable. A recent writer has said, "Our whole knowledge or science is but a tenuous film floating over the vast ocean of our nescience." The boundaries of the unknowable have grown greater for me as the years have gone on. Many things which I once may have dogmatized on, and which most men still profess to know, I now put within the barriers of the unknowable—unknowable, at least, by any means now available to human effort.

A third great leading thought has been the stupendous evolutionary theory of the world. I say "theory of the world"; for, in my view, it covers the world and all it contains—the universe, so far as our knowledge of it goes. The mental and moral world, like the physical, is the result, at every stage, of the working of the laws of evolution. In creation, the making of something out of nothing, the best we can know teaches that there is no ground for belief. As I shall hereafter point out, what lies back of evolution, what force, power or influence first put its laws into operation, I regard as an insoluble mystery, a matter lying wholly within the bounds of the unknowable. What we do know and see is the actual working and results of these laws.

These three fundamental concepts,—(1) reason, human reason, one's own reason, the final arbiter or touchstone of truth, not for other men, but for each one's self, for every individual person; (2) the vast realm of the unknowable, a realm infinite in comparison with our knowledge and science; and (3) the all-embracing law of evolution, sweeping over the whole world and ruling all things within our ken,—these three are the instruments, guides and measures by means of which I have tried to fix my beliefs and mould my moral and intellectual life.

I need hardly say that, working by these rules, the great task has been to cast off, put aside, root out, preconceptions fixed in my mind by my previous course of life and thought, by all the

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associations of the past years,—beliefs once dear and undoubted, conclusions long cherished and interwoven in the very fibre of being. That this has not been at all times a pleasant task I need not aver, but through it all the clear light of truth, the comfort of deep conviction, have been solaces and compensations which have for the most part made the way not only plain, but pleasant.

The most comprehensive, perhaps the most important, result of the application of the three great rules or guides of thought which I have enumerated, has been the entire rejection of what we commonly call the Providential and the Miraculous. The prime tenet of evolution is cosmic law ruling all things. From this it follows that suspensions, interruptions, modifications of the laws of evolution, are simply impossible. Providence, so called, miracles, however defined, are excluded from all part or lot in the progress or development or course of events.

I have already said that what gave to evolution its initial force is past finding out, but the steady, inflexible, unvarying working and progress of its laws I hold to be one of the conclusions of human science which may be accepted as proved and true. It is a gigantic step which this conclusion compels,—that no power exists anywhere which can or does for a moment interfere to any degree with the course of events as determined by the laws of evolution.

The elimination of accident, Providence, so called, and miracles, works momentous changes in many directions, but especially in religious or theological matters. For example, as I have already observed, while it does not exclude the idea or belief or posit of a First Cause or Power, it does, to my mind, exclude the idea of a presiding or controlling Deity, to use the common locution, who continually watches over the universe, exercising the function either of keeping the machinery of the universe in working-order or putting it in order on occasions. Especially does it exclude, once for all and peremptorily, the idea of an anthropomorphic God or Deity, a person or individual who rules all things, animal and human, visible or invisible, earthly and spiritual. Such a God, the God now conceived of, believed in, and worshipped by the vast majority of human beings, evolution forbids. Equally certain, the central ideas of the Christian religion become impossible of rational belief when tested by the

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essential principles of evolution. I mean such ideas as sin, redemption, conversion, salvation, atonement, the person, office and work of Jesus Christ, the Trinity; in a word, the whole circle and array of dogmas and beliefs which make up the Christian religion, as well as a large part of the carefully developed other great religious systems of the world.

In this general result my reason has forced me to concur and believe. This has, of course, involved the abandonment of many specific beliefs which are fundamental in the scheme of Christianity and other wide-spread religious systems. For example, the Christian religion, it is claimed, is authenticated by a book called the Bible. This book is held by Christians generally to be a true and inspired supernatural revelation of a God who rules all things according to his sovereign personal will and pleasure, who is omnipotent over all things, omniscient, everywhere active, on whom our lives, all life, momentarily depend, who sends or withholds the gifts and operations of nature—the rain, the fruits of the soil, seed-times and harvests—and without whose personal permission and aid nothing exists or is or can be done. Many Christians, probably a majority now, certainly until very recently a great majority, believe the Bible to be plenarily inspired, that is, that the men who composed it were miraculously guided to write nothing but the absolute truth. Evolution cuts up all such notions by the roots; the Bible becomes, like other books, valuable so far as by the test of human reason it records truth or teaches morality or influences to good living. The Bible still towers in the world of literature above nearly all other books. There are passages in its so-called historical books which portray, as are portrayed almost nowhere else, the characters of great and just men. There are touching idyllic stories, as of Esther; lofty psalms like many of David's; the magnificent poem of Job; uplifting and moving chapters, as in the major prophets, Isaiah and Ezekiel; these all will justly keep the Bible, the Old Testament at least, one of the priceless literary documents of the world.

Not so much can be said for the New Testament. Discarding its claims to supernatural inspiration and infallibility, it becomes only the record and exposition of an impossible supernatural religion. The personality and influence of Jesus Christ, alleged God and man, son of a Judean peasant, yet son of God;

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put to death on the cross, yet one of the Trinity in Heaven—this grotesque conception, with all its concomitants, goes to the limbo of impossible beliefs. Aside from its fate when brought to the test of evolutionary truths, there was never offered to the human mind, as I think, a scheme of thought, or a conception called religious, so unreasonable and preposterous in all its main features as the so-called plan of salvation set forth and expounded in the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament. It is the marvel of marvels that it has won credence, still more, wide credence, among the most intelligent and cultivated nations of the modern world. For what is the plan? It presupposes that Sin, so called, has been permitted by God to come into the world, thereby fatally tainting the whole, every member, of the human race; that God Himself, though infinite in power, could not pardon or forgive sinners until atonement had been made; that man was absolutely unable to make atonement; that, in this dilemma, Jesus Christ, Son of God, coequal member of the Godhead, or Trinity, volunteered to come into this world and to take upon himself the sins, or the effects and penalties of the sins, of the whole race of men, past, present and future; that he came to Palestine on this errand in the guise of a child, miraculously begotten of the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Trinity, and a virgin peasant of Judea, lived in obscurity and silence for thirty years, then announced his mission and preached his message for three years, then gave up his life upon the cross, returned to life in three days, and shortly after visibly ascended to Heaven and resumed his seat as a member of the Trinity; that he sits there forever, exercising the functions and powers of God; that this atonement for man's sin was accepted by God, the Father, First Person of the Trinity, as adequate; that henceforth all who put faith in Jesus Christ, that is, all who believe in him and what has now been stated of him, will be saved from all consequences of their personal sins, and after death be admitted to Heaven, to be happy forever; and that even those who lived before Christ and never heard of him will likewise be saved by virtue of his death; and that thus, and thus only, has a way been opened by which the human race can be saved from the consequences of their own voluntary sins.

I do not see how any intelligent person can, unbiassed, consider this "plan" and not reject it as utterly impossible and as the

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height of unreason; and yet millions to one accept it, pin to it their hopes and faith, and live and die in unwavering belief in it.

If asked on what their confidence rests, such Christians will say, "Upon the New Testament, its Gospels and other records, and its Epistles." But, looking into these alleged evidences and proofs with the eye of ordinary human reason, we find that the records of the New Testament are throughout of the most doubtful authenticity. Not one of the Gospels, nor the book called "The Acts of the Apostles," is verifiable. Intrinsically, they are entirely incredible. They are a tissue of myths, traditions and what may be called "old wives' tales." Take the life and teachings of Jesus Christ and separate from them all that is mythical, miraculous or otherwise incredible, and what is left? Much that is good and valuable, but little that is superlatively good, or great, or original. The best ethical sayings of Jesus Christ are easily paralleled from the doctrines and precepts of the other great religions or systems of religious thought of the Eastern world. "The Sermon on the Mount," so called, generally considered the high-water mark of his teachings, sets up no higher or purer standard of living or of aspiration than are found in authoritative Brahmanical writings or in those of Confucianism. The same is measurably true of a comparison of Christianity and Mohammedanism in respect to their ethical principles. The Golden Rule, so called, was laid down in these great religious schemes long before the advent of Jesus Christ. What has helped to support the excessive claims made for the Christian religion has been the fact that it was almost infinitely superior, ethically, to the barbarous Jewish or Mosaic religion or scheme of religious polity. This is, indeed, its chief distinction—that it cut up Judaism by the roots, so that its growth may be said to have been suspended since the Christian era. The modern Jewish faith and practice, if they may be identified with the Mosaic, have scarcely held their own even among the Hebrew or Jewish race.

But if not superior to other religions in its theoretical standards, has the Christian religion, as set forth by Jesus Christ himself, proved itself superior as a practical force in human development since the dawn of its era? Here Christian apologists generally affect to challenge all comers. They say, "Look at the result of Christianity as seen in its influence on the nations

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or communities which have embraced it; observe the higher morality, the greater social advancement, of those nations, especially Protestant nations, which have been trained in the Christian faith." But if we take this test and first look backward, I do not think the Christian claim can be made good. Since the advent of Jesus Christ and the considerable prevalence of the Christian religion, its abuses, crimes against humanity, atrocities and cruelties are absolutely greater, far greater, than can be charged against any other system of religion whatever. This is a broad assertion, but modern history fully sustains it. There is no parallel elsewhere to the extent and fiendishness of the great persecutions, by Christian potentates and zealots, of those who rejected the claims of Christianity or disregarded the edicts of those who represented the Church, which Christianity held to be the only true Church.

"But look," say the same apologists, "at the contrast of today between Christian and other nations and peoples." Here we find, undoubtedly, some, perhaps much, confirmation of the Christian claims. But it is to be considered whether the contrast so favorable on its face to Christianity has really come from Christianity or from other causes. My study and reflection lead me to deny the claim that the greater advancement and higher civilization of the nations called Christian are due alone or chiefly to the prevalence of the Christian religion. The cause is more largely racial than religious. Since Christianity won the Roman Empire, it has held sway over those nations most closely allied in polity, in laws and in institutions, to the Roman system of government and the Roman national cast of temperament and character. These are especially the nations of Continental, and most particularly of Western, Europe. Christianity with these nations has been more an inheritance than a choice. These nations, speaking generally, are by blood, by nature, by long habitudes, by inherited ideas and influences the virile, strong, aggressive, progressive, enterprising nations of the world. By these qualities it has come about that they have taken the lead and kept it for at least the last ten centuries of human advancement. I am speaking now of the so-called Christian nations. This includes Roman Catholic nations, as well as the Protestant. Christianity must answer for the former, as much as for the latter.

I am not, in what I am now writing, seeking to present argu-

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ments, so much as conclusions reached by me by my own studies and reflections; and on this point I am convinced that the cause of the superiority in general polity and in what we call, quite too complacently, Christian progress and civilization, is far more racial than religious. I do not see sufficient grounds for belief that, if the facts had been reversed and Christianity had moved East instead of West, the condition of the East would be better than it is to-day, or that of the West worse than it is to-day. Nor do I believe—and I may as well say this here as later—that to-day the condition of the East, the countries where Brahmanism and Mohammedanism and Confucianism prevail, would be improved if what Christians so flippantly and self-complacently call "the conversion of the world" were now to take place. We, Western peoples, are filled with self-conceit and vaunt our asserted vast superiority over the East in all ways, religious, moral and economic. I confess I have much respect for many of the characteristics of the Eastern or Oriental mind, spirit and civilization. (We even deny to these nations the name of civilization.) The Eastern mind is essentially meditative, introspective, tending to mysticism, but highly religious. Economically the East is, in our estimate, stationary, backward and incapable of much progress. I could wish, however, that we of the West could have a large infusion of the Eastern spirit in place, or in modification, of our restless, aggressive, strenuous, noisy and turbulent mode of life and effort. Certainly, the fret and fury of our life cannot be favorable to the best and deepest religious development and attainment.

It is of the despised and slandered East that Matthew Arnold truly says: "That wonderful East, from which, whatever airs of superiority Europe generally gives itself, all our religion has come, and where religion, of some sort or other, has still an empire over men's feelings such as it has nowhere else."

So a very able recent writer has said: "We must never forget that not only were the founders of all the great religions of Asiatic origin, but that religion is now a more vital force in Asia than on any other continent. The deep, dreamy, spiritual insight, the brooding intellectual habit, the strength of antecedents, that belong to the East, put religion there in a position as lofty as it is unique.*

* S. E. Baldwin, "American Historical Review." Vol. XII, 239.

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A word further deserves to be said as to the New Testament as the support of the Christian religion. Many, or some, champions of Christianity, especially of its theological or dogmatic claims,—its creeds and rubrics of belief—rely largely upon the Epistles of the New Testament as proofs of its divine or supernatural origin, authority and power. But when evolution has swept away the foundation of the supernatural, the Epistles are reduced to mere human documents, to be looked at and passed upon as one would do in the case of confessedly secular documents, such as the classical writings and texts of Greece and Rome. So considered they seem to me, especially the Epistles of Paul, a mere tissue or congeries of assumptions and claims, manifestly untenable. I never could see the validity of Paul's dogmatic statements, on which the Church has depended almost as much as on the recorded words of Jesus Christ himself. Paul was a conscious or unconscious metaphysician, who sought to develop a theology, supposedly logical, under which to bind the Church of Jesus Christ. He deserves little respect for his efforts to pour the whole of Christian truth,—the simplicity, the natural, undogmatic ideas and teachings of Jesus Christ,—into the shallow moulds of his dogmatic statements.

I think I have studied and read in the last forty years nearly, if not quite, all the Commentaries of the Christian theologians, casuists, and apologists of the Protestant faith, on Paul and his Epistles. Many of these are works of massive learning, of profound research, and of undoubted piety. I have studied them with deep respect, but from them all I have taken no light or leading towards reasonable religious beliefs. One and all, they start with assumptions which cannot be admitted, and reach conclusions which are without validity, except on the theory that Paul and the other writers of the Epistles were, as the hackneyed phrase is, "divinely inspired."

So, too, in the case of all the preachers of our Protestant churches; one and all, without exception, they adopt premises which are unproved and cannot be proved to the satisfaction of any but convinced Christians. They appeal to Bible texts, not noticing the fundamental necessity of establishing the authority, validity and truth of such texts. I aver, with confidence, that, in all the so-called logical discourses to which I have listened from Christian pulpits, there has not been one that did not as-

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sume the very things which a non-Christian denies and demands proof of. I do not demand that such a preacher shall establish his premises whenever he opens his mouth in the pulpit; but, when he professes to undertake a logical exposition or defence of his belief or creed, I think it is due from him to proceed logically by making good his premises. Emerson, many years ago, well called the Christian pulpit "the coward's fort."

There is another topic closely connected in the minds of most with religious beliefs, though it is more properly a scientific subject,—the immortality of the soul, or simply immortality. The subject is one of never-slackening interest. It is a Christian doctrine, but it is also a belief developed and matured long before Christianity. It is not taught, if it is assumed or implied, in the Old Testament, but it was a favorite belief or theme of speculation with the Greek philosophers before Plato, but especially with Plato himself, and the men of his day and later. As upon other themes, Plato is easily the most persuasive advocate of the belief or doctrine. I am apt to pick up my Jowett's "Plato" whenever my mind is turned to this subject and reread, for perhaps the hundredth time, the "Phædo." It richly repays the reading, whether one accepts its conclusions or not, for its wonderful beauty, even in Jowett's translation; but no one can really know its artistic and æsthetic charm except by an easy and familiar acquaintance with it in its original tongue. Its argument, too, is, for me, as good and strong as any I know.

If Plato touched the summit of reasoning and speculation on this theme in the ancient world, Wordsworth has done the same in his "Ode" for the modern world. But, like Plato's speculations, Wordsworth's "Ode" is too slight an argument to become the foundation of a reasonable belief. Of course, the "Ode" is, first of all, poetry, not prose; fancy and feeling, not argument or logic. A poet, however, sees far more deeply than a logician; and I always read the great "Ode" with profound respect, as well as profound admiration. Commonly called, shortly, the "Ode on Immortality," its very title reveals at once its limitations in the mind of its author,—"Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." The title fully expresses its scope. It professes only to draw "intimations," not a belief in immortality, and from but one source,—recollections of early childhood. Very few, I venture to think, have ever had

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the visions or recollections which are the staple of this remarkable poem. For this reason, it can never become, I think, a really prevailing argument with the general, nor even a strong support of any kind for the doctrine of immortality.

The really strongest argument for immortality is, to my mind, the wide-spread, almost universal, longing and hope of mankind that it may be true. If we could accept Paul's dictum,—faith is "the evidence of things not seen,"—we might at once pronounce the doctrine of immortality to be proved, but plainly Paul's dictum is of little or no validity or force.

Looking for proofs or evidence on this topic, we see that evolution has nothing to tell us. It is, as it must ever be, matter of pure speculation, with no data or facts as a basis or starting-point.

There are one or two considerations which have always deeply impressed me in my reflections on the subject. One is the broad fact that, in all the experience of mankind, no authentic voice has ever come back to us from beyond the grave. All the yearnings, the hopes, the agonized prayers of all the world of humanity have drawn no response. If behind a thin veil the spirits of the departed are, and have always been, living and watching sublunary scenes, is it not well past belief that no sign or sound has pierced that veil? I, of course, put aside, with a degree of contempt which I seldom bestow on beliefs of others, the claims made of spiritual manifestations from a world beyond this world. I have never examined one such claim that did not appear unfounded and absurd, if even it were not palpably fraudulent.

Another important consideration has impressed me,—the overwhelming improbability that the whole human race should have been or should be preserved forever. Statisticians tell us that probably no less than two hundred and eighty billions of human beings have passed across the stage of human life, since man was developed as we now see him. The process goes on, and no end can be predicted. Is it probable, even possible, as matter of reason, that such a stupendous, well-nigh inconceivable, mass of human beings, good, bad and indifferent, should be endlessly preserved? One is forced to cry out, "*Cui bono?*" and no answer can be given which does not posit an anthropomorphic God. As Emerson once said of almsgiving, "The worst of charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving."

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But of all arguments against this doctrine, the strongest is the physical one. The human soul, the spirit of man, whatever the name we give it, is manifested, becomes known, acts and exercises its observed functions, so far as we can see, only through the human physical brain. This, I suppose, is universally conceded, or is properly undeniable. In the death of the human body, the brain perishes like the rest of the parts. The soul or spirit, therefore, which, we commonly say, "tenanted the brain" in life, must perish. If the soul or spirit lives on, it must be in a new habitat and must be another soul or spirit than the one that inhabited the body here. I have read attempts to get over this difficulty in accepting the doctrine of immortality. All I can say of them is that, if they might be called ingenious speculations, they are tenuous, misty and quite inconclusive, and not even valuable as arguments.

My conclusion is, therefore, on all grounds, that "Death ends all." If this conclusion cuts up some fond hopes and anticipations, as it undoubtedly does in the case of nearly every one, to me, like other inevitable conclusions, it has its reliefs and compensations; for one thing, it summarily puts a quietus on the painful and gloomy thought of a system of future rewards and punishments which has so long harassed the world.

For me, another pleasant result is secured; namely, that this life, if well lived, must be lived unselfishly and without hope of reward, except in the good one may do in this life.

I have now set down, lying on a sick-bed, prostrated by what the best physicians pronounce a mortal and incurable malady, what I have wished to leave on record of the conclusions which I have reached at the end, or probably near the end, of a life extended beyond what is called the normal period of man's life.

I here repeat, what I have said at the beginning, that I seek and wish to change no man's convictions on the themes discussed. I say "convictions," not beliefs traditionally received or held or lightly considered. I could wish that all might so deeply study and reflect that their beliefs might fairly be called convictions. Farther than that, I feel no concern for others in these matters. Integrity of mind, heart and life is all I seek, either for myself or for others.

I cannot help thinking that one who should read these lines

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might ask me questions. One might well be this: You have put aside ordinary beliefs and constraints,—how do you maintain what you, in common with others, would, I suppose, call "morals," "moral standards," "rules of good conduct," conduct which Matthew Arnold calls "three-fourths of life and duty"?

The question deserves answer. Man's moral sense is the result primarily of evolution. "The moral sense," in the view of evolutionary philosophy, "is not ultimate, but derivative, having been built up out of slowly organized and duly transmitted ancestral experiences of pleasure and pain." Here is the rock on which I rest and risk all,—a slowly developed sense which is intended, if one may use the word in this connection, and fitted, to lead men to good conduct, as well as a test and touchstone when doubts arise of what is good conduct. What can be safer? It is not the shifting sands of men's opinions, "apparitions of a day," or the precepts of a book, or the rubrics and decrees of a church, but the granite rock of experience, running continually through all the ages and periods of the existence of this frame of things. "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise."

Another possible question might be: How do you feel that your present conclusions have affected your moral character and your happiness?

It is certainly difficult for one to pass judgment on one's character, but here I answer, frankly and confidently, that I feel that my moral sense and nature have been uplifted, purified and strengthened by my present conclusions as I have now stated them. I feel it. I think I know it. Moreover, I do not believe any one who knows me has suspected or marked any falling off in my later years.

As to happiness, I can speak more safely. I know that my present views have added to my happiness. I cannot say, as Newman said, after he had reached the haven of the Romish Church,—"I have since had no trace of doubt, but only the most perfect certitude"; but I can at least say that I know of no earthly inducement which could lead me to go back to what now seems to me the darkness and unrest of former days and beliefs.

I have had no little difficulty in fixing upon a truly descriptive title for these lines. "Atheist," "infidel," "unbeliever," "agnostic," all are objectionable as hackneyed, cant words. "The-



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ist" is too narrow. I am much more than a mere atheist, for I reject the whole Christian religion. "Infidel" and "unbeliever" are indefinite, almost meaningless; neither etymologically nor according to usage do they describe me. "Agnostic" is also too indefinite. I think we know many things, though ignorant of many. If the word meant only that we did not know all, or comparatively much, I might adopt it as others have done. At last it has seemed to me that "free-thinker" was the truly descriptive phrase. It means and implies no more nor less than appears on its face.

I am as well aware, in concluding this review of one phase of my history and stating some of the conclusions in which I now rest, as any possible critic who might read these lines could be, that I am but one against millions, far less than "the voice of one crying in the wilderness"; but when one believes one has found the right way, what is there for one but to fare forward in the never-ending quest of truth, right living and good conduct?

My only strong wish and aim throughout my career in the respects with which these lines are concerned have been to be entirely fearless in investigation and clear-sighted in finding a way to the truth. I think these lines from Omar Khayyam have some application to me:

"If I myself upon a looser creed
Have loosely strung the jewel of good deed,
Let this one thing for my atonement plead,
That one for two I never did misread."

D. H. Chamberlain.

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# EVOLUTION, IMMORTALITY AND THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION: A REPLY.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S paper, "Some Conclusions of a Free-Thinker," derives weight and interest from the character as well as from the ability of the writer. It will be gratefully received by all who believe that the only way out of our religious difficulties is free inquiry, and that honest doubt is the dawn of truth. For my own part, I advance no theory, but only plead for perfect freedom of inquiry, unfettered by ecclesiastical tests, and, at the same time, for the recognition of the whole nature of man, including that part of it which has hitherto been deemed spiritual, as well as the bodily part, which Darwinian Evolution explains.

Among all the changes of this changeful age, the most momentout is the withdrawal, by literary criticism and physical science, of the foundations of revealed religion. If the Bible is not authentic and inspired, we are left without supernatural assurance of the will, the nature, the unity, the existence of God. Of the divine will and purpose we have now no assurance more direct than that which we may gather from our own nature, and from the indications of a universe in which good is mysteriously mated with evil, love wrestles with hatred, beauty and melody contend with deformity and discord, and order, apparently providential, holds divided empire with disorder and wreck. The geocentric idea, making this earth of ours the grand scene, with the sacred tradition that depended on it, passes away. The earth, our dwelling-place, is an atom in a boundless universe. The revolution has been sudden, and owes its suddenness, and in a measure its danger, to the suspension of free inquiry by church creeds and tests. Less than half a century ago, I heard a great geologist desperately struggling to reconcile his science with the

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narrative of Genesis, which his audience, an academical audience, still believed to be inspired. Social disturbance follows. Religion, even if not active or fervent, has helped to reconcile the less fortunate of mankind to their lot by their general belief that the social frame was a divine ordinance, and that there would be a better world for them hereafter.

In place of creation and the religious view, Mr. Chamberlain would embrace "the stupendous evolutionary theory" of the world, though what lies behind Evolution, what power or influence first put its laws into operation, he regards as an insoluble mystery. The change is obviously vital. Creation presents itself as the work of an intelligence. Religion accounts for the existence of evil as probationary, resistance to the evil being a training of humanity to good. Evolution, so far as we see, or can divine, is blind; the evil in it apparently is purposeless. But how terribly large is the proportion of evil! Comparing the number of those who are or have been happy, with the number of those who are or have been unhappy, can we say that the great pessimist was very far wrong in calling this the worst possible—he did not say the worst conceivable—world? Mr. Chamberlain seems to regard Evolution as certainly proved. When science has pronounced judgment in her own domain, I dare not breathe a doubt. But has any case of Evolution really occurred within human ken or record? Artificial changes have been made by men or by special influence in the animal and vegetable world. But has there been any natural change such as the evolution of the ape into man? Rudimentary similarity, such as that of the ape to man, does not seem conclusive proof of Evolution. We are in the full tide of a grand discovery, to settle the exact limits of which time may be required. In the mean time, Evolution, while it displaces, apparently does nothing to replace, the theistic doctrine of creation or the moral corollaries of that belief. It gives no clue to origin or agency. It is simply a record of observed succession.

Together with Evolution, Mr. Chamberlain apparently embraces Necessarianism, which indeed seems involved in Evolution. He probably accepts the belief that motive is the sole antecedent of action, in which case certainly Necessarianism would be true. I have ventured elsewhere to submit that there are really two antecedents, motive and volition, the second of which

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becomes perceptible as often as we hesitate in action. Has any Necessarian ever been found to act on his own doctrine?

A special, and perhaps the most striking, feature of Mr. Chamberlain's essay is his denial of the immortality of the soul. That belief he holds to be not only unproved and incapable of proof, but less acceptable than the opposite doctrine which, he says, puts a quietus on the painful and gloomy thought of a system of future rewards and punishments which has so long harassed the world, besides making life more unselfish as being lived without hope of reward. His own life, we may be pretty sure, has been happy as well as good; but what is to be said about the myriads whose lives, through no fault of their own, have been misery ending in pain? There is no use in trying to disguise annihilation as "eternal rest." In rest we still live, and from it we at length awake. Annihilation is surely a sad word, were it only that it means final separation from those we love. If death ends all, it levels not only the most virtuous with the most depraved, but the greatest benefactors with the greatest scourges of mankind. In Mr. Chamberlain's case, the renunciation of all interest beyond the grave might be unselfishness; but in most cases it surely would be rather greed of immediate enjoyment.

The question is, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced by the use of the words "immortality" and "soul." Of immortality, as of eternity, we can form no conception. To "soul" has become attached the idea of an entity distinct from the bodily frame, pent up in it, and released from it when the body is dissolved by death. "Indiscerptible," Butler calls the soul, building an argument for its immortality on that quality. This we give up, as we do all ghosts and spiritual apparitions. Actual proof, from the nature of the case, we can have none; but, assuming that the Supreme Power is just, we have a strong presentiment of justice, not done here, to be done hereafter. We can hardly, with Mr. Chamberlain, treat Wordsworth's poem on "Intimations of Immortality" as philosophy, but it embodies a sentiment almost universal and deeply rooted in our nature.

We have apparently no absolute reason for setting a boundary at the line at which physical science so far stops; for excluding from view that which has been hitherto recognized as the spiritual, and recognizing only the bodily part of our nature. Even as concerns what we must regard as belonging to the bodily part,

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memory and dreams, physical science has still realms to conquer.

Mr. Chamberlain, as he tells us, to the end of his life attended places of Christian worship, and, as he certainly did it not for show, he must have been drawn by the moral attraction. Yet he not only disrates Christianity, but disparages it, seeming inclined to put it even below the religion of Brahmanism, caste, suttee and Juggernaut. The miraculous part of the Christian creed rationalists will resign; but it is the halo with which the simple imagination surrounds the head of the founder, prophet or apostle, and does not necessarily affect the truth or purity of the moral code. Pliny sends Trajan a description, furnished him by the Christians, of the proceedings at their meetings. According to this account their custom was to come together on a stated day before dawn, sing a hymn to Christ, as God, and bind themselves, sacramentally, not to anything criminal, but never to commit thefts, robberies or adulteries, never to break faith or repudiate a trust. Here the belief in the divinity of Christ does not lower, but raises, the standard of morality. Jesus Christ was ideal morality; not so was Baal, Woden or Mahomet. The Paradise of Mahomet is sensual.

Christianity in the centuries following its foundation was attacked by a number of evil influences from which, sadly as it was affected by them, its essence may be clearly distinguished; by dogmatism, the offspring of Alexandrian philosophy, which begins to show itself in the Fourth Gospel; by sacerdotalism and prelatism, increasing as the clergy rose in social rank; by Oriental asceticism, culminating in Simeon Stylites; and by court influence, commencing from the time when the conversion of Constantine made the Emperor lay head of the Church, and the martyr gave place to the sycophant and the intriguer. Persecution, while it called forth the heroism, must, at the same time, have stirred the fanaticism and embittered the temper of the persecuted sect.

But a worse thing than all happened when the suzerainty of Christendom was usurped by the Popes. Catholicism, it is most important to remember, is not Papacy. Augustine, Ambrose, Irenæus, Athanasius, were Catholics, but they were not Papists; nor were Lacordaire, Acton and their circle of liberal Catholics in our own day. Gregory the Great was not a Papist; he recognized the ecclesiastical parity of Constantinople and Antioch

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to his own See, and though circumstances, especially the downfall of the Empire and the withdrawal of Imperial government and protection, led to his exercise of temporal power at Rome, he never pretended to suzerainty. There is nothing of it in his unfortunate Epistle of Congratulation to the usurper Phocas. He does not pretend to confirm the title of Phocas.

The personal and essentially anti-Christian, though fanatical, ambition of the monk Hildebrand, Gregory VII, imposed on Western Christendom the Papal suzerainty, laying its foundations in an alliance with Norman conquest, and in the strict enforcement on the clergy of celibacy, which, severing them from society, made them a sacerdotal caste and a militia devoted to the Pope. The wild Normans, invited to Rome, opened the temporal reign of the Papacy with massacre. They conquered England under Hildebrand's banner; they afterwards invaded Ireland, made over to them by Gregory's successor as a Papal fief. Civil war was stirred up in Germany for Papal objects. There followed the extermination of the Albigenses, the Inquisition, Alva's butcheries in The Netherlands, the Saint Bartholomew massacre, the extirpation of the Huguenots, and, what perhaps was worst of all, Jesuitism, which still vexes the world with its intrigues. Science was banned as infidel and persecuted in the person of Roger Bacon; while sacerdotal dogmas, such as Transubstantiation, Purgatory and the worship of Saints and relics, were pressed to an extreme.

But for the acts of the Papacy, Christianity, Catholic or Protestant, has not to answer. Genuine Christianity meantime was not without witnesses, such as Anselm, Grosseteste, Wycliffe, Thomas à Kempis and in the secular sphere St. Louis and Edward I. The Reformation and the Churches and characters which Protestant Christianity has produced, together with its missions, are surely strong proofs, not only of the vitality, but of the ethical value, of the religion. We see that they have had force to keep a hold to the last on the sentiment of such a man as Mr. Chamberlain, able and highly educated as well as good, on whom the hold of dogma had been utterly lost.

The age is big with discoveries, psychical as well as physical. Old men cannot look for certainty; they can only hope to die in hearty allegiance to truth.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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# THE FAILURE OF AMERICANS AS ATHLETES.

BY CHAS. E. WOODRUFF.

THE wonderful victories of the American team in the 1906 Olympic Games, at Athens, have given a false idea as to the effect of this climate upon the athletic ability of the people, and it is important that the true conditions be known. As a matter of fact, the team, though it might be called a typically "American" crowd of all nations, really included among the winners very few native-born Americans of long residence. Martin J. Sheridan, who won the most points, was born in Ireland; Hugo Friend, third in the running broad jump, was born in Bohemia; L. Robertson, second in the standing high jump and third in the standing broad jump, was born in Scotland; and W. G. Frank, third in the Marathon race, is a native of Germany.

Of the native-born, the majority of the families are of short residence and should be really classed with the foreign-born, as their ancestors had so recently arrived in America. For instance, W. H. Kerrigan, third in the running high jump, was born of Irish and English parents; Archie Hahn, winner of the 100-metre sprint, was born of a German father and a native-born mother of Welsh parentage; Jas. D. Lightbody, winner of the 1,500-metre run and second in the 800-metre run, has a Scotch father and a native-born mother of Welsh parentage; C. M. Daniels, winner of the 100-metre swim, is native-born of the second generation, his grandfathers having been Scotch and Welsh; Edward C. Glover, third in the pole vault, is native-born of the second generation, his grandparents coming from Wales and Scotland; Ray C. Ewry, winner of the standing broad and high jumps, is of the third generation, two great-grandparents being foreign-born; F. R. Moulton, second in the 100-metre sprint is a native-born Kansan of the fifth generation; and R.

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G. Leavitt, winner of the 110-metre hurdle, is a New-Englander of the ninth generation from England.

I have not received replies from the following, but I would presume from their names that they are mostly foreign-born or of foreign-born parents: Meyer Prinstein, winner of the running broad jump; Thomas F. Cronin, third in the hop-step-and-jump; George V. Bonhag, winner of the 1,500-metre walk, and P. H. Pilgrim, winner of the 400 and 800 metre runs.

Now, what is the reason for this comparative absence of the old American families from the winners? The new element is only about half of our population, but it seems to monopolize athletics. If we omit the winners who were foreign-born or of foreign-born parents or grandparents, Americans of old families won only the second in the 100-metre sprint and first in the 110-metre hurdle. Even our professional baseball-players and pugilists, as a class, are noted for the fact that they are generally foreign-born or of foreign parentage. On the other hand, we entered only 43 of the 901 contestants at Athens, yet we won 11 victories in 24 events, and got 75 1/6 points of the total 216. Why does this short residence in America develop or stimulate athletic ability if decay follows in another generation or two? Americans have long been known to hold all records for short, sharp contests requiring an enormous expenditure of energy in a short time, but are woefully beaten, as a rule, in contests of sustained effort. We have many men who can sprint a hundred yards, but an American crew seldom wins on the Thames.

The explanation of these curious contradictions is found in that nervousness which is characteristic of Americans—a nervousness which is at the basis of the strenuous life for which we are noted, but which, in its turn, causes deplorable results not seen in the normal phlegmatic nervous system abroad. American laborers begin to decay at thirty-five, so that employers rarely want men over forty. Arterio-sclerosis, that disease of the arteries of which we hear so much, and which is due to excessive strain and increased blood pressure, is now known to affect Americans more than Europeans. It is even said that we are all "old" at sixty—that is, we have, at that age, the physique of Europeans of seventy, though of course there are exceptions to the rule. We find men retiring from business, broken at fifty-five to sixty, while abroad the loads are carried until sixty-five

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or seventy, or longer. In America, young men are always nervously forging to the front, but in Europe the aged hold on to the management of affairs.

This nervous instability, so characteristic of America, has numerous causes, and is found in British colonies similarly situated, such as New Zealand and Australia, but not nearly to so great an extent in Canada. Its explanation is found in the fact that the physique of the different races of men differs so as to suit them to the climates where they were evolved by nature's selective process. Acclimatization is not possible if the new climate is markedly different from the natural one. My own investigations have been in the direction of proving the use of but one of man's characteristics—the pigmentation of the skin; and they leave no doubt that the coloration of the eyes, hair and skin is designed to protect the delicate organism from light, which is now known to be very harmful if in excessive amounts, and one of the numerous causes of American nervousness.

For this reason migration from northern to southern latitudes is found to be very stimulating. The excessive light prods the nervous system to do more than it should, and in time such constant stimulation is followed by irritability and finally by exhaustion. In the tropics, the period of energy lasts but a few months, when more or less exhaustion comes on, sometimes so severe as to require a change to cooler and darker climates. But when the climate is no further south than Italy, Spain or the centre of the United States, it requires several generations to show results of exhaustion. In the mean time, the American is able to exert himself enormously for short periods, but he cannot sustain the effort.

There is also some unexplained reason why cold, dark, northern climates pull the nervous system together, to enable it to perform feats of endurance. This is beautifully shown in the number of points won by the various national teams:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| America | 75 1/6 | Germany | 7 2/3 |
| Great Britain and Colonies | 41 | Finland | 6 |
| Sweden | 28 | France | 5 1/3 |
| Greece | 27 1/2 | Italy | 3 |
| Hungary | 13 | Belgium | 1 1/3 |
| Austria | 8 | | |

Allowance must be made for the fact that Greece had an enormous number of entries, and Belgium few, and that the English

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colonies have the same nervousness as Americans. After making such allowances, it is found that the far north of Europe won more than the south—that is, the greatest athletes for endurance came from north of 45 degrees of latitude. The winner of the Marathon race, for instance, came from Canada, where there are many other phenomenal long-distance runners. The second and fourth were Swedes, and the third was an American born in Germany, the fifth was a Greek and the sixth an Austrian. The most phenomenal long-distance runner at present is a Canadian Indian, for not only was he benefited by the cold air, but physically he is adjusted to his climatic environment. The five-mile run shows the same fact, the winners being, in order, English, Swede, Irish, Swede, American, Italian, and Australian.

The athletic pentathlon shows the same order in endurance. It included jumping, throwing, running and wrestling, and the winners were from Sweden, Hungary, Sweden, Finland, America, and Sweden, respectively.

What a contrast to these endurance tests are the events requiring a quick nervousness which is positively a sign of abnormality —the result of living in a southern climate for a few years or a few generations. In the 100-metre sprint, the winners were an American of the second generation, an American of the fifth generation, an Australian, and the fourth and fifth were also Americans, one of whom was born in Scotland. The 110-metre hurdle was won by an American of the ninth generation, an Australian, and a German. The 400-metre run was won by an American (Pilgrim), an Englishman, and an Australian; the 800-metre run, by an American (Pilgrim), an American (Lightbody) of Scotch and Welsh parentage, and an Englishman; but in the 1,500-metre run, where more endurance is required, the winners were an American (Lightbody), a Scotchman, a Swede, an Australian, and two Americans (J. P. Sullivan and George Bonhag) of foreign parentage or foreign-born.

In the various jumping and throwing events another element enters, to modify the nervous energy needed for a spurt. These tests require a large frame and great musculature, both of which deteriorate in old American families. Consequently, the winners, if American, were foreign-born or of foreign parentage, and the foreign winners are from the north of Europe as a rule. The stature and musculature of Europeans decrease from north

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to south, so that the south of Europe had exceedingly few winners in such events.

The ethnic types among the American victors are of scientific interest. Friend, Kerrigan, Hahn and Frank belong to the Alpine type—medium height, rather dark, with broad heads. Lightbody, Ewry, Moulton and Daniels are of the Baltic type—tall blonds with long heads. Robertson and Glover are of the Scotch, tall, dark type, with long head, while Leavitt seems to be of the old English dark type. That is, the light types, being more damaged by the climate, are in the minority, and, excepting one, they are not of the old stock. The dark types are less injured by the climate and are in the majority, but they are not of the old stock, and will, in their turn, drop out of athletics, to be replaced by families now migrating to our shores.

Another important point is the absence of Southerners from this list of winners. The further south we reside, of course, the more disastrous is the climatic effect on athletic ability.

All these facts must be taken to heart by those who think we are evolving a new type of humanity to be called the "American"—a type fit to live anywhere from Florida to Alaska. Such a type is impossible. Nature is merely permitting the types fitted to each locality to survive, and she lets the others die off. Such an investigation sheds a flood of light on the present process, and enables us to predict the future. It also shows that, if America is to be at the front of civilization with the other advanced nations, its blood must be constantly recruited from Northern Europe. Present migration is filling the land from the centre and south of Europe with types which, for some thousands of years, have been guided and directed by blonder immigrants from the north,—the real Arya of our philologists. Is there to be a similar course of events in America, as the surviving types settle into their natural strata? Is membership in some Society of Native Sons of something to indicate physical decadence of the family? And is the fact that one's recent ancestors were immigrants a proof of vigor not yet impaired by the climate? Are all of the oldest families really on the way to extinction by another kind of race-suicide, or, rather, homicide by climatic factors? Athletic decay is the first step in the process of physical decline, as in the case of the Homeric Greeks.

CHAS. E. WOODRUFF.

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# ON READING THE PLAYS OF MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

A VERY valued friend of mine has the habit of reading plays instead of novels, upon the theory that a three, or four, or five act drama affords as much mental pleasure and profit as the ordinary novel of North America or Europe, and rather more refreshment, since it can be devoured in a tenth or twentieth of the time, and leaves him with nothing of that fatigue and distension apt to follow the consumption of narrative fiction. He reads French plays, of course, and German and Scandinavian plays, but his main reliance is the Spanish plays which the dramatic genius of their nation supplies in such great abundance and variety; he would read English and American plays if he could get them; but he finds that they are less often printed than the others.

I confess that I am strongly of his taste, though not perfectly; for I am, or have been, a great reader of novels, in which I think I can get closer to nature and find ampler room for the imagination than in plays. It is true, however, that I have come to that time of life when one does not so willingly read new as old novels, and because of its brevity I can much more easily get away with a new drama. I do not find the printed aspect of drama so intolerably repulsive as another valued friend of mine, who alleges its italics, abbreviations, brackets, parentheses, and the telegrammic diction of its stage directions as sufficient provocation for turning from the mere sight of it with loathing. I own that these features of the printed drama are abhorrent, but I put against them the quotation marks, and the helpless repetition and variation of the "he saids" and "cried shes," and "whispered theys" and "shouted wes," and "ejaculated the

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others"; and upon the whole I am not more revolted by the hiccoughing stage direction of the plays. As a mere matter of personal history, I may say that I have read vast quantities of these, beginning with Shakespeare and going to the old Spanish authors like Cervantes, and Lope de Vega, and all but ending with the new Spanish authors like Estebanez and Echegaray, but never including much of what are called Elizabethan dramatists, for want of a better name to shun them by. A play or two by Webster, by Marlowe, by Greene, by Haywood, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and the rest may be given to the poor of the Carnegie libraries, together with the whole mass, comic and tragic, of rare Ben Jonson; I could wish he had been still rarer in either sort. Mr. Lowell, most powerfully digestant of all manner of literature, once reproached me for my shadiness, as he gently called my ignorance concerning these dramatists, but though I felt his reproach keenly, I could do little to retrieve myself from it. On the other hand, I have browsed large acreages of the minor British drama, and I do not suppose there is any man now living who has forgotten so many plays of Kotzebue. The modern German drama I know almost solely on the stage; but I have been an impassioned reader of Ibsen, of Björnsen, and what other Scandinavians I could lay my hands upon in translation. The most artless, if not the most hopeless, Georgian and early Victorian British plays were not unknown to my bold and adventurous youth, and the blithe and beautiful inventions of Sir William Gilbert would have fallen threadbare under my eye if repeated, if incessant perusals could have worn their texture away. Need I say that the incomparably paradoxical dramatizations of human motive by Mr. George Bernard Shaw have been my daily, my nightly, joy? I have had equal joy (but how different!) of the one or two plays of Mr. Pinero which have fallen in my way, and of which I could not say better than that they fill the mind as they fill the stage. Among American plays I know only the excellently imagined, excellently contrived, plays of Mr. Augustus Thomas, from reading, and can but grieve that I do not know any piece of Mr. Clyde Fitch's or Mr. Gillette's except in the theatre, where I always like them. I will not speak of my forays in the fields of the French theatre, partly because they would have been expected, and partly because they were not wide or far; but of Italian plays I may say that I have

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read almost as many as of Kotzebue's, who singly produced almost a whole dramatic literature. Not a tragedy of Alfieri, not a comedy of Goldoni, I suppose, has escaped me; and there were troops of Italian dramatists of the militant period of 1860-1865 whose rosters I could once have called from memory. If I now mention solely Giacometti, who wrote "*La Morte Civile,*" I think it is as much as ought to be asked of me.

I do not quite know why I impart these facts; I hope it is not merely to brag of my prowess and achievements; possibly it is to offer some assurance of my fitness to judge, relatively, at least, the dramatic work of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, which, not to hold the reader in suspense, I will say that I have long delighted in on the stage, and have lately been enjoying almost as much in print. I do not say quite as much, because my pleasure in seeing several of them has been superlative, and in reading them it has been comparative. The best of them has not given me that ultimate literary satisfaction which I have got, say, from "Ghosts" or "Hedda Gabler," from "The Bankrupt" or "The Glove," from "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," from "*La Morte Civile,*" from "Arms and the Man"; and yet "Judah," and "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and "The Hypocrites," and "Whitewashing Julia," and "The Manœuvres of Jane," and "Michael and his Lost Angel" are so nearly as good reading as those others that I should be at a loss to say just why they are not entirely so. I am not sure, on second thought, that the first and the last are not entirely so. Unquestionably, they have the literary quality which it was once fatuously supposed a good stage-play could do without, but which in the present revival of the drama the playwrights are again trying to impart to their work. It is now the novelists who are apparently supposing that their work can do without literary quality.

My acquaintance with Mr. Jones's drama in the theatre began with that powerful play, "Judah," which I think neither he nor any other modern has surpassed in strength of motive. It still has, in my yesterday's reading, a freshness of story, a strength and symmetry of design, an intensity of passion, a variety and accuracy of character, a naturalness and simplicity of action, and above all a fealty to the eternal verities which at once made me sensible of a masterpiece, and without which there can be no masterpieces. I doubt if in the whole wide and varied range of

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his performance the author has struck so deep and rich and moving a note. I am not forgetting "Michael and his Lost Angel" or "Mrs. Dane's Defence," two plays which grappled with problems as perpetually interesting as that of "Judah," if not situations so new, and solved them with as frank and bold an appeal to the reader's sense of justice, and to those statutes of righteousness which no suffering and no repentance can enable error to escape. In the political and social world the law is often, perhaps oftenest, broken with impunity, but in the moral world, where we ultimately have our being, where we truly live, there is no forgiveness but to open confession and to utter submission. That is, therefore, the supreme moment in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," where, when she has owned her guilt, she asks if the world is not very hard on such women as she, and it is answered her, "No, not the world, but the Law"; and where she is made to witness that every one has been kind or sparing, but that there was something in her lie which could not forgive her.

It is to this moral that all the serious drama of Mr. Jones pays allegiance. Outside of it, indeed, there is no artistic force for any one except for comedy, and perhaps only for that lowest form of comedy which we call "farce." Even there, even in the wildest burlesque, the art is truer if there is truth in the motive, in the character, in the action. Somehow, if we are not very young, or thoughtless, or inexperienced, the enacted or embodied falsehood hurts, and the truth, however mercilessly enforced, heals. We go home happier from some austere tragedy, in which the violated law prevails, than from the drollest comic opera in which it has been successfully defied. Art instinctively recognizes this fact, and the skill which refuses to acknowledge it is not art, but only the conjurer's sleight. In every time the drama has had it for its ideal, and followed it, though often lamely and far off; in no time has this ideal been more constantly the inspiration of the dramatist than in ours; and with none of our English-speaking dramatists has it been more the increasing purpose than with the author of "Judah," "Michael and his Lost Angel," "The Hypocrites," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "The Galilean."

I do not suppose this author has at any time said to himself, "Come, or Go to: here is the thing that can be worked indefinitely,

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and with mounting effect," and has thereupon gone about building one drama after another on that secure foundation. On the contrary, I find him here and there shirking the ideal, not wholly, but in part; though commonly in his longest lapses his prevailing sense of the truth searches him out, and at some moment or other brings him to book. In certain of his plays, like "The Case of Rebellious Susan," he makes the spectator fairly face the great moral fact that what is bad for a man is no worse for a woman; and then he joins him in recognizing the minor social fact that though a woman does nothing worse than a man she pays a far more ruinous fine, and must be kept from his sin, and restored to his guilty embrace as a forgiving wife. The end is cleverly and naturally contrived, but for once, when the case was so squarely presented, one would have liked the issue to have been as square; one would have liked the forgiveness to have been an even thing and upon like grounds. To be sure, the fine ironic implications would then have been impossible, and we should not have had a comedy, but something awfully different.

As it is, "The Case of Rebellious Susan" is very good reading, and the situation so amply and sufficiently relieves the truth that we can forego the satisfaction of its final enforcement. But, comedy for comedy, it is not so delicately handled, so amusingly imagined, as "Whitewashing Julia," which was perhaps only too fine, too reticent of the author's knowledge of the facts, to seize, or at any rate to keep, the interest of the spectator. With the reader it can very well be different. If he is a reader worthy of the pleasure it can give, his pleasure from it will be exquisite and lasting. The question whether Julia really needed whitewashing or not is held in abeyance from the beginning to the end with a skill not surpassed in its way, and is finally put by when the generous reprobate who marries Julia refuses to enter into the mystery of her past.

That is a fine dramatic triumph, and the action of the reprobate is so essentially aristocratic in its supreme indifference to the opinion of others, or even his own, that it must go far to solve a certain doubt. The doubt is whether drama so much in sympathy with the middle-class virtues of honesty, chastity and sobriety as Mr. Jones's can be quite faithful to the life and character of the noble and gentle personages figuring in it. They do not superabound in it, but some of them there must be to satisfy



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the demand of the theatre if not to form a true conspect of English society. They are shown frank, rude, simple, easy, selfish, brave and mostly amiable; and for the greater part they transact the doubtful business of the plays with an indifference to the points of morality concerned which their inferiors cannot even affect, unless they are very much their inferiors. There is, short of the divorce court, but not always short of it, a good deal of love-making among them of a kind held culpable in the middle ranks of society. In certain exigencies, the men lie freely to "save" the women they have compromised; it is rather an ideal of theirs to lie freely in such cases, and doubtless it is with more difficulty that the dramatist contrives to enforce his own ideal of truth against their convention than he finds in the case of people with middle-class consciences. The plays in which they most appear are the lighter actions, in which serious conduct is not required of them.

Whether they are really an addition to the resources of the dramatist is very much the same question as whether they are an addition to civilization, and involves a like doubt. But they are a fact of English society and they cannot very well be blinked. Mr. Jones does not blink them, but he does not employ them for any prime purpose, so far as I now recall, except in "The Dancing Girl," and there not convincingly. No lording of them all is elsewhere crucially tormented by his conscience, or is stretched upon the rack where many a commoner must lie. Perhaps in "Joseph Entangled" they are, both sexes, employed more largely to the exclusion of the lower middle classes than in the other pieces. But in most of the actions the dramatist has the effect of externating himself in more than usual measure from them. That is, his important meanings, his vital morals, are evolved from the character of untitled persons, and involved in their just fate. One would say that perhaps he felt that titled persons were best left to their God, in such matters, though in treating of these so almost exclusively in the case of commoners, it is not apparently from any middle-class awe of titles. Only once do I recall a doubt of this, which nothing short of a direct explanation could clear up. In "The Princess's Nose," a blackguard journalist makes love to the princess, while the blackguard prince (a foreign title) is making love to another's wife. In the end the prince horsewhips the journalist, perhaps justly; there would

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be no perhaps if some one horsewhipped the prince. It is the dramatist's failure to provide this agency that leaves his ethics limping. But, as I say, this seems the single instance in which the dramatist, so essentially ethical in his force, has been wanting in exact justice between the classes.

I have a fancy that this play is an earlier play of the author's, written before he found his feet firmly. There is a very wide range in his work, all the way from good to bad; the indifferent is eliminated, for the most part, as on certain English railways there is paradoxically a first class and a third class, but no second class. Although the best plays are generally the latest, some of the earliest are also the best, as, for instance, "Judah." In the very latest, the author has gone farthest to realize his ideal of conduct owing supreme and single allegiance to the truth; and he has cast himself with fearlessness on the diffuser art of the novelist as it may be distinguished from the art of the dramatist. The play is now meeting its fate before the public of the theatre; but I should not be surprised if its best public were that of the closet, where the silence and the solitude will be more favorable to the intention, which does not seek its fulfilment through the stage traditions, and where there is time for the largest subjective plot to work itself out in the reader's imagination.

All in all, there are some twenty of Mr. Jones's plays which I have read. None is exactly tragedy, none is exactly comedy; but I could not say that any was not explicitly or tacitly serious. They are very like life in that, and they are like life in being mostly clear and straight in meaning. We pretend to be very complex as to our behavior and the principles that control it; but really we are entirely simple, except when we humbug ourselves into the belief that we are very involved as to either; perhaps we are then still simple. Mr. Jones, at any rate, addresses us in very plain terms, and no matter how startling his dramatic proposition is or how bold its solution, his view of human nature is not beclouded by any vapors stirred up in the juggle with his own consciousness; he is rather like Shakespeare in that. How absolute the moral and artistic veracity of "The Hypocrites" is, in spite of certain plunges that sound the depths of our nature, whether it is normal or abnormal!

His nearest approach to the mystical—but how little myste-

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rious he is about it!—is, I should say, in that beautiful and touching little one-act play, "Grace Mary." This is sole among his pieces in being a dialect piece; the others are in the every-day English of the speakers' respective convention. Possibly it is by sinking to the mother earth below the usual world that, in "Grace Mary," the author reaches a height of poetry untouched elsewhere in his work. Next it, in a certain literary quality, is that mere scene which he calls "The Goal," and which also is unalloyedly good.

But the plays are all good reading, in a day when so many plays are good reading. Of course, I should wish their friends to go to the theatre for them, but where this cannot be, they will bring the theatre to their friends. Besides the plays themselves, the author has written several essays on the modern drama, and the pleasure and business of it. In meditating these slight and vague comments, I said to myself that I could keep an opener mind for my work if I did not first read these essays. Now that my work is done, I have still an open mind, for I have not yet read these essays. All the more freely and fully, therefore, can I commend them to the reader's perusal.

W. D. Howells.

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# THE ADVANCEMENT OF TEACHING.

BY JOSEPH JASTROW, PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

A SIGNIFICANT feature of the Foundation which Mr. Carnegie called into being two years ago lies in its title: this, at first the non-committal "Carnegie Foundation," became by legislative act "The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching." The defining clause of its purpose is in reality a development of the original conception. In addition to the provision for the "retiring pensions, without regard to race, sex, creed or color, for the teachers of universities, colleges and technical schools in the United States, the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, who, by reason of long and meritorious service, or by reason of old age, disability or other sufficient reason, shall be deemed entitled to the assistance and aid of this corporation," there appears the further object, "in general, to do and perform all things necessary to encourage, uphold and dignify the profession of the teacher and the cause of higher education." What is thus significant is the conspicuous admission that the cause of teaching in the New World stands in urgent need of advancement.

The career of the "academician" in America is far from being an encouraging, though not necessarily an unhappy, one. Seriously minded foreign critics have readily discovered our unfruitfulness in the profounder realms of original thought; they have looked with astonishment and commiseration upon the varied and exhausting routine of the American University professor; they have naïvely inquired why, in a land overflowing with cream and honey, the academic diet should be restricted to skimmed milk, with an occasional taste of treacle. A similar survey from within the pale brings to light the increasing difficulty of filling academic vacancies with men of the right temper,

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the right calibre and the right structural strength; it discloses how naturally those with talent and taste for the academic life are dissuaded by its trials and disabilities, as they are attracted by the larger returns—in professional standing, as well as in emolument—of rival callings; it reveals a considerable measure of academic unrest, which in turn is aggravated by a goading "practical" appraisal of the professor's services, by an unsuitable and subordinating caste of University government, by the major and minor grievances attaching to a shifting, unadjusted status and policy.

Such being the situation, the question arises: What can an organization and an endowment do to ameliorate it? The academic disabilities must first be diagnosed, then sympathetically and practically treated. Diagnosis reveals that it is the condition of the professor individually and of the academic profession collectively that demands attention. Environment, material provisions, the interests of the student body, the service of the community, the appreciation of the scholar's calling, the security of the career, the encouragement of lofty phases of human effort —all these are factors in the welfare of the case. The record is not without its encouraging symptoms. All things considered, we have been good providers, and with decided adaptability have cut our garment according to our homespun cloth. It is true that our zeal has often been misapplied (we certainly have more colleges than can find proper support); and our ambitions have brought about a certain watering of the academic stock (witness the frequent discrepancy between the glorified catalogue announcement and the meagre achievement). Yet we point with pride to our costly "plants"—sometimes in condition to bear fruit, and as often with impoverished nurture; we consider minutely and painstakingly, though not always wisely, the needs of students. The argument of return of benefit to the community wins over hesitant legislators to ill-comprehended measures and loosens the purse-strings of public-minded patrons, while incidentally it strews thorns and not roses in the paths of the finer and less practical arts. The social status of the professor is but a reflex of the spirit of the community, and presents a natural range of consistent appreciation or the lack of it. But so far as concerns the making of the career attractive and its rewards modestly adequate, and giving it a setting congenial to

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its nature, there is, for the most part, only a lamentable failure to record. The material, administrative and cultural provisions (with few but notable exceptions) have been uncomprehendingly or short-sightedly compromised, or more or less reluctantly relegated to a postponed place on the calendar, and thus, in fact, denied a hearing. The establishment of The Carnegie Foundation is accordingly significant as a worthy and effective recognition of this conspicuous defect in our educational provisions.

The Carnegie Foundation sought a name "which might express the purpose of the Foundation, which has from the beginning been intended by its founder for the upbuilding and the strengthening of the calling of the teacher."* "It was universally admitted that no wiser attempt could have been made to aid education than one that sought to deal in a wise and generous way with the question of the teacher's financial betterment." The value of the retiring allowance lies in its "lightening the load of anxiety, and in the increasing attractiveness of the professor's life to an ambitious and intelligent man. All this tends to social dignity and stability." The system must be so regulated that "the teacher shall receive his retiring allowance on exactly the same basis as that upon which he receives his active salary, as a part of his academic compensation." The "whole effort" of the Trustees has been "to establish the principle of the retiring allowance in institutions of higher learning upon such a basis that it may come to the professor as a right, not a charity." All this is such sound doctrine, so admirably inspired, so impressively set forth, that it invites the most enthusiastic commendation; and the enthusiasm is the more justified because it is usually the matter of principle in educational provisions that has been conspicuously disregarded. Accordingly, the initiative in applying for the retiring allowance—after twenty-five years of service at any age, or at sixty-five years of age after fifteen years of service—may be taken by the incumbent with no right of any authority to question his prerogative. So vital is this feature of the system, and so wide-spread is likely to be the influence of the Carnegie retiring provisions, that it must presently be admitted that no system of this kind (whether by insurance-like annuities, self-supporting pension-funds, election to *emeritus*

* The citations are from the first annual report of the president, Mr. H. S. Pritchett.

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professorships or otherwise) that fails to cede to the professor the undisputed *right* to demand the allowance, when the conditions are met, shall be ranked as a worthy academic provision. The allowance must not be voted if feasible, granted if advisable, held out as a possibility but not guaranteed, but must be by contract a *right,* a compensation, an *equal* privilege of *all* regularly serving professors.*

The old-time admonition not to look a gift horse in the mouth has proven itself inapplicable to the days of organized social movements, when wise philanthropy is a difficult art, and intentions as well as probable benefits and drawbacks are carefully scrutinized. All projects have their limitations. It would be unfortunate to establish a habit of associating the Carnegie Foundation with the pensioning of professors and nothing more; its charter stands for more comprehensive measures, among which the pension is but the most practical and financially the most comprehensive benefit. It is, accordingly, proper to inquire whether the system as established will meet the larger end in view. The inquiry at once meets with a consideration of such decided import that its discussion, especially as the issue has not been definitely reached, must be given chief place: I refer to the proposed exclusion of State Universities. Should this exclusion stand, the anticipated amelioration of the professor's status will be seriously and lamentably curtailed. These institutions are so numerous, the type of men they attract to their faculties so desirable, the aggregate of their influence so extensive, that a system of retiring allowance that fails to include them cannot be regarded as likely to effect that general strengthening of the

* The financial distribution of the Carnegie allowances seems as generous and as just as circumstances permit. Briefly, it gives to *all* institutions of proper standard (provided that they are without sectarian control) a possibility to be "accredited" to the Carnegie Foundation. The professors of such "accredited" colleges are entitled to retiring allowances on the age basis (sixty-five years) of $1,000 for the first $1,200 of their salary, and $50 for each $100 of salary above $1,200; on the service basis (twenty-five years) of $800 (instead of $1,000), and of $40 (instead of $50), said allowance to be increased by one per cent. of the salary for each year of service beyond twenty-five, and no retiring allowance to exceed $3,000. Further, widows of those entitled to retiring allowances shall receive one-half of the allowance to which their husbands were entitled. Leaves of absence may be counted as periods of service, but not to exceed one year in seven. Teachers in professional departments whose principal work is outside the profession of teaching are not eligible. Holders of allowances are debarred from active connection with colleges or universities.

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academic career, which has been set forth as the inspiring motive of the Foundation. Moreover, there would thus be introduced into the situation, already complex and handicapped, a further line of division separating institutions with benefit of pension from those without. Instead of unifying and dignifying the calling, a new disturbing element would be added. Against the partial benefit to the participating institutions, would have to be opposed the increased unrest and dissatisfaction among those excluded, the consequent striving in advancing years to be enrolled among the favored institutions, if need be, by sacrifice of worthy interests and advantages. If the Carnegie Foundation is really to advance the cause of teaching, and be more than a distributing agency for the relief of indigent academic old age, the benefit must be fairly equably available to the entire group of those by service, station and attainment entitled thereto.

I had written these paragraphs when the discussion of the topic before the Association of American Universities (in November, 1906) became available in print. The additional emphasis of the above position furnished by this record is welcome. It seemed admitted "that the professors in the State institutions were the same sort of men as the professors in the endowed institutions doing the same sort of work" (President Eliot, Harvard); that "in the most favorable States . . . the State University president would hesitate to take up the matter [of pensions] with the legislature," "that from the point of expediency it is wholly impracticable" (President Van Hise, Wisconsin); that "if the professors in an endowed institution find the pension a part of their earnings, similar pensions have been earned by the professors in the State institutions," "that it might have been in some respects more just if the Carnegie Foundation had been given to the State institutions only" (President Jordan, Leland Stanford); that "the line drawn between the State Universities and the endowed universities of public character . . . would be false to the essential facts of present American society," and that it would require nice discrimination "to determine in what sense my own is a State University in which Cornell is not" (President Wheeler, California).

I have chosen to leave unchanged the above statement of the critical issue relative to the admission of the State Universities to the system of retiring allowances of the Carnegie Foundation,

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in order that it may reflect the optimistic hope and independent judgment uninfluenced by the appearance (in March, 1907) of the Bulletin devoted to the question.* This document advances the discussion and separates the issues. First, it is conceded on all sides that the State Universities represent the same type of ideals, purposes, constituency and needs as do those of private foundation, and thus through their best exemplars present just the situation which a foundation for the advancement of teaching should minister to and support. Secondly, the issue emerges that considers what the effect of exclusion from the Foundation will be upon State Universities, and how they will meet it. Thirdly and vitally, appears the rationale of the proposed exclusion, the principles and policy underlying any valid decision. Lastly, it should be recorded with unlimited appreciation that the issue has not been allowed to be obscured by the question of adequate financial support.

President Pritchett takes the position that the one factor determining the character of our higher educational institutions, and in turn determining their status with reference to participation in the measures inaugurated to advance the cause of teaching, is the manner of their financial support. He argues further that the central policy of a State University, the directing source of its every aim and activity, is that of employing in its interests only such moneys as result from public taxation. There are thus "two radically different plans of support and conduct of higher institutions of learning," the one appealing to "the generosity of the individual citizen," the other to "the responsibility and the patriotism of the whole mass of citizens." The present pages form no proper arena for marshalling the support of either conclusion; and I must be content in rebuttal with the expression of the conviction, shared by many in close touch with educational policy, that neither of these two positions has more than a formal and decidedly limited pertinence. It is probably not an exag-

* Bulletin No. 1 of the "Foundation" contains the well-framed resolutions of the National Association of State Universities, a memorandum submitted in behalf of the University of Toronto by Dr. Maurice Hutton, a careful review of the general situation by Professor Eddy (University of Minnesota)—all arguing in favor of the admission of State-supported institutions—and a report by President Pritchett containing material of much value relative to State institutions, together with the reasons for his personal conclusion that they should not be included in the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation. Decisive action in the matter must await the meeting of the Board of Trustees.

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geration to say that their legitimacy would be questioned *in toto*. It would be denied that it is legitimate to appraise an educational foundation by the source from which its treasurer receives its funds. It would be denied that what a State University is and does reflects an underlying conviction that State support is the inspiring and saving grace of its efforts. On the contrary, such support has frequently been set forth as simply a result of a practical situation, this being the only possible method of securing and maintaining Colleges and Universities under the geographical and cultural conditions. The other phase of the argument is freer from the fluctuations affecting inferences from complex data, and lies closer to ascertainable fact. Many of the State Universities have received and welcomed, and have made efforts to secure, private endowments for all sorts of purposes, particularly for such as could not readily or consistently (according to prevalent standards) be supported from the available funds. Doubtless a still larger number have been prevented from indicating a similar willingness by a scarcity of well-disposed capitalists. Again, we have the statement of the Association of State Universities that "it is already known that the trustees of many State Universities would welcome the provisions for pensions by the Carnegie Foundation." Unquestionably, the view ascribed by President Pritchett to the State Universities exists in some form; but the nature and motive thereof vary from one situation to another, and nowhere achieve such commanding position as he accords to them. The view is, indeed, more in the nature of a sentiment, a prejudice, and would change with the personality of the prospective donor and the character of his donation. That it represents a formative educational policy certainly remains to be proven. If the adherence to such educational policy is regarded as a sufficient ground for exclusion from the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation, it would certainly be well to ascertain how many State Universities, and which ones, persist in such policy. Conceding, as far as may be, the justness of the ascription to the State Universities of the policy in question, it does not appear that the policy is theirs in any such sense as it is the policy of denominational institutions to appeal to sectarian support. Yet these readily qualify for the Carnegie Foundation, and properly so, by modifying so much of their organization as may be necessary to establish a claim to an unrestricted public

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service. The major premise—that the appeal to public support should exclude from a participation in the benefits of a foundation for the advancement of teaching—is equally in need of convincing demonstration.

As to the practical effects of the exclusion of State Universities, Mr. Pritchett believes that circumstances will bring to them a comparable benefit from their own funds, as "the legislatures in those States in which the strongest universities are situated have not yet failed to meet any want of the State Universities which those in authority believed to be a vital one." The State University presidents, with greater emphasis, record their conviction that such exclusion will seriously hamper the growth of the institutions whose interest they serve, that only the equal participation in the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation "will relieve them from a serious embarrassment, which they otherwise will be obliged to face." Yet more impressive is the foreboding of Professor Eddy:

> "It cannot but be regarded in the light of a great calamity if your Board shall feel itself compelled to refrain from entering into relations with so large and important a fraction of the highest educational institutions in so large a section of the country. . . . You thereby draw a line tending to render the teaching service distinctly less desirable, and introduce a motive for the ablest men to withdraw from their faculties, a consummation which, under the circumstances, would be greatly deplored by every lover of sound learning, and you at the same time impose a penalty which these universities will be likely to suffer the effects of in a way materially to affect their future."

It thus becomes a serious question whether the Carnegie Foundation is likely to achieve the purposes so wisely conceived, if it invites the defeat of its own expressed purposes by preventing that harmonious advancement of the profession which only a movement of national scope, liberally carried out, can secure.

The dominant importance of this issue compels me to present the remaining considerations relevant to the advancement of teaching, in decidedly foreshortened perspective. And, first, in regard to practical measures, it may be suggested that the alternative is not wholly that of inclusion or exclusion. It is possible that such a Foundation would consider the admission of an institution to its benefits provided that the Carnegie system of pensions be adopted *in toto,* and that the institution thus benefited supply half or other share of the cost. While discrimi-

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nation in this matter would be difficult, the policy itself is not antagonistic to the underlying cause of the advancement of the teacher's status. Allied to such policy is the general consideration whether the better mode of introducing the system of retiring allowances is not this same one of aiding an institution to establish a system of its own. It is an open question whether the advantages of a large influence, a benefit to more institutions upon the basis of the same resources, quite compensate the possible embarrassment of placing the beneficiary under a sense of obligation to a particular institution, the complexities of fitting such a system to the shifting status caused by migration from one faculty to another, and, most formidably, the gradual interference or curtailment of a right so that it takes on the guise of a charitable dispensation. Experience alone can decide whether the present policy of absolute grant and control of all allowances sanctioned by the Foundation is the only feasible one. Pertinent to this consideration is still another: namely, whether a most useful form of partial retirement might not be introduced. Such provision would enable a selected group of men in the prime of life to devote their best years with some singleness of purpose (and with undiminished income) to the highest achievement that in them lies, while yet retaining their academic connections.

In pursuance of such considerations, we meet the fundamental inquiry whether a decided increase in salaries would not be far more effective in advancing the career of the professor than the most liberal of pension systems. There can be little doubt that it would; for such relief would at once release, for less hampered, more efficient service, energies now overstrained or given over to the stern necessities of earning small supplements to inadequate incomes; it would encourage latent and struggling ambition, lighten care and make possible a more healthy-minded attitude towards the expenses of life. It would affect the lives of men in their prime, determine in some cases the issue between immediate necessity and far-reaching policy, quicken the somewhat depressed pulse of the academic arteries, and do much to dissolve that unadjusted, restless attitude so detrimental, especially in sensitive temperaments, to the realization of their highest capabilities. The importance of this desideratum is out of all proportion to the space that can be given it here. Doubtless, in the main, it is an unrealizable project as the work of a Foundation, and to

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many institutions would not be acceptable as an enforced policy imposed by an extraneous organization. Yet it falls within the scope of the Carnegie Foundation to emphasize, by all possible channels of influence, the underlying objects of its existence; in this instance such emphasis may prevent the use of the retiring allowance as a compensation for the more sorely needed increase of active income. In the end, relief in one part of the organism is relief to the whole; and the practicability of the retiring system renders it the best first step in the advancement of the academic profession.

To ameliorate conditions requires, most of all, a sympathetic comprehension of the conditions. In the academic world these are most complex, in great part intangible, dealing as they must with the spirit of the environment, the geniality of the intellectual climate. Such conditions result from traditions, from the impress of personalities, from the ideals that animate the controlling forces of a University, which, unlike a corporation, has a soul. Admittedly, these influences cannot be purchased, do not come with endowments or buildings. All that money can do—and it is a most worthy service—is to remove the obstacles that deprive these cherished influences of a fair and prospering nurture. The wisest expenditure of money is that which favors the removal of disabilities, and the consequent shaping of policy by the highest standards. Much of what is done and of what is left undone in academic administration is defended or excused on the ground of practical necessity or expediency. If some such organization as the Carnegie Foundation had appeared at the critical moment with the philanthropic, even though paternal, injunction: "Do what wise policy demands, and the financial obligation will be taken care of," many of the most serious educational mistakes would not have been committed.

Efficiency in high-grade pursuits is most difficult to secure, even with favoring circumstances. "To do his best work," says Professor Palmer, whose discerning words I shall presently cite further, "one need not merely to live, but to live well." There must be a free, an expanding, an adjusted life. In the concrete the advancement of teaching becomes a personal problem. The wisest endowment of education is the endowment of men. To facilitate the efforts of those engaged in the service of the higher learning—and the best of these are, doubtless, the ones most sen-

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sitive to the influences that retard academic efficiency—is the purpose alike of the Carnegie Foundation, as of every promising aid to the advancement of intellectual ends.

Let me once more make concession to the practical bent of the national temper and bring this policy to bear upon a definite situation. The insecurity of the academic career is due in large measure to unwholesome administrative policies, notably the overemphasis of administrative functions. From the days of Socrates, when it was rated unworthy to receive pay for teaching, to the present era of enlightenment, when we speak of "three-thousand-dollar professors," there has been no easy solution of the relation of intellectual service to reward. For the expression of the ideal as well as the real formulation of this issue, I give way to Professor Palmer:*

"The professors, like many professional men, give in lump and get in lump, without precise balance. The whole notion of bargain is inapplicable in such a sphere where the gains of him who serves and him who is served coincide; and that is largely the case with the professions. Harvard College pays me for doing what I would gladly pay it for allowing me to do. No professional man, then, thinks of giving according to measure. Once engaged, he gives his best, his personal interest, himself. . . . What is accepted is in the nature of a fee, gratuity or consideration, which enables him who receives it to maintain a certain expected mode of life. The idea sometimes advanced, that the professions can be ennobled by paying them powerfully, is fantastic. Their great attraction is their removal from sordid aims. More money should certainly be spent on several of them. Their members should be better protected against want, anxiety, neglect and bad conditions of labor. To do his best work, one needs not merely to live, but to live well."

The more formal term "honorarium" suggests that the professor is paid in honor, and not by a measured compensation for service. The whole situation implies, as is well recognized by the English usage of the term "living," that the incumbent must be supported in a manner suitable to his station. Clearly, in so unadjusted a society as ours, no single or simple set of circumstances is sufficiently established to fix the standard for so seemingly undefined a calling as that of a professor. Yet this does not condone the total neglect of principle and the acceptance of the readier but misleading solution of circumstance. Speaking broadly, we aim to adhere to these principles; but somewhere

* "The Atlantic Monthly," April, 1907.

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and somehow the practice of the economically distinct business world insinuates itself and renders chaos of cosmos. Under the guise of "rewards of merit," a policy of discrimination brings it about that the president undertakes to calculate the professor's personal equation, and announces the result in dollars and cents. Piling into the academic caldron such incongruous ingredients as reputation, popularity, size of classes, value as a faculty drudge, sympathy with administrative measures, length of service, volume of original research, oratorical persuasiveness, size of family, pertinacity of friends, impression upon the Board, the incantation is pronounced, the stew clarifies, and the salary appears at the bottom of the pot. It is too obvious to need urging that salaries must somehow be fixed, and that some body of men must fix them; it should be equally obvious that there is an academically just and proper mode of reaching this end in which principle and system must be dominant. I must perforce leave undiscussed what is and what is not the right policy in this matter and the right mode of its encouragement; I desire only to urge that it falls within the scope of a Foundation for the advancement of teaching to inquire into such situations and determinedly to aid the better cause against the practical pressure of the worse.

Last as first, with regret or without it, it must be admitted that the temper of universities and the conditions under which they thrive in the New World do not justify the hope that they will from within solve rightly and promptly many of the situations that confront them. Accordingly, an extraneous organization, powerful by endowment and by singleness of purpose, that should step in and further the realization of worthy ideals, and practically should contend for the removal of disabilities, stood as a great, possibly the greatest, need of American education. The wisdom of this conception, as of the first steps in its application, should be appreciatively recorded by all who cherish the intellectual life. May the same spirit of cooperation in which the universities have accepted the first-fruits of the Foundation extend to such other measures as from time to time may be offered as encouragements to the advancement of teaching!

JOSEPH JASTROW.

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# IS GERMANY'S NAVY A MENACE?

BY J. L. BASHFORD.

At a time when Japan and the United States are considerably strengthening their respective navies, when Spain is about to rebuild hers and Russia is making plans for replacing the fleet she lost in her recent war, there is scarcely any, if indeed any, sign that the belief in the sinister designs of German naval policy has abated. On April 19th last there appeared in The North American Review an article entitled "Does Germany Menace the World's Peace?" in which that question was answered in the affirmative. The writer of this article is reputed to have devoted considerable time to naval matters and the balance of sea-power as between the nations, and to have spent several months in Berlin, Kiel and Wilhelmshaven last autumn. The above-mentioned article is the outcome of his observations and of the information he then acquired on the spot. On the other hand, leading statesmen and naval authorities in Germany have over and over again repudiated the charge that Kaiser Wilhelm and the German Admiralty seek to realize any aggressive plans whatever, or that they entertain secret schemes for compassing the loss to any Power whatever of its naval position in the world. And yet, notwithstanding all kinds of solemn protestations, we read anew that Kaiser Wilhelm is preparing to challenge British naval supremacy "whenever he feels equipped for the task."

It is worth while to subject these charges again to close examination. We must contemplate facts, and not lay too much stress on conjecture. If it be true that Wilhelm II has only restrained his alleged military ambition during the nineteen years of his occupancy of the throne in order to bring about the ruin of British naval supremacy, and that he is patiently waiting till he be fully equipped for the task, he will, I take it, never see the realization



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of his hopes. We have not yet heard any argument in the slightest degree approaching to positive proof or to reasonable probability of the existence of such designs. We cannot, however, ignore the apprehensions, and it may, therefore, serve the purpose of dispelling them, if we suggest that there may be something lurking behind these suspicions that induces not only sensationalists but very serious persons to talk of the "menace" of German naval policy. What is this something? And is it not in the power of the German Admiralty to place an effective check on rumors that are disturbing the world? It appears to me that the main cause of all this disturbance may have been the incessant clamor in certain German circles that all new German battleships should go one point better than those of the great naval Powers. During the last two years, a studied secrecy has been adopted in Berlin concerning the details of the new "Dreadnought" designs, that is generally considered outside Germany to be unnecessary because it opens the door to wild speculations and to uncertainty. To this secrecy is added the continuous demand amongst German naval enthusiasts to build one better than the "Dreadnought"; and the only hints which appear to have been allowed to leak out as to these new ships seem to imply that they are to be stronger than the "Dreadnought." Less harm would be done if it were known for certain that this were the case; but in consequence of the uncertainty some nations are said to be trying to build a type of ship that will exceed anything that the Germans *can* build. That this state of things has engendered distrust in certain quarters cannot be gainsaid; and it seems that there is a risk that so long as the suspicion prevails that Germany's main aim is to build stronger ships than other naval Powers, the German shipbuilding programme will be regarded as a menace to the peace of the world and not as the outcome of a justifiable policy for the protection of Germany's own sea interests.

There is no intention on the part of other nations to be hostile towards Germany; and when the German naval authorities cite the secrecy of England, in the initial stages of the building of the "Dreadnought," their objection can be met with the reply that the secrecy in that case did not last nearly so long as it is now lasting in Germany. Should the German Admiralty see its way to raising the veil of secrecy, I think they would cut the ground from under those who recklessly raise the cry of "menace."

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If we turn to actualities, it becomes noteworthy that during the last ten years, that is to say since the first German Navy Bill was contemplated, there has been no sign that Germany has even gained on Great Britain, her alleged future antagonist. On the contrary, the British naval authorities started on the right track, always building bigger ships than other nations; and now Germany, whose earliest ships of the 1900 programme are all smaller than ours, is obliged to follow in our wake and build big ships. But we have our big ships ready built, whilst Germany has barely begun hers. It is acknowledged that the British Navy was never at so great a height of strength as it is at the present time, and the prospects for the next few years—assuming, of course, that England's building programme will not in the future be an inadequate one—all tend to show that the country does not dream of riding for a fall.

I take it that those who tell of the "offensive" German Navy imply that its alleged offensive intentions are directed against Britain. In Great Britain, however, it is accepted as an axiom by all political parties that the existence of the British Empire depends on the command of the sea. No Government will remain in power that guides its naval policy by any other view.

As to the presumption that the Kaiser "means mischief" when his fleet of "Dreadnoughts" is complete, or nearly so, it may be pointed out that Germany is not the only Power to build "Dreadnoughts," nor was she the first Power to accept this type of vessel. Every nation is now building monster ships with heavy armament; and, if Germany is to continue to build ships of war at all, we cannot complain at her following the lead of others or at her being resolved to have ships that are fit to fight modern naval battles.

Meanwhile, we have been told that the fleet under Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia's command is the most powerful force under one command in the world; it has also been stated that, by the end of this year, this fleet is to be raised to a strength of eighteen battle-ships. This statement is incorrect. The "Hannover" and "Pommern" will replace the "Brandenburg" and "Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm"; but the numerical strength will remain the same. Similarly, the story about a new base for torpedo craft having been erected at Emden is also a myth.

The German battle-ships from the "Wittelsbach" class downwards on the list must be reckoned as insufficiently armed for

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modern battles, which will be fought at long distances. The heaviest guns in these ships are 9.4-inch guns, as against the British 12-inch guns in the Channel and Home Fleets. Reference is made in the German Naval Estimates for 1907-08 to the necessity for increasing the armament and displacement of the new ships, in view of the results observed in the war in the Far East. This must show that the German naval authorities are fully alive to the comparative weakness of most of their existing battle-ships.

The aggressive talk of many German lay naval enthusiasts and the bluster of the *Flotten-Verein* have contributed to make foreigners assign motives to the German Emperor and the German Admiralty which could not be established by facts. The Kaiser himself also, from time to time, has used phrases with his accustomed vigor and warmth of expression that aroused the suspicions of the older naval Powers. These phrases, it has often been explained, were meant for home consumption and were aimed at assisting the work of familiarizing the people with the idea of a national navy so ably carried out by the News Bureau* of the German Admiralty; but foreigners would have liked to see them labelled "for home consumption only" and to hear some public utterances designed "for foreign consumption" as well.

It may be well to lay some stress on the now prevailing popularity of the navy in Germany. The Kaiser, who will go down to history as the founder of the modern German Navy, could have had no influence with his epigrammatic phrases—such as "Our future lies on the waters," "We bitterly want a strong German Navy"—if the people had not been ready for them.

Wilhelm II determined even before he came to the throne to reorganize the German Navy, just as thoroughly as his grandfather had reorganized the Prussian army. It is pure nonsense to talk of his "fanatical enthusiasm" in this regard.

Let us refer to the most recent official pronouncement on German naval policy, which is all the more interesting because it was made by the German Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, before a body of highly intelligent and watchful British journalists, at a banquet given in their honor in Berlin, when they visited Germany in response to an invitation from person-

* Not to be confounded with the *Admiralitäts-Stab*, which corresponds to our Intelligence Department. The *Nachrichten Bureau* (News Bureau) is another section of the Imperial Navy Office.

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ages of light and leading in all spheres of German society. The speech, moreover, was delivered by and with the advice of the Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, in the presence of a number of the Ministers of State and of the British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles. Dr. von Mühlberg said, on May 29th last:

"And now let me say a word about our navy. I have heard the opinion expressed—especially from your own country—to the effect that we were concealing our programme and that we kept dark our real aims. I cannot understand these insinuations, for our naval programme lies before the whole world in clear and distinct terms. I beg of you to cast a glance at the German Navy Act of 1900, the terms of which cannot be exceeded by the executive powers, and you will then obtain a definite and clear picture of the total strength of our navy. If a comparison of the strength of our navy be made with the strength of the British navy, no unprejudiced observer can doubt that our naval forces are only intended for the protection of our shores and of our trade at sea. We do not aim at anything beyond this: but we do aim at this, claiming the right to do so enjoyed by every great progressive nation that loves its honor as well."

In the number of this REVIEW for April 19th there was a curious statement that must have caused astonishment to those who have read Prince Hohenlohe's "Memoirs." It ran thus:

"Among all the blazing indiscretions of Prince Hohenlohe's 'Memoirs,' no feature was so embarrassing to the German Emperor, acknowledged War-Lord of the world, as the continual harping on the fact of his requiring his new navy for purely 'offensive' purposes."

I cannot find that Prince Hohenlohe anywhere uses an expression that can be interpreted in this sense. Here follows what he wrote to a friend in 1897 concerning his country's navy: "I shall defend the Navy Bill. I shall do so with prudence, but I am in favor of a battle-fleet. We really cannot go on without one." And a few days later:

"As for the navy [his correspondent had written to him urging arguments against an increase of the navy and against the colonies], there are many people who think that the demands of the new head of the navy are not exorbitant. But what induces me to support them is this—people are always saying that the navy is a mere whim of the Kaiser; whereas it cannot be denied that the German people are to blame, or, if you wish, deserve the credit, for our having a navy. In the days of the Bundestag we led a harmless, peaceful existence. We had no political (foreign) cares, few taxes, and we looked on whilst Austria and Prussia went for one another in the Federal Diet, the middle and small States taking part now on one, now on the other, side. But this was not good enough for the German people. They wanted to be united and

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to play a part in the world. . . . In order to obtain more money for the Empire, Bismarck changed his customs policy and threw over moderate Free Trade. The German people were on his side in this also. And now we acquired money, three or four hundred millions, and the Empire was able to exist. But Protectionism created a colossal advance in manufactures. We ceased to be an agrarian State and became a manufacturing State. We were thus forced to change our policy and to turn our attention to the security of our exports. Trade developed to such an extent that the Government were called upon to defend it. This could only be done by a navy, not by a navy for coast defence, but by a navy capable of keeping the way clear for our supplies. *We cannot think of rivalling England in regard to the size of our navy. But we must have a navy capable of repelling a foreign squadron that desires to blockade our ports. If we are not in a position to do this, our trade and our shipping will be destroyed. This means a loss of milliards, and the four to six hundred millions for the navy are nothing in comparison with this.* . . . It cannot be denied that the Kaiser makes people uneasy through his impulsive nature. A little less excitability would be desirable. *But it is an injustice to reproach him with being desirous of increasing the navy merely to satisfy a whim or simply for his own private pleasure. He is simply carrying out that for which the German people have been striving for a hundred and fifty years.*"

The above is what he wrote to a friend in November, 1897, when dealing with the first Navy Bill. A little more than two years later—in January, 1900—the Prince wrote to his son:

"I must wait till after the Navy debate [*i. e.*, he would not send in his resignation till then]. For I am anxious that the bill should pass, if possible. We must not run the risk of meeting with the same fate from England that Spain suffered from America."

And in the following June, the Prince made a speech in the Reichstag when he combated Herr Liebknecht's declaration that the people in Germany showed no enthusiasm for the creation of a navy. He pointed out that, in the middle of the last century, it was the Governments of some of the smaller States of the German Bund, not that of Prussia, that opposed the idea of a navy, but that "the German people pressed their demands for a German navy. The history of the last century shows that the cry for a navy was always heard when there was a movement for the union of Germany, or when this movement was about to be realized or seemed likely to be realized." And then he used almost the same expressions as those contained in the above-cited letter about the conditions prevailing in Germany in the days of the Federal Diet—"a time of limited powers of judgment and of easy-going

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indifference." The movement in favor of unity in 1848 died out, he said, and "as a powerful empire cannot be conceived without a fleet the idea of a navy disappeared with the idea of the Empire." But, twenty years later, when the Empire was founded, the people again clamored for a navy; and the only differences of opinion were in regard to its size and the amount of money to be spent on it. "It was then a question," the Prince continued, "of securing our existence as a trading World-Power." In conclusion, he pointed out that the craving to take up a position in the world had originated with the German people; hence the necessity of having a strong navy.

These citations reproduce all that Prince Hohenlohe said in his "Memoirs" about the necessity of having a navy, but there is not a word about purely offensive purposes. His successor also, the present Chancellor, has more than once combated the idea that Germany's Navy was being increased for "offensive purposes." He spoke to me as follows on November 15th, 1904:*

"As you have yourself gone very carefully into the question of our Navy, you will certainly have obtained proofs that *our fleet is only meant for defensive purposes*. Its object is to secure our waters against any attack, and to afford the necessary protection for our interests abroad. We shall, of course, always take care that it is ready to strike when required, for our motto must be 'Always be ready.' Foreign countries must reconcile themselves to the fact that the German merchant beyond the seas is no longer the poverty-stricken creature who must content himself with picking up the crumbs from under the table. He now takes his seat next his fellows: and we are fully entitled to stand up for and defend the rights which are ours in company with the citizens of other nations."

As I am writing these lines Prince von Bülow is announced to have told M. Huret at Norderney:

"As for our navy, we are not increasing it for fighting purposes, but to protect our trade, to be able to show our flag in remote regions where our commerce flourishes." [I take it that the Chancellor means "for aggressive purposes," because a navy only exists for "fighting purposes."]

I will cite one more authority—namely, Admiral von Tirpitz, the Secretary of State of the German Imperial Navy Office, and the author of the Navy Laws of 1898 and 1900, and of the Amendment Act of 1906. I have had the privilege of knowing the Admiral for many years; and we have frequently indulged in con-

* *Cf.* "The Nineteenth Century and After," December, 1904.

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fidential talks about the development of the German Navy. The Admiral tells everybody that he considers the idea that the German nation and the German Admiralty are preparing an aggressive war against Great Britain is too foolish and preposterous to require refutation. He remarked to me about the end of January last, that "when it was decided to strengthen the German Navy in order that we should have a navy suitable to our rank as a first-class Power, and in order to enable us to defend, if needed, our commerce and colonies, neither the Kaiser nor the Admiralty had any aggressive purpose in view."

These quotations from written and verbal pronouncements of the highest personages in the service of the German Empire under the Kaiser deal frankly with the subject at issue. Let us now turn from German protestations to certain statements concerning figures made in the article I cited at the commencement of this paper. We read there that Germany possesses, "built or building, a horde of giant cruisers, destroyers, torpedo-boats of 600 tons, and submarines." Any text-book dealing with the navies of the nations can satisfy us on this point. Let us look up the latest number of Weyer's "*Taschenbuch der Kriegsflotten*," which is universally accepted as authoritative. We find that, all told, there are in the German Navy ten armored cruisers and six protected cruisers—*i. e.*, according to German classification, six Big Cruisers, three of which ("Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau," 11,420 tons each, and "E," 14,700 tons) are building, and another, "F," which will presumably have a displacement not greater than our largest Armored Cruisers, has not yet been laid down. By 1917, there will be twenty Large Cruisers built and building. The full number of Destroyers now to be built, according to the amended programme, has been fixed at 144. So far, none of these comes up to 600 tons, but the next twelve are to have that displacement. It is clear, therefore, that the Germans do not possess "a horde" of giant cruisers, built or building.

As regards acceleration in shipbuilding, it may be said that the German Admiralty have no plan for accelerating their shipbuilding and that it would be quite hopeless for them to attempt to do so. Before long there will be a regular glut in their yards. In 1900, the German Admiralty obtained the permission of Parliament for a definite building programme extending over a series of years, in order not to be exposed every year to the changes of party

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opposition. This programme has not been enlarged: in 1906, the amendment to the Act only replaced what Admiral von Tirpitz had asked for in 1900, and everybody knew that by 1906 he would again ask for what was then refused. The programme is not being carried out with "truly American vigor," if these words mean "haste"; the programme is being carried out according to the prescriptions laid down by the Law. The Admiralty could not "curtail" the programme or "drop out a ship," for the simple reason that it would be contrary to the Law passed by the Reichstag to do so. But for the present, on the other hand, the shipbuilding is somewhat behindhand. The ships voted in last year's programme were the "Substitute Bayern" and the "Substitute Sachsen." The "Substitute Bayern" has not yet been commenced. The "Substitute Sachsen" was not laid down until March last, and is now built up to the armored deck. Cruiser "E," also belonging to last year's programme, was laid down early in March last and has advanced about the same as "Substitute Sachsen." With regard to "Substitute Baden" and "Substitute Württemberg," in the middle of July the keel plates only of the "Baden" were on the blocks, while the keel plates of the "Württemberg" were just being placed on the blocks. Tenders have not been given out yet for Big Cruiser "F."

When it is seriously affirmed that Germany "intends to form an enormous fleet entirely composed of 'Dreadnoughts,' so fast and powerful that as a homogeneous armada none other afloat will be able to bring them to battle," I must claim to be excused if I call this *nonsense*. Whatever battle-ships Germany turns out will find plenty on the other side capable of coping with them.

But as regards the armament of these vessels—of which some declare that their main battery is "to carry sixteen 11-inch guns of fifty calibres," I submit that it was given out that the new battle-ships would have a displacement of about 18,000 tons and that it must be borne in mind that the ships have to be built round the guns. It must be left to a shipbuilder to decide whether it is possible or not to mount sixteen 11-inch or 12-inch guns on a ship of this displacement, having the ordinary qualities expected from such a ship in regard to armor, speed, etc. Some German shipbuilders affirm that the former is possible: it would in any case be impossible to mount sixteen 12-inch guns in such a ship. Amidst the profound secrecy maintained by the German Govern-

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ment, opinions vary greatly. German authorities reject the idea that they could mount three guns in a turret. As regards the number of the guns, I know good authorities who still maintain that the new ships are to be provided with twelve 11-inch guns, in opposition to others who declare in favor of twelve or ten 12-inch guns. Great efforts have been made to obtain information; but it must be admitted that all details of whatever nature that have hitherto been published can only rest on surmise. From all evidence to hand, the report that *sixteen* 11-inch guns are to be placed in the new ships seems to go beyond the mark.

Mr. FitzGerald stated in April last in this REVIEW that next year there will be four "Dreadnoughts" building in German yards to four in British yards. He should know that by the end of 1910 the Germans cannot have more than three "Dreadnoughts" ready with, say, thirty-six 11-inch guns—*perhaps* 12-inch guns; whilst the British Navy will have built, say, six or seven "Dreadnoughts" with sixty or seventy 12-inch guns. Besides these, the British Navy will have at least three Big Cruisers with twenty-four 12-inch guns, whilst Germany will only have her one Big Cruiser, "E," of the new type, which is certain not to carry either 11-inch or 12-inch guns, her heavy armament being either 8.2 inches or 9.4 inches. Further, the British Navy will have the "Lord Nelson" and the "Agamemnon" finished, and many naval officers think that these will be as good fighting-ships as the "Dreadnoughts."

A comparison of the lists of the German Active Battle Fleet (Prince Henry of Prussia's command) and the British Home Fleet, with their armaments (which lack of space renders it impracticable to present here in full detail), would show conclusively that Germany has little chance of ever getting ahead of Great Britain in naval strength, and that, except for the present policy of secrecy, Germany's Navy cannot seriously be regarded as a menace to the peace of the world. The main armament of the battle-ships in the German Fleet consists of thirty-six 11-inch and thirty-two 9.4-inch guns, with a secondary armament of eighty-four 6.7-inch, one hundred and forty-four 5.9-inch and sixteen 4.1-inch guns; the German armored cruisers mount twelve 8.2-inch, and thirty 5.9-inch guns; while the small cruisers carry forty 4.1-inch guns and forty one-pounders. In the British Home Fleet, the main armament of the battle-ships consists of fifty-eight

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12-inch guns, with a secondary armament of one hundred and forty-four 6-inch guns; the armored cruisers mount two 9.2-inch, four 7.5-inch, and eighty-eight 6-inch guns; the First-class Protected Cruisers, four 9.2-inch, and one hundred and forty-four 6-inch guns; and the Second-class Protected Cruisers, sixty-six 6-inch guns. Attached to the Home Fleet is the Fifth Cruiser Squadron, with a main armament aggregating thirty-two 9.2-inch guns, and a secondary armament of sixteen 7.5-inch and twenty-six 6-inch guns. As supporting the Home Fleet must be reckoned the Channel Fleet (which as matters stand is not likely to leave Home waters) with its main armament of forty-eight 12-inch and eight 10-inch guns, and its secondary armament of thirty-two 9.2-inch, twenty-eight 7.5-inch, and one hundred and twenty-eight 6-inch guns; the Cruiser Squadron of this Fleet having a main armament of two 9.2-inch and twelve 7.5-inch guns and a secondary armament of thirty-four 6-inch guns.

I will admit that naval officers will probably declare that any comparison of ships or guns is unsatisfactory, and that it is mere waste of time to try to compare them. The results aimed at depend on many other factors as well; but I am writing for general readers in order to dispel, if possible, some exaggerations as regards the relative strength of the two navies in question, estimated from the point of view of gun power. One can compare 12-inch guns as against 11-inch guns at 6000-yards range, at which range a modern battle would probably be fought; but at this range all 6-inch guns would be worthless for piercing the armored side of a modern battle-ship. The speed of the British ships is greater than the speed of the German ships, therefore we should be in a position to maintain the distance of 6000 yards; and, if desired, the action could be fought and completed at this distance. The German 5.9-inch guns are out of date, and our modern 6-inch guns (of which there are 442 in the Home Fleet) are as good as the German 6.7-inch guns (of which they have 84 in their Active Battle Fleet under Prince Henry). The 4.1-inch guns (twelve-pounders) and 1.4-inch guns (one-pounders) are quite inefficient against modern ships: indeed, they are for use principally against torpedo craft. They do not come into question at the great ranges here spoken of. Further, it must not be forgotten that several of the German smaller guns are not even in casemates, as is also the case with the armament of our small cruisers, and are not suffi-

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ciently protected, so that several of these guns at shorter ranges would be put *hors de combat* immediately.

People are apt to believe that the German Active Battle Fleet is permanently in the North Sea. This is a very common mistake. The ships of this fleet are not based anywhere in the North Sea, but at Kiel. When not at sea they do not all lie off Brunsbüttel, but are separated—some being at Kiel and some at Wilhelmshaven.

In conclusion, I should say that it is an exaggeration to say that "German naval officers make no secret of the fact that their navy is not only intended to strike at Great Britain, but that they will rely largely for success on the suddenness of the attack." Such words may occasionally be heard from the mouths of young and ardent novices, but not from the older, the experienced and the responsible officers in the service. On the other hand, I maintain that it is the German Navy and the German Government that, owing to irresponsible gossip repeated in the highest spheres in Germany, have more than once been concerned lest a sudden attack should be made on the German Navy. Nor is it the case, as I am assured on official authority, that in the early part of this year German destroyers, manœuvring off Cuxhaven, suddenly received orders "to make a dash for the British coast."

Assuredly, Germany's naval strength cannot be truly called a "menace" to-day, nor can it be a menace within the next few years. The gist of the question of menace could only be found in the fleet that is to consist, in 1920, of thirty-eight Battle-ships, twenty Armored Cruisers, thirty-eight Small Cruisers and 144 Torpedo Boats—supposing the British shipbuilding programme were in the mean time to be neglected, and supposing some diplomatic difference were under such conditions to be engineered to force England to keep a considerable portion of her fleet at a great distance from home waters. As things now are, the possibility of the Germany Navy proving a "menace" to Britain or to the peace of the world is not apparent.

J. L. BASHFORD.

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# SOME GUESSES AT JAPAN.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

OUT here in the Orient, and in some other parts of the world as well, I fancy, a great many persons are guessing about Japan. As may be seen by reference to a copy of almost any one of the newspapers printed in English in the port cities of the Orient, the real Far Eastern Question is, "What of Japan?" Some few persons, chiefly newcomers, are outlining with assurance the nature and the future of the Japanese. As for me, I am only guessing.* I have spent three months and a half in Japan in an endeavor to get beneath the surface of a most un-Western and charming life—beneath the cherry blossoms, chrysanthemums and maple leaves, beneath the elaborate bows and ceremoniousness of the people, and beneath their picturesque Orientalism. For, in Japan, Congo Free State or America, a human being is a human being, dominated by the great human motives.

Every Occidental is expected to take off his hat to "the Oriental mind," as something inscrutable, unfathomable and mysteriously potent. After a time, the hard-headed Westerner who has dwelt long in the Orient is likely to use plain speech about this. To him, the Oriental mind is merely selfishness, *plus* superstition, *plus* complete disingenuousness. What is euphemistically called "Orientalism" is often nothing but plain lying and dishonesty.

* It is uncomfortable to have to guess; the far pleasanter way is to forget that often "things are not what they seem," and to take everything at its face value. Especially is this so when one has been the recipient of only courtesy and kindly attention at the hands of a nation; and no people understand so well as do the Japanese the art of showering attentions upon a stranger. Among scores of delightful acquaintances in Japan, I have some true friends, whose honor and nobility of character are beyond question. These are men who have really achieved the Western standpoint; but, with deep regret it must be said, they are not typical of Japan. In all my guesses at this problematical people, there are as many exceptions to be cited as in the case of every generalization.

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The Oriental, accustomed, for ages, to oppression and deceit, has become a past master in craftiness and guile. For sinuous and subterranean ways, he outclasses anything known in the West. But the aforesaid hard-headed man, who should know, says that it is foolish to apply to a people, be their skins yellow, brown or white, any other standards than the old, old ones of fair and open dealing, plain speech and true words. If the yellow man is to sit with the white in the game of nations, he must obey the ancient and tested rules of the game.

I am sorry to say that my hard-headed friend (as is true of most of his white associates in Yokohama, Kobe, and Nagasaki) does not like the Japanese. The latter say that it is because they are driving the white man out of business in Japan, and are gradually crowding him toward the sea in the other ports of the East. They certainly are doing that; but I would like to believe that the Anglo-Saxon knows how to be fair to a successful adversary. My friend declares that he does not like the Japanese simply because he cannot trust him, and because he will not give a square deal to anybody. For cold-blooded, calculating and persistent selfishness, the Japanese people bear off all laurels. Up to the present, Japan seems to be carrying out the advice of the shrewd old statesmen of the Restoration Period, who counselled that she should learn all the weapons, ways and wisdom of the West, only that she might later turn them against the foreigner. If you would know the Japanese, says the white man in Japan, you must do business with him when he thinks nobody is looking. He is shrewder than a Washington politician at "putting up a front"; all those wooden legs for Russian soldiers, and all the playing to the Western galleries during the war, do not reveal the true Japan. The horror of the civilized world over the massacres at Port Arthur, during the Chino-Japanese war, has taught Japan to walk as primly and properly as a New England spinster—when the world is looking.

In fact, the question is often raised among European business men in the Orient, whether Japan is really a civilized or a barbarous nation. This sort of discussion is not carried on in the newspapers published in Japan; for the Japanese are more sensitive upon this point than upon any other. Their chief source of pride is that they are one of the world's great civilized and civilizing Powers. Those who contend that Japan has experienced no

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change of heart, but has merely put on the new manners and forms of civilization, like a new garment, with the same zest that she has displayed in adopting the frock coat and the top-hat, point to various phases of Japanese character and conduct to justify their contention. They say that Japan is a cruel, pitiless nation. Her boys find their sport in torturing insects and small animals: everybody who has been in Japan a week has seen the little children with bamboo poles, tipped in birdlime, hunting the cicada. The merciless bit worn by the Japanese horse, and the cruel loads it carries, and the beatings it endures, are the reasons for the proverbially vicious character of this beast. Look a Japanese ox in the face, as he plods along with the load of half a dozen American horses, and the way his nose-ring is drawn taut over his bleeding nostrils will haunt you for days. Nor is this disregard of life and suffering confined to the lower animals. The frightful and, at times, needless slaughter of soldiers before Port Arthur and Mukden is significant of something more than military discipline. Life is not a sacred thing to the Japanese. A Japanese soldier, bound for the war, was saying farewell to his sister at the train, and did not hear the captain's command to "fall in." The latter drew his sword and stabbed the man to the heart. That's a way they have in the army; it promotes discipline. Could the practice of selling their daughters into a slavery of shame be permitted and approved in any civilized country? It is counted a point of virtue for a Japanese girl to enter a brothel, in order to raise money to pay her father's debts. And I do not believe that Tokio's infamous "Yoshiwara," where young girls are displayed to the street in cages, could exist anywhere else outside of Africa. The nudity of both sexes, so common among the lower classes of Japan, is, in my eyes, far less indicative of an uncivilized state of society than the ghastly exhibition of slavery in the Yoshiwara, before which, when I visited it, stood rows of policemen, holding aloft their paper lanterns, to keep the crowds on the right side of the street.

A person's answer to this question, whether Japan is a civilized or a barbarous nation, must determine his judgment of Japan's course in Korea. For a barbarous nation, Japan has done well. The amount of murder, robbery, rapine and general injustice has been far less than was common when the Goths and Vandals were in their heyday. But if the standards of civilization are to be

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applied to Japan's conduct in this out-of-the-world corner, where, presumably, the big public is not looking, then Japan stands condemned. Among civilized nations, governments and treaties are respected: Japan's "grand old man," Marquis Ito, took a company of soldiers into the palace of the Emperor of Korea and tried to force him and his cabinet to sign the treaty which has since been given to the world as the treaty between Japan and Korea. The Emperor refused to sign it, and never did. The Prime Minister, likewise, refused to sign it, and when another member of the cabinet, under tremendous pressure, did so, the Prime Minister slapped him in the face and called him a traitor. Thwarted, the Japanese, nevertheless, high-handedly proclaimed that the treaty had been signed, though now, I understand, they admit that the King's signature was not secured, and, they say, it is not necessary.* The King is to-day a prisoner in one of his little palaces. He is in constant terror for his life, remembering how the Japanese brutally murdered his strong-minded queen, burning her body after cutting her down. Nobody, not even his physician and dentist, can see the King without permission from the Japanese. The control of the entire Korean government, which even this so-called treaty engaged to respect, is now in Japanese hands.

All this, though, is as sweetness and light when compared with what the Japanese soldiers and immigrants are doing throughout Korea. To knock down a Korean on the street is nothing. To drive him, unremunerated, out of his home, without five minutes' warning, for no other reason than that some Japanese thinks it would be a good place to live in, is so common as to pass almost unnoticed. To take away his business, be it sculling a sampan, pulling a jinrikisha or running a little shop, is perhaps no more barbarous than some proceedings in America. To force him by thousands to work for weeks without wages, as a coolie upon Japanese enterprises, is but one more exemplification of the doctrine that "might makes right." But to beat defenceless old women, to insult inoffensive foreigners as well as Koreans, to murder scores of men simply for protesting against being robbed of their property, and to crucify and then to shoot (I have the photographs) men who actively resent having their homes stolen—this comes near to barbarism. After what my own eyes have seen,

* This article was written before the forced abdication of the Emperor of Korea.—Ed. N. A. R.

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I can scarcely doubt the assertion, heard on every side, that every white man in Korea, except one American employed by the Japanese Government, is now earnestly opposed to the conduct of the Japanese, though, when the late war began, the great majority of them were pronouncedly in favor of Japan's cause. This American, Mr. W. D. Stevens, a man of real ability, gave me the names of several men whom I should see to get a true and favorable view of Japan's course; I saw them all but one, and from some of them I heard the bitterest arraignments of Japan uttered in my presence during my sojourn in Korea; none of them justified Japan. Two men, missionaries, while shocked by the outrages on all sides, yet clung tenaciously to the charitable notion that Marquis Ito's assurances should be accepted as the measure of Japan's future course in Korea, rather than the deeds of his compatriots.

Enough of that phase of present-day politics; more will appear when the placid, moon-faced Korean, assured of support from without, at last turns in desperation to fight. Speaking of war, there are many guesses as to the nation with which Japan's next conflict will be waged. Fight she must, for her chief business and highest art is, and ever has been, war. Many say Russia will be next to take the field against Japan, but that struggle will not come for ten years at least—assuming that Russia's internal troubles will not modify her foreign policy—since the nation will need that time to train a corps of competent officers, which is her greatest military necessity. Some long-time residents in the Orient predict that Japan will pick a quarrel with rich and helpless China, in order to recoup her desperate finances. The better informed, however, say that Japan's next war will be with Germany, for the latter's "Yellow Peril" insult rankles deeply in the proud Japanese breast. All these guesses and predictions may go amiss from the simple fact, patent to all who know Japan, that her national sensitiveness and self-confidence may lead her to avenge even a trivial slight or offence by extreme measures. Japan is not a self-governing nation, public misconception to the contrary, notwithstanding; and, yet, the handful of men who have run the nation for thirty years, and still run it, may be forced by the noisy populace (which, in its enjoyment of recent liberty of speech and the universal indulgence of this privilege in the daily newspaper, has not learned the art of self-control) to enter upon a



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war which they do not desire. The frequency with which riots multiply in Japan of late, and the spread of Socialism there, are not without meaning to thoughtful observers.

One of these same thoughtful observers, who has spent a lifetime in the Land of the Rising Sun, gave me a hint along this line. We were discussing one of the not uncommon outbreaks in Tokio. "I sometimes wonder," he remarked, with a rather Delphic air, "just what is to be the outcome of this admiration for George Washington in Japan. You know Washington's picture may be found in almost every school in the empire, and in thousands of homes. His story is one of the most popular studied by Japanese youth. Now, Washington was the leader of a revolution, and the man who broke a king's power. What effect do you suppose this will have upon the old Japanese notion of the Emperor's divinity and absolute right?" I forbore to make a guess, though I could not help recalling many jesting remarks about the Emperor's frailties which I had heard from young Japanese. But I am willing to guess that the next Emperor's job will not be so easy as his father's has been.

If you wish to see a Briton or an American in the Orient exhibit disgust with his nation, talk to him about Japan's chivalrous conduct at Portsmouth, when, in the interest of the world's peace, she yielded her rightful claim to an indemnity from Russia. After he has expressed himself sufficiently upon the gullibility of the Western public, he will say something like this: "Everybody in the East knows that Japan was at the end of her rope. She made peace because she could not carry on the war much longer. Don't you know that she was almost utterly bankrupt, and that she was even running short of men? She put down the physical standard of admission to the army an inch, and lowered the age of the reserves on one end and raised it on the other, in order to increase the number of eligibles. She hurried men off to the front from the hospitals before their wounds were fairly healed. The Port Arthur army, after its terrible victory, was not given a day's rest, but was rushed across the ice and up-country to strengthen the forces at Mukden." Without detracting one iota from Japan's ability or glory, it has to be admitted that peace came in the nick of time for her. And, to keep the world from knowing just this sort of thing, she bottled up the press correspondents at Tokio.

One word more about war. Every one who has watched the pro-

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cess with his own eyes must be filled with admiration for the way the Japanese army and navy are kept "fit." There is no loafing in barracks for the former. Long marches and all sorts of practice drills are the daily lot of the Japanese soldier. Scores of times, and in various parts of Japan, I have seen him, dressed in full field outfit, taking long marches. The drill of the cavalry (well out of sight of tourists, but I have seen it), over fences, hedges, walls, barbed-wire obstructions, embankments and ditches, reveals how Japan has even mastered the art of horsemanship. All the probabilities of war are forecast and trained for, by both navy and army. To watch the present military activity at Port Arthur, one would imagine that a siege is expected next week. Officers and men in Japan earn their meagre salaries, of a certainty. And even the public-school boys are drilled in regular field tactics, not to speak of the way the very infants play at soldiering and wear military clothes. I have watched a couple of hundred youngsters on the school-ground, none of them above fourteen years, marching, forming firing-squads, breaking formation and rushing into new positions, at the command of a teacher, with a celerity and skill that I have not seen equalled at any American National Guard encampment.

Accustomed for centuries to a feudal system, which made obedience to an overlord the one supreme virtue, the Japanese make excellent subordinates, as sailors and soldiers. This gives full play for the ability of the officers trained in European methods. Given an absolute master, and a detailed code of instructions, in which he may be carefully drilled, the Japanese obtains a high level of efficiency. But, as an independent individual, his efficiency is largely a fiction of the eulogists, as any one who has ever lived in a Japanese-made house, or sat in a Japanese-made chair, or worn Japanese-made shoes, or used a Japanese lamp, or anything else Japanese, will quickly testify. A stock sign in the East is, "Beware of Japanese imitations." Man for man, the Japanese cannot compare with the average American or Briton.

A guess at the future of Japan is inevitable. Will she have a great reaction against the Western ways which she has adopted? One day I saw a "high collar," as the modern Japanese dude is called, ride full tilt on his bicycle against an old peasant woman, carrying across her shoulders a yoke with two panniers of vegetables. The woman was knocked down and her burden spilled,

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but seemingly no serious injury was done her. The bicycle, however, was hopelessly smashed, a case of poetic justice. I wondered, at the moment, if this was a picture of the conflict between Old and New Japan. Will the stolid peasant, brutalized, provincial and wedded to his idols, which line every highway, come off the better in a struggle with the fashionable "foreign style"? I think not, despite the parable just cited. The whole nation is going to school. It cannot escape the thought and ideals of civilization. The general study of English means an acquisition of the principles that are embodied in our language. Self-government and real liberty will come to the people, after they have learned how to use them. The exasperating espionage of the ubiquitous secret-service men, the domination, even down to petty details, by the police and the military, will give way to freedom of speech and action. A sound thrashing by some other nation will chasten the people's vaulting pride. The shutting of the world's markets to them until they learn how to do business honorably will teach them a necessary lesson. The thorough-going ability of the military and naval officials, and of the governing classes generally, will be imparted to all other departments of the national life. Christianty, which is slowly, but steadily, supplanting the superstition, idolatry and ignorant spirit-worship of Buddhism and Shintoism, will elevate the national character, and temper the all-absorbing, inconsiderate and relentless selfishness of the nation. In a word, time, education and hard knocks will fit Japan to take her place alongside of the great Powers of the earth.

WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

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# THE CHILD-LABOR PROBLEM: FACT *VERSUS* SENTIMENTALITY.

BY THE LATE JULIA MAGRUDER.

THERE is, perhaps, no question of public economy in the present day as to which so deep and wide-spread an interest is manifested as the question of the employment of children as wage-earners, especially in mills and factories. The agitators of this subject are of three classes. The first and largest class is composed of ignorant sentimentalists, who plunge into the subject on the impulse of emotional feeling, rather than on a basis of knowledge and judgment. The second and smallest class is composed of rapacious mill-owners, who are influenced solely by the desire for cheap labor. The third class—that to which this paper is addressed—consists of serious and intelligent men and women, who desire to have the facts of the situation fairly presented, in order that a just discrimination between true and false may be made. Members of this last class will understand and allow for the fact, frankly avowed, that it is not easy to arrive at a perfectly just and accurate presentation of the case. It is a simple matter, however, to bring to bear upon this burning question the ordinary rules of common sense; and that is what is now attempted.

By all accepted rules of evidence, the actual knowledge, as well as the reasonable credibility, of witnesses must be considered before their testimony is entitled to acceptance. On this ground, I wish to consider what value, as evidence, should be placed upon the testimony of the writers on this subject with whose articles I am acquainted. I shall have to treat this branch of my subject briefly; but, if space permitted, I could elaborate the theme, to the fuller enlightenment of my readers and my own greater satisfaction.

The first written words which I can recall, as to this matter,

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were from Mrs. and Miss Van Vorst, two American women long resident in Paris, who wrote a book called "The Woman Who Toils," on the basis, as they claimed, of a residence as actual mill-hands, in the mill-towns described. This book I opened with serious interest and intention; but its first pages disturbed my confidence so deeply that by the time I had reached the point at which Miss Van Vorst informs the earnest men and women, for whom her book was presumably intended:

> "Luxuries to me are what necessities are to another. A boot too heavy, a dress ill-hung, a stocking too thick, are annoyances which, to the self-indulgent woman of the world, are absolute discomforts,"

adding a list of the prices paid by her for her underclothes, silk petticoat, shoes, hat and tailor-made costume, making a total of four hundred and forty-seven dollars for the raiment in which she stood—speaking of the mill-hands as "people from whose contact I had hitherto pulled my skirts away," and adding, "Friends had said to me, 'Your hands will betray you!'"—I threw the book aside, as unworthy of serious consideration. Later, however, finding that it was being seriously considered, I returned to it and read every word attentively.

As I wish to confine myself strictly to the limited field in which I can speak with the authority of over twenty years' study of the question from a near point of view, I pass over what these two authors say of the conditions existing in the Northern mill-village which, they tell us, they lived in as regular factory-hands, and content myself with saying that, if their inspection of the Southern cotton-mills had been made by going over them in a balloon, it would have been quite as accurate, and a great deal less misleading to the public. Yet, in the writing of both these authors, there is an appearance of the most painstaking effort to be accurate—many of the statements being put in the (supposed) dialect of the Southern mill-hands. To quote only one example of this: The report had probably reached Mrs. Van Vorst, in Paris, that it is a trick speech in the South to say "you-all" and "we-all," her informant having thought it unnecessary to explain that this word "all" signifies plurality, and that it is only another way of saying "all of you," and "all of us." The idea that any one, of no matter what rank and condition, should say "he-all" and "she-all" is obviously absurd. Yet continually Mrs. Van Vorst puts into the mouths of her Southern mill-hands such phrases as

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these: "He-all is sick to-day," "She-all works in the mill." This (and many other examples of the same kind) attempt to give an air of reality to her "poor-white talk" is simply audacious, when one considers how easy it is to disprove. Not knowing that the key-note to this dialect is economy and brevity of utterance, she makes the children say: "Yes, meaum," where they would inevitably have said "yes'm," and she renders as "eleavun" the word which would have been pronounced "'lev'n." The word "about," which is habitually cut short, even among educated Southerners, she makes these children call "abeaout," instead of "'bout," as would have been the natural thing.

This matter of a clearly invented dialect is of course unimportant, except in so far as it throws light upon the methods and ideals which have governed these writers in dealing with so grave and important a question.

As to the subject-matter of the articles by Mrs. and Miss Van Vorst, their position appears to be shared by so many whose zeal is not according to knowledge, that it seems worth while for one who has studied the question so long, at close range, to speak from the authority of that position. These writers, after drawing what I do not hesitate to qualify as a hysterical and sentimental picture of the misery, filth and degradation of the children in the cotton-mills, challenge their readers to compare the lives of these children with the life of Mr. Carnegie's little daughter, who, they tell us, had three cabins of an ocean greyhound thrown into one, in order that she might have space to play in during her trip across the water. This comparison of the lot of the mill-children with the lot of a child with whom there is not and never could be any rational ground of comparison, leads me to ask, for the sake of some practical advancement in the matter, that a comparison be made which *is* to the point; namely, the comparison of the mental, moral and physical conditions of the children now working in the cotton-mills with the lot of those same children without the opportunity and the performance of this work.

The whole question hinges on the point of *the alternative*. If the children employed in these mills would, otherwise, be living in decent homes, going to school, eating sufficient and wholesome food, getting some sort of moral, mental and manual training, then, without question, mill-work for children deserves to be decried as a flagrant social evil. As a matter of fact, however,

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the alternative presented to these particular children is to live in dilapidated houses, wear wretched clothing and eat food which is inadequate in quantity and abominable in quality, and to have the constant association of other children in whom poverty and idleness have fostered vice, exactly as they would do in themselves—children, in fact, to whom the lowest specimens of mill-hands are superior in every respect. For the very fact that a child is employed in the mill presupposes a possession, more or less, of the qualities of order, application, punctuality, mental concentration and a certain amount of manual skill—not one of which qualities would be developed in them at all, but for the fact of their being required in a mill-hand. Again I say, I presume to speak only of conditions which obtain in the Southern cotton-mills. Here, however, I am able to declare, from long personal observation, that the elevating and civilizing influence of the cotton-mills, among the poor white people of the South, from whom the mill-hands are drawn, is not to be questioned by any fair-minded and intelligent man or woman, who will take the pains to secure information, by personal inspection, regarding the conditions existing to-day.

A short time ago, during a Sunday afternoon drive through a thickly populated mill region in North Carolina, my companion and I stopped to ask for a drink of water at the house of a man who, as we learned, was working a farm on shares, employing his large family of children as helpers. These children—who gathered around our trap with stolid curiosity at the unwonted spectacle of a decently dressed man and woman coming to their home—were ragged, dirty and unwholesome-looking to the last degree, and so stupid that I looked vainly into each of the five small faces turned upward to us for one gleam of intelligence, one sign of politeness, one indication of either native sense or training in conduct. Even when we spoke to them directly, they made no sign of having heard or understood, except to look vaguely at their father, who seemed only a little more responsive and responsible than they. Although it was Sunday, the wretched clothing and unashamed dirtiness of both father and children were shocking to see.

Proceeding on our way, my companion and I were discussing the discouraging scene, when we encountered a party of children of about the same ages as those just left behind, who were coming

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out of a Sunday-school, near a large factory building. These were, without exception, cleanly and appropriately dressed—many of them with as much taste and comfort as the children of the prosperous and educated classes. Their faces were bright, intelligent and full of interest both in us and in each other. When we accosted them, they responded with cordiality and politeness, and the books, papers and picture-cards in their hands denoted a certain degree of education and of appreciation of educational subjects.

If it be said that all this was due to the Sunday-school and not to the factory, the answer is that if there had been no factory, there would have been no Sunday-school. These indigent people on the tracts of impoverished lands, which they work without training or intelligence, and with such poor results that a mere subsistence in destitution is the utmost that they get or even expect, are, without the factories, too widely scattered to be within reach of a school of any kind. It has only been by the collecting and centralizing which the mills have effected that their children are brought within reach of schools or teachers. At present, with the urgent demand for skilled labor which prevails all over this region, the cold, commercial argument that education quickens the wits and stimulates the faculties is enough to account for the fact that schools are going up universally in these factory settlements, and that every inducement is being offered by the owners and managers of mills for the children to learn.

Great lamentation has been made over the fact—lamentable, indeed, as it is—that, among this low and inferior class of people, it so often happens that, where the children are earning wages, the parents will not work. In answer to this, I suggest that, in the case of children possessed of such parents, the freedom which comes of the opportunity to work and gain their own living is the best that can be hoped for, by them, in the way of a chance to enter into a larger and more self-respecting life.

If the violent opposers of any sort of child-labor in the mills could see, as I have seen, the tremendous advance in the minds, the physical health and the worldly possessions of the children to whom the factories have given a chance of mental development, manual training and moral instruction—to say nothing of the bodily gain which is the result of good and sufficient food and clothing—they must perforce accept the idea that, to some extent,

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the end has justified the means. As to the elders, in several cases which have come within my observation, men who have retained their love for the freedom and open air of country life have returned to the farm, with enormously stimulated faculties, which have been so developed by the training of the mill that they have brought to bear on their country work a degree of intelligence and capacity which has made of them comparatively, if not positively, successful farmers, whereas, without the stimulus and the industry, application and wit that mill-work demands, these men would undoubtedly have gone from bad to worse.

Looked at broadly, the improvement of the poor white people of the South, since factories became common there, is one of the most encouraging and cheering things on the horizon of our social life, and, sad as it is that, at the age intended by nature for the mental and physical development of the young, children should be forced into work and surroundings unfavorable to these, it is a yet sadder sight to see children growing up in the state of mental and physical starvation which is too often the lot of the poor whites in the South, who have no means of subsistence but working the ground, and neither the mental nor the physical training for the successful doing even of that.

No objection seems to be made to the father of the family's working in the mill, while the mother does the housework and the children go to school. But, to make this feasible, the family must live near the mill; and, when it is remembered that the influences which have made the father an indolent and unsuccessful farmer have equally affected the mother, it is too much to expect that they will provide a healthy happy home for their children, or comprehend the value of education for them. It is only after a greater or lesser experience of the stimulating and enlightening effects of skilled labor, and the rich fruit that comes from it, that the parents of these poor children advance so far as to help and direct their offspring to better things. Therefore, if a typical Southern poor-white family moves from the country to a cotton-mill, the best chance for their children is to go into the mill themselves. There they are compelled to learn, at least, the value of order, system, punctuality, and the accurate use of their minds and fingers. The work is of the lightest, as far as any physical tax goes. The boys are almost universally employed as "doffers"—that is, each boy has a certain number of spools to watch, and he must

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take off the empty ones and replace them with full ones, as often as is necessary. When his spools are all full, he not only may, but actually does, play games, inside or outside the mill, with his fellow doffers, provided he is not too noisy and does not neglect his spools. The girls, as a rule, are employed to mend the threads which break in the warp, and are given a certain number of looms to tend. No one can possibly pretend that the work is hard. The lamentable fact is that children of this age should have any work which confines them indoors and cuts them off so largely from fresh air and exercise, and prevents their going to school. Here, again, there comes in the question of the alternative. We are not speaking of children in general, but of these particular children. Of them I do not hesitate to say that the alternative to working in the mills is a far more injurious thing to them than mill-work would be. As a rule, the class from which the mill-hands in the South are drawn is the very lowest. In many cases, where the parents work in the mills and the children do not, it is the custom of the parents to lock the children out of the house during working-hours, for fear that clothes and furniture guarded only by children will be stolen. This, in itself, shows the sort of people among whom these young children are growing up, and makes obvious the fact that children living in mill settlements and not at work are exposed to every vicious influence, and are learning only evil—or, rather, this was the case before the establishment of schools; and even yet many of the parents are not themselves sufficiently enlightened to see that their children take advantage of their opportunities to learn out of books. What they can and do learn in the mills, however—and this learning is compulsory and not to be shirked—is to be clean in their dress, decent in their language, orderly and punctual in their habits, and how to use their mental and physical faculties—which goes far toward training them for the making of an honest and industrious livelihood. Besides this, through their own efforts they are supplied with good and nourishing food. It is often said that the factory-hands spend their earnings too lavishly on food and clothes. This is undoubtedly true in the initial stage of their experience, as they are generally quite inexperienced in the handling of money; but, as a rule, they begin in time to get a taste for accumulation. Booker Washington has demonstrated, in his experience with the negro race, the great value of the accumulation of money as a civilizer. Let a man or woman—and

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equally a child—get interested in adding dollar to dollar, with some desired end in view, and he will conform his habits more or less to that end. I have found among the parents of these mill-children a universal custom of giving to each child some portion of its earnings, no matter how small, to put by, and on questioning the children, I have always found that they were "saving up" for some definite purpose—a wholesome discipline for the young.

But it is by no means the young alone who stand in need of such teaching and such discipline. All of these Southern mill-workers are drawn from a class so ignorant that they are only just beginning to observe customs which are laws to the more enlightened people, by whom they find themselves for the first time surrounded. The education of the parents, as well as that of the children, should engage the interest and efforts of philanthropic men and women. Since it is necessary to concede the fact that there are, among the mill-hands of the South, some parents who are content to live in idleness and force their young children to work for them, that man would be a benefactor, indeed, who could suggest a manner of appeal to parents which would lead to the correction of such an unnatural attitude on the part of those whose obligation it is, and whose impulse it should be, to care for the lives for whose existence they are responsible. Some good and practical suggestions have been made, which appeal to parents not so much by the natural avenue of affection for their offspring as by the frequently more effectual approach of self-interest. One suggestion is that no child shall be received as a factory-hand who cannot read and write. This would, undoubtedly, be a strong appeal to such parents as are indifferent on the subject to have their children taught, and the effect of such teaching would accomplish much more than its directly intended end, since it would keep the children out of the streets and away from bad associations, for a part of their time at least.

It seems hardly needful that I should declare myself opposed, as every reasoning and right-minded person must be, to the employment of children as mill-hands, where these children are so situated as to have a lot in life which offers a favorable alternative to such employment. Making large allowance for the super-excited state of mind of the writers on this question, who recently have been flooding the press with their more or less rash and ignorant conclusions, there still remains enough of reason and

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justice in their assumptions to make it a matter of profound satisfaction that conditions have been much improved at the mills, by reason of the wide-spread interest in the matter and the wholesome, hearty indignation at the wrongs to childhood which, through the ignorance or cruelty of men, are still prevailing. This is a subject well worth the attention of the benevolent and progressive citizens of every section. But, in order that it may be approached with the intelligence, which alone can lead to successful action and effort, let us, by all means, do away with the morbid emotionalism which, in too many cases, tends to obscure the truth, and let us have exact knowledge of the conditions which we are to deal with, instead of accepting, unchallenged, the often totally ignorant or else wilfully perverted statements of too many of the writers on this subject.

Quoting from "The Boston Transcript's" report of a recent meeting of The National Civic Federation held in New York, I ask attention to the following extract from a speech, made at that meeting by a man who was protesting against the report of the Child Labor Committee's work:

"The gross ignorance of writers for the public press is disgraceful. Look at this picture, which accompanied a series of sensational articles in a sensational magazine—the picture of a child at a loom! No child ever stood at a loom. And this statement, appearing in a recent number of a magazine that ought to know better: 'Sixty thousand little children toil in Southern cotton-mills; little girls twelve years old toil through a twelve-hour night.' Now, if all the 9,000,000 spindles in the South were operated by children—and they are not, by any means—they could not employ, at the outside, over 15,000 children. The children are found in the spinning-room only. South Carolina owns more than one-third of all the spindles in the South, and in that State but three spinning-mills work at night, and the looms they run are the twisting-looms, where adult labor is employed, and not children. The statement that 'an adjustable spinning-frame' exists for children is equally absurd. No such device was ever heard of; nor would it be possible."

In the same report "The Transcript" gives a quotation, made by one of the Civic Federation's speakers, from the writings of Herbert Spencer to the effect that, when an evil is at its worst, nobody pays any attention to it; when it is waning, the public pricks up its ears; and, when it is almost gone, everybody wants to rise up and legislate it out of existence. This, "The Transcript" says, "seemed to many to have aptly summed up the situation," and, having seen with my own eyes the improvements

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wrought in the condition of child-laborers and the great privileges of education and advancement which they now enjoy, I say the same.

As the public has listened, with such ardent credulity, to the presentation of one side of the question of child labor, it seems only fair to ask that it will listen to the other side. Then, if they will take the trouble to investigate the existing conditions, even to a slight extent, they will easily see for themselves the difference between knowledge and ignorance, true and false, fact and sentimentality.

And now, in approaching the conclusion of this article, I wish to offer, to every candid mind interested in this important subject, the following practical suggestion: Examine carefully the pictures which illustrate sentimental articles on this subject.

I have before me three articles of the kind to which I have referred. They are all written in the same vein of headlong emotion and wild hyperbole. All draw superexcited pictures of the misery, disease and degradation of the children who toil. There is, however, one significant difference in these articles; this lies in the manner of their illustration. One of them is illustrated from drawings, made in a conscientious effort on the part of the illustrator to carry out the spirit as well as the detail of the text handed in for illustration. In this one, the pictures represent a collection of men, women and children so misshapen, diseased, degraded-looking as to be improbable almost to the point of the grotesque. The other articles describe the same horrible state of these small workers, *but*—the illustrations of these latter articles are done by photography, and we find them to represent as healthy, fat and jolly-looking a lot of children as any one need ask to see. In every instance, they are well dressed and even more. Their clothes are made with neatness and even taste, and the rooms in which some of them are photographed are so far from being squalid that they have an appearance of comfort and are supplied with some superfluities. These pictures go to the editor with the manuscript, in the hope that he may find a way to reproduce them, so that they may speak for themselves.

In the book called "The Woman Who Toils," the illustrations give further proof to the same effect. It is amusing to compare the text describing the misery of these people with the photographs which, in part, are used in illustration of it. Other illustrations

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are from drawings, and here again we see the discrepancy between the truth of photography and the deception of drawings made to suit the text. "After dinner," says this writer, "we all sat together in the parlor—the general living-room; carpet-covered sofa, big table, few chairs, that's all." Even these words hardly bear out the description of misery and destitution in which the mill-hands lived, which had preceded it, unless the writer considered a plurality of drawing-rooms a necessity to such people; but the picture illustrating this room shows such a neat, comfortable and sufficiently furnished apartment that, after looking at the large bay-windowed, lace-curtained room, supplied with a nice sofa, amply cushioned with embroidered pillows, two comfortably padded Morris chairs, and decorations of potted plants, framed pictures and neat table-covers and antimicassars, to say nothing of several flowered rugs on the carpeted floor, I could but think of the poor-white people in the South, from whom the factory-hands are drawn, and imagine their awe-struck wonder at the mere idea of sitting down to rest in such a room as this.

Finally, I beg my reader to consider once more the point of the alternative to the working of children—those children, at least in the cotton-mills. Suppose that the anti-child-labor agitators get their way, and all the States are forbidden by law to employ child labor. What then? In one of the articles I have referred to there are pictures of small children who are described as being the only supports of sick mothers or infant sisters and brothers. In no instance, however, do these children look diseased and ragged as the text describes them. Suppose the law suddenly prohibits these children from working. What is to become, not only of them, but of those dependent on them? In some instances, one writer declares with elation, they have been taken in hand by the charity organizations. This may be all very well for ten children, or a hundred, or a thousand; but, when we are told that there are nearly two million children employed in money-making occupations, what will become of those children and the people dependent on them when the law forbids children to work? Can the charity organizations provide for two millions of paupers? Is it desirable that they should? Regrettable as is the condition of young children compelled to work for their living, is it not better than that of children dependent on charity—even if the charity were forthcoming, which it certainly is not, and could not be, for

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such a multitude? If those who are trying to abolish child labor offered something better as a substitute, every heart and hand should be with them; but this they do not do. Saying that parents should support their children is one thing, and making them do it is another, even in cases where the parents are able to work. And, even if they did do this, such a support as these parents would give, with its inadequate food and clothes, wretched quarters and the degrading influences of idle and vicious associations, would be, I dare avow, a greater injury to the minds and souls and bodies of these children than employment in the mills, where decent treatment is accorded them, and they are given a fair opportunity to learn to make a good living and to help others who may be in need of their help.

Still confining myself within the limits of my own experience, I declare this to be the case in the Southern cotton-mills. Everywhere among them, schools and churches are going up, or have been already in existence; and, by reason of the centralization which a factory necessitates, opportunities of mental, moral and physical training are afforded, which would otherwise be impossible for these children of the very poor.

In writing this article I have been sensibly aware that I was espousing an unpopular cause; but, since listening to the debate on this question in the Senate Chamber, I have not the feeling of trying to lead a forlorn hope. Some real illumination is beginning to dawn upon the public mind, bringing with it some consciousness of the blind credulity with which these various sensational and intemperate articles from the press have been swallowed down. There is a disposition evident to get at the facts on both sides of this burning question, and the plea of the unconstitutionality of interference with States' rights will be urged. This I leave to the consideration of wiser and more experienced minds; but I do not hesitate to claim for myself both wisdom and experience, on the ground which I have taken here, and I am actuated quite as strongly, and I believe with a greater basis of reasoning from fact, by a feeling of sympathy for the rights of childhood, and a desire that its best good may be secured, as are blindly partisan anti-child-labor agitators, who have had the ear of the public so long—too long, I venture to say, for a just and intelligent conception and consideration of this most important matter.

JULIA MAGRUDER.

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# THE NEW MORALITY.

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.

ENTER the New Morality, with excursions and alarums. Exit the Old Order, giving place to new—the Old Order much discomposed by the execrations of the mob, which, mob-fashion, forgets all the past virtues and services of the discrowned monarch.

A few faithful old courtiers, remembering the hand that fed and protected them, stand about, silent, in the background and shake their heads sorrowfully and fearfully, knowing that to speak well of the discredited powers will only bring upon their foolishly faithful gray hairs obloquy and suspicion. They remind one another in whispers of the so recent time when "it was roses, roses everywhere" for this same royal family now going into exile amid the hoots and jeers of the populace. They recall how the people, but a few short years back, plumed themselves upon the possession of these now disgraced Captains of Industry; how, indeed, they gathered them from far and near to be presented, as the nation's noblest achievement, to the respectful eyes of a visiting Prince. They can recall a very recent day when fathers reverently pointed to the passing Captains as models for their aspiring sons; when mothers blushed with pride if their notice fell favorably upon a daughter.

Alack! "All my sad Captains;" there are to-day none so poor as to do you reverence.

It is interesting to inquire why this should be so. Were they, the Captains, conscious malefactors; prepotent villains, laughing in their sly sleeves at finding the populace so naïve and foolish as not to be aware of its real condition of slavery; so stupid as to be blind to the fact that it was being ruthlessly plundered and oppressed? It were to reason somewhat too sentimentally to believe that the coal and oil and railway barons were really miscreants of so deep a dye, that the population of America so resembled the



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fatuously innocent heroine of the shilling thriller, or that the noble rescuers of imperilled maidenhood, the chief Foilers of Villainy, are of so superior a moral calibre.

That impulsive organ, the great heart of the people, clearly dotes on melodrama; and mingled cat-calls, hisses and adoring cheers must naturally greet the moving play—now being enacted at all legislative centres—of Riches and Ruin: or the Baron Unmasked. Who, indeed, would not thrill at the splendid spectacle of the hero leaping into the limelight with the manly cry: "No, she shall not perish, for I am here!"—striking the gilded fetters from the tender and lovely limbs of the trembling United States, while the baffled capitalist slinks cravenly from the glare of so much courage and virtue?

It is a pretty and a poignant picture, this, and naturally stirs the noblest and intensest emotions. But one wonders how it is that the Baron, who used to be his country's model, has suddenly grown such a very bad lot. If you interrogate the bewildered and unhappy noble himself, you will probably be told that he is the same man he always was: that it is the standards by which he is judged which have undergone such radical alterations.

The unmelodramatic fact seems to be that the hurly-burly of putting into order this large new edifice of the United States has suddenly got itself near an end, and, having moved into our complete and commodious residential villa, with all its modern improvements, we are now at last at leisure to criticise the architects and furnishers of the dwelling. It is, perhaps, inevitable to criticise one's architect. It is always done.

So large a job of work, it is true, was never before achieved in so short a time; and, but a little while ago, it was the fashion to plume ourselves on having accomplished so much in so brief a period, but that was before a generation arose that knew not Joseph. Many of us had still memories then that reached back to the days when the task terrified and discouraged us by the enormousness of its size and difficulties. It did not seem possible of accomplishment, except by the labors of several centuries. Webster, even in his later years, considered it useless to extend our rule as far West as Utah, since we could not for many generations have sufficient population to adequately develop the whole of our territory east of the desert.

Our farm was so large, it seemed that we would never be able to

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plough it. Our wealth was so vast, we could never adequately use it. But the prodigious opportunity produced prodigious men. From the towpaths, from the watermills, from the lumber camps, from the hill farms sprang up men with the force and genius of demigods, wrought to superhuman capacity by the enormous occasion. Within the limits of a life of fourscore years they subdued to the uses of civilization a continental wilderness. Were the spaces well-nigh illimitable? Well, here was steam; and they flung us to and fro across half the solid earth—a year's journey—in a week. They strung wires with which to speak and think across thousands of miles of land, and with which to stitch together the abysses of the sea.

Was our farm too big? Well, they sat down to think about it, and rose up with a gift of magic implements that outdid the work of armies of men, so that the farm fed a hungry world, and clothed the naked as far as far Cathay. Out of the earth they lifted iron, and coal, and oil, and gold, and copper, and silver, and lead until the myth of Tom Tiddler's ground ceased to be a jest. Out of iron and sand they made towers to outdo a hundred Babels, and then they set their railways on their hind legs, and ran them up and down inside the towers.

It is the most overwhelming story in the history of man. All the fantastic imaginings of the force of a myriad generations they realized in one. And, when it was done, they "dusted the crumbs of granite from their hands," put on their collars and combed their hair and sat down to amuse themselves. Upon which the talkers—until now patiently watching them work—got up and cursed them high and low. At first these large, silent, competent men merely smiled. They remembered that of old the conquering chiefs, after the battles in which they had slain mightily, had been used to feast largely and drink, uncriticised, from cups of gold. Having given food and power and safety to their followers, they thought themselves entitled to drink and eat and live splendidly. On the whole, however, our great industrial conquerors have been continent and temperate. Their sons have sometimes made fools of themselves, after the manner of princelings, but the great chiefs have been for the most part modest and simple in their daily lives, though proud of their power and occasionally, perhaps, leaning to tyranny. But this does not placate the wagers of the tongue, who, now that the country has been made safe and comfortable by

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the men of action, come out from under cover and draw their strenuous mouth-weapons to stir up servile insurrections in the camp.

It is not the first time this has happened. History is full of similar stories. Many a king and conqueror has been driven into exile, or done to death by the moralizings of a mouthing Brutus, who seized upon a realm created by his betters, greedy of the power of Cæsar, though of Cæsar's conquests incapable. Coriolanus lived a long time ago, but human nature never dies.

It is useless, of course, to remind the people of past benefits, to recall to their memory the services of the really great men they have produced, men whose little fingers were thicker than the loins of those who now flout them. For it is the fashion to discredit brains. "Our new heraldry is hands"—not brains. We are assured that all that we have, all our wealth, is the work of the hands of labor. Only the soldier in the ranks is of importance in the new order; leaders do not create the victories of commerce. It must have been, of course, the men who fired the guns who drove the British from the United States, and the gray matter inside of Washington's head was of small importance.

The men who did the manual work of constructing the Pullman cars and the Westinghouse brakes were our real benefactors, they declare, not the men who had the idea of doing it. This is as if the hands should say, "That fellow who sits up in the attic, idly thinking while I do the work, is a tyrant," and, having blown him out of his house, should be surprised to find themselves incompetent to make further movement, deprived of the brain's tyranny. But, says the delicate, kid-gloved, new morality, these men may have done something, but they were not as particular as they should have been as to the means they employed to achieve the ends whose results we find of course agreeable and desirable. When Kitchener came home from South Africa, having accomplished a task that no one else had been capable of completing, it is said that many who had stayed at home complained bitterly that the General was not a gentleman, after all, and that his manners in a drawing-room were really deplorable. So of what avail would it be at this moment to ask the public to compare the men of action and the men of speech? Not at this moment, when their ears are filled with wind, or hot air, are they ready to contemplate the thousands of hearthstones warmed because of the genius of these

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industrial captains, the many mouths filled with bread because of their great commercial conquests. But some day, when this orgy of talk is exhausted, when the delightful intoxication of high sentiment has been cooled by the dull, inevitable exigencies of daily life, then we may look back longingly to the great, faulty, vigorous doers of an earlier time and say regretfully, "there were giants in those days."

Even now were the Captains not old and stiff in the joints with great labors, they might crush in their strong hands these legislative pumpkins whose candles cast such menacing shadows of caverned eyes and serried teeth across our imaginations. But they are old and must pass away and give place to a new order. Perhaps in our crowded modern world there is no longer room for giants, but those who see clearly will not belittle the greatness of their stature, nor the size of our debt to them.

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

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# THE CRUMBLING EMPIRE OF THE MOORS.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.

WHILE it is not without risk to prophesy as to the outcome of the present Moroccan embroglio, it is probably safe to say that here are being produced upon a desert stage, while all the world wonders, the picturesque incidents of the last barbaric war in which the wild nomads from the Land of Thirst charge rifle-pits and screened batteries, and return decimated but unafraid. John Chinaman has given up his "stink-pots" for melanite shells, the Herrero fights the astonished Germans with repeating-rifles and military science, the once-untutored Pathan lurks in the fastnesses of the Afghan frontier with machine-guns. It is only when we look down the Barbary coast to the westernmost province of Islam, where against all the rules of modern war the French expeditionary force is hemmed in by a horde of fantastically armed horsemen, do we understand the saying, "terrible as an army with banners." And the green banners under which this army is fighting furnish a safe-conduct to Paradise if not to victory, a fact which should never be lost sight of in estimating the military efficiency of Moorish cavalry and Berber rough-riders.

When I read of the fanatical sectaries who, clothed but in cheese-cloth girdles and the halo of sanctity, are urging their devoutly believing followers to do the impossible things which the cablegrams describe, I remember the bitter remonstrance which some of our doughboys made to me about their regimental chaplain as they crouched under the crest of San Juan Hill. "He was a perfect nuisance," said one. "He had all the boys of a tremble with his talk of death and Heaven and glory afterwards, and so says I, 'Parson, we are going up that hill because it's on the way to Santiago, and because, if we get there, there'll be a hot time in

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the old town to-night. But if we thought it was the way to Heaven, do you think we'd foot it? Not much!'" and a chorus of "nits" from the others showed that their spokesman better understood the spirit of the Western soldier than did their chaplain. The Western soldier counts on victory and closes his eyes to the possibility of defeat, but the Eastern warrior goes to battle clothed in the panoply of fatalism. With a bullet clinched between his teeth and a tight rope cinched around his famished loins, with the cape of his caftan ready to conceal his death agony from the enemy when he falls, he will go wherever the rainbow of the Prophet and the promise of Paradise lead.

"This is magnificent, but it is not war," say the military theorists; "a perfectly useless shedding of blood without hope of compensation." But men like General Drude, the French commander, who has grown gray in desert warfare, know differently. They remember that it was such absurd fanaticism as this that smashed the British square at Abou-Klea, they recall the many massacres of French troops in the long and bloody Algerian campaigns, the slaughter of men who, though they held victory in their grasp, were suddenly panic-stricken by the display of so much bravery and contempt of death.

To Bismarck should be given the credit due his successful shot at second sight. Many of his other prognostications have come to nothing, as have those of greater men; but, when the sage of Varzin detected the war clouds that were even then lowering over the Western entrance to the Mediterranean, he foresaw with keen political insight what was coming and dared to say that early in the twentieth century the Western Question, as he called it, would loom as large a menace to the peace of Europe, and as pregnant with wars and rumors of wars, as did the Eastern Question in the nineteenth century. In this instance, Bismarck did better than prophesy, however; he prepared against the event, the coming of which he foresaw. He selected one of his protégés, Count Tattenbach, and told him to go to Morocco and inform himself. And from that day to this the Prussian cavalry officer with the limp, turned diplomat, has been on or near the scene of those deep-rooted disorders in Africa which to-day threaten the balance of power in Europe. He is not the Moroccan question, as some of the Boulevard sheets maintain, but he is a vital part of it. It is a far cry from Fez to the Wilhelmstrasse; but, thanks to Tattenbach and

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his discreet anonymous helpers, conditions in the valley of the Sebu are well understood on the banks of the Spree. In the Moorish capital German influence is almost, if not quite, as strongly intrenched as it is in Stamboul, that other nerve centre of Mohammedan power. And these positions have been taken and fortified not merely for their ostensible purpose of furthering the expansion of German commerce, but to place the Berlin government in a position where, when the psychological moment arrives, it can conclude profitable transactions on the international exchange, where it can give up what it does not covet to safeguard what it deems indispensable to its hardly won and proudly worn eminence in world-politics.

The late Sultan, Mulai Hassan, by his military prowess and diplomatic sagacity, maintained something approaching political equilibrium in the lands he was called to rule. He was patient with his people, and never inclined to keep too tight a rein upon his bold highlanders or the dashing horsemen of the plains. Every now and then, however, under the spur of some more than usually flagrant act of rebellion, he would call his motley troops together and act with vigor. There were always ready to follow his standards the members of the Makhzen tribes, who, like the Cossacks of old in Russia, live upon imperial bounty from the cradle to the grave. When the *mahalla,* as the imperial army is called, left Fez with all the pageantry of barbaric war, the wise men and the saintly men of the mosques and the holy places showered blessings upon it. The purpose of the expedition was thus sanctified in the eyes of all, and freebooters and robbers from all over the country gathered in the Sultan's train. It was pleasant to go out upon a predatory expedition and have the laws and the prophets on your side. In due season, the land of the Zimmours or the Zair was reached by the slow-moving army, which would then proceed, in emulation of the locusts, to eat up the rebellious country in a most thoroughgoing fashion. The weapons of the rebels were taken away, their granaries destroyed, their wells defiled, and their women packed off for subsequent sale in the slave-markets of the imperial cities. The rebel leaders, or as many as were captured, were beheaded, and their heads, preserved in salt and brine, displayed throughout the empire. A country visited after this fashion by the imperial *mahalla* was apt to remain quiet for many years to come, and the effect upon the

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neighboring tribes was, of course, most salutary. The best that can be said of the Lord Hassan is that, as did Ulysses of old, he "meted out unequal laws unto a savage race."

The difficulties of the present ruler of Morocco, Abdel Aziz, were greatly increased by the fact that his right to the succession has always been stoutly disputed. He was the son of his father's uxorious old age, and his mother was a slave woman purchased in Stamboul, so that she was not a lawful shereefa, nor could she bring to her son, by the ties of clanship, the support of any of the important tribes. It was claimed, however, that upon his warrior death-bed the Lord Hassan gave his *baraka*—or Heaven-given power of blessing, by means of which the Fileli have ruled Morocco for seventeen generations—to his Benjamin, the boy Abdel Aziz. At the time there was a popular belief that this important act of a dying sovereign never took place. In more recent times, this disbelief has come to be almost an article of religion. No Sultan endowed with the *baraka* has ever shown such ineptitude to rule, and his many marriages have remained childless; and than this, of course, no more signal proof of divine displeasure could be furnished.* But a strong Court party has kept him on the throne.

Immediately after the accession of Abdel Aziz, there was a general scattering of the imperial half-brothers. The young Hassan is generally believed to have taken refuge among the Riff highlanders of the Mediterranean coast, where, safe in their loyal protection, he watches from the mountainside the approach of the final catastrophe from which he may hope to profit. Mulai Mohammed, who had frequently acted as viceroy, and had often been designated as his successor by the Lord Hassan, fled to the southern provinces, where, with twenty thousand horsemen at his back, he also, it is said, plays a waiting game. Another brother, Mulai Hafid, accepted the situation with a good grace, and ever since has basked in the sunlight of imperial favor. Large revenues were set aside for his enjoyment, and nothing could be more significant of the complete decay of Abdel Aziz's power than the fact that a prince who is so generally regarded as cautious and time-serving as is Mulai Hafid should allow himself to be proclaimed Sultan in the great mosque of Morocco City, and prepare to take the field against his luckless benefactor.

* "The Statesman's Year-Book" for 1907 mentions, I believe mistakenly, that a son was born in 1899.

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The discontent among the other members of the dynasty and among the saintly shereefian families that marked the accession of Abdel Aziz, though serious enough, was not without a parallel in Moorish history; but the restiveness of the Berber tribes under exactions which were not unusual, and the reluctance of the country Kabyles to pay the taxes to which their fathers had always submitted, were symptomatic of more serious things. It was not long before the popular discontent took the form of open rebellion. Bou Hamara, "the patriarch with the she-ass," appeared in the East. He claimed apostolic descent, he had an undoubted gift of gab, and he performed clever tricks of legerdemain which easily passed for miracles. On several occasions he defeated the imperial armies with the Riata tribesmen at his back, and to-day, through a large extent of country, prayers are said in his name, which, under Mussulman law, is one of the attributes of sovereignty. While his power grows, of recent months, the patriarch has not actively threatened the capital. It is said that his efficiency as pretender is greatly hampered by the custom which compels him to take a new wife from among the women of each and every clan and tribe that rally to his support.

In other quarters of the Empire, rebellion has been equally rife. Even the imperial city of Mekinez has been sacked, and the Atlantic port of Arzilla plundered. And, in the Andjera hills, Rais Uli has carved out for himself a kingdom. The two or three strong men who sustained Abdel Aziz in the earlier years of his reign have passed away, and the Sultan spends his time secluded in the palaces in Fez, guarded by all his available troops, who even now perhaps are preparing to transfer their allegiance. The treasury is empty, though no orthodox Moor ever mentions it without the pious ejaculation: "May God fill it!" and the Blad-el-Makhzen, or tax-paying lands, have shrunken to the walled enclosures of a few cities. News travels, proverbially, with great slowness from Fez, and perhaps to-day the luckless boy is a prisoner bereft of his mechanical toys and other playthings.

It should then be clear, even from the above most incomplete sketch of conditions, that the Empire of the Moors has been in process of disintegration for several years past, if not for generations. It remained for the wholesale murder of Europeans in Casablanca to compel the active intervention of France and Spain, and to bring about the landing of the troops where their presence

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for the maintenance of law and order may well be needed, but where they will also undoubtedly serve the purpose of uniting all opposing parties and discordant sects among the Moors for the protection of their homes, their creed and their holy places.

The almost complete collapse of the Sultan's power and the actual intervention of the agents of the Concert are none the less striking because the necessity and the inevitableness of both have long been foreseen. For several decades the diplomacy of the Mediterranean Powers has been at work upon a reconciliation of the political claims involved and in preparing a *modus vivendi* which should localize the threatened anarchy and avoid the possibility of war. The result of these negotiations, in so far as they may be said to have reached anything approaching a final stage, is found consigned in the protocols of the Algeciras Conference, which were signed in April, 1906. This Congress, which sought to shape the destinies of the Western Question as did that of Berlin the future of the long-vexed Eastern Question, was more than a seven days' wonder in the diplomatic world. France, strong in the friendship of England, and with her dreams of a great North-African Empire comprising Algeria, Tunis, Morocco and the Western Soudan, slowly, but surely, as she thought, approaching realization, would never have consented to the Conference had not Germany become suddenly insistent upon it, at a time when Russia, the ally of the Republic, was completely paralyzed by her crushing defeats in Manchuria and the development of the revolution nearer home. M. Delcassé, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had come to personify the forward policy in Morocco, staked his political life upon his opposition to the Conference, which Germany insisted upon in a rather domineering spirit, and, as a result, he disappeared from the political arena. The calling together of a Conference to discuss conditions and to prepare safeguards in a part of the world which Delcassé and many other public men regarded as exclusively within the sphere of French influence, was a distinct triumph for the Berlin Government. The upshot of the Conference was, however, rightly or wrongly, generally viewed as a check to, if not a complete overthrow of, German meddling and interference.

This view, however, has not survived even the few short months which have elapsed since the closing of the Conference. While it is true that the historic pretensions of France and Spain, as

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regards important integral portions of the crumbling Empire of the Moors, were recognized, the duties of police work and the diplomatic responsibilities imposed, as is now apparent, were out of all proportion to these advantages. Several weeks before the Casablanca incident, M. Pichon, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, expressed his dissatisfaction with the new situation created for France by the conferees at Algeciras. "Four years from now, when, as agreed, the Conference must be convened again," said M. Pichon, "it will be quite plain, as indeed I think it should be now, that France does not wish to conquer, annex or even merely monopolize Morocco. But then France will have an interest (as she has now), if merely one of convenience, to return to the former and original form of our Moorish policy, and to suppress the mediation between us and the Moorish Government of the Powers which signed the protocols of the Conference and the representatives of these Powers in Tangier."

From this very frank statement it is apparent that France found the diplomatic fetters by which she is bound exceedingly irksome, even before the serious features of the situation were developed as they are to-day. Practically, with the needless verbiage, so dear to all Foreign Offices, removed, France, with but the meagre actual support of Spain, finds herself face to face with a desperate and an aroused people, confronted by a war which cannot fail to be costly in men and money, of which the resulting spoils, if any, must be apportioned and assigned, not by those who bear the brunt of the battle, but by the signers of the diplomatic document that was drawn up, one delightful afternoon, in a pleasant orange-grove in southern Spain.

The anxiety of many publicists, expressed both at home and abroad, that German jealousy may prevent the French expedition from penetrating into the interior of Morocco, and there, after having inflicted salutary punishment, dictating terms of peace upon a sound and lasting basis, seems to me quite without justification. If not even the complete breakdown of co-operation between the signatory Powers to the Morocco agreement, which has been apparent ever since the strain was felt, should deter the Paris Government from sending 100,000 men to Fez, we may confidently count upon the veto which the common sense of the French voter and taxpayer will impose. The French people have long been prepared for what, in the cant phrase of

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their statesmen, is described as the "peaceful penetration" of Morocco, but they balk at a repetition of the wars with Abdel Kader, and the French Premier is a man who knows the full value of costly foreign expeditions to an active parliamentary opposition. It was he who dubbed M. Ferry "*le Tonkinois*," "the black flag of Cochin China," who drove the ablest statesman of France from political life because he sought to maintain her colonial possessions. That was, as is this, a time when France, like all the world was counting up its money. At such a moment, it would be strange if France should grant to the anonymous dead of Casablanca the costly obsequies of a war of revenge, which, when Ferry was in power and Clémenceau a political free lance, she refused to the *manes* of François Garnier, perhaps the most sympathetic adventurer who ever sought expansion and empire in the yellow world. As for ourselves, Washington is in a congratulatory mood and points with pride to the prudence which Mr. White displayed at the Algeciras Conference. We only signed that instrument after expressly stipulating that we would not participate in police work or take part in any military expedition which might become necessary under the provisions of the international agreement. However, we may yet become involved. The imprisonment of another Perdicaris would send our fleet again to the Moroccan ports. Our interests and those of our citizens are now world-wide, and, as in China, so in Morocco, it will be found that we cannot escape contributing our quota to the maintenance of law and order wherever our commerce is involved.

After all, the astonishing bravery of the Moors is but born of despair. While their land is strewn with the graves and the dismantled fortresses where in ages past have ended in death and disaster all the efforts of the Portuguese, the Spaniards and the English to conquer the western provinces of Islam, to-day they recognize that their military supremacy has passed from them and that the war they wage is but powder-play. While the men of the poignard, as well as the men of the portfolios, foresee the coming downfall of the Government, their belief in the invincible nature of their creed remains unshaken. Frequently I have heard a grave Khatib, standing in the mosque courtyard by the fountain whence flow the waters of life and hope, relate, with prophetic words, the catastrophe of the end—and the Resurrection. "Out of the North and the East there will come a victorious general, a

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Roumi, a Frank," runs the legend which is almost always invariable as to text. "His followers will be more numerous than the sands of the ocean strand, and the weapons they bear will be multiple death-dealing guns, such as only the infidel dogs carry. Thanks to these guns, the Franks will sweep all over the country and capture the citadels of the saints and the strongholds of the Makhzen. Yea, even Fez, peerless among cities, shall fall. Riding over the heaps of the slain, who will have fallen in defence of the faith and of the undefiled places, troubled in spirit, the Frankish general will enter the holiest of mosques and stand by the thrice-sacred tomb of Mulai Edriss. There he will bow his head in prayer and murmur, 'See how these men die with smiles upon their lips. With Thy spirit, O Lord, Thou hast endowed them.' Then from the tomb he will lift the golden sword and draw it from the precious scabbard, and by a flash of lightning, sent from the heavens, he will read the words written upon it, 'Of a truth, there is no god but God, and Mahomet is His messenger.' The leader of the Franks will then prostrate himself before the thrice-holy tomb and worship the true God; and, when he returns to his host, he will find the infidel soldiers wearing the turban, and as he comes toward them they will greet him with their cries, 'Great is Allah!' Then the earth will be convulsed with joy, and the slain soldiers of Moghreb will arise from their bloody graves and join with the Frankish host in the recital of the *fatiha,* which is the creed of all True Believers."

STEPHEN BONSAL.

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# MOTHERHOOD.

BY AGNES LEE.

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MOTHER of Christ long slain, forth glided she,
  Following the children joyously astir
Under the cedrus and the olive-tree,
  Pausing to let their laughter float to her.
Each voice an echo of a voice more dear,
  She saw a little Christ in every face.
When, lo! another woman, pressing near,
  Yearned o'er the tender life that filled the place.
And Mary sought the woman's hand, and said:
  "I know thee not, yet know thee memory-tossed
And what hath led thee here, as I am led—
  These bring to thee a child beloved and lost.

"How radiant was my little one!
  And He was fair,
Yea, fairer than the fairest sun,
And like its rays through amber spun
  His sun-bright hair.
Still I can see it shine and shine!"
"Even so," the woman said, "was mine."

"His ways were ever darling ways,"—
  And Mary smiled,—
"So soft, so clinging! Glad relays
Of love were all His precious days.
  My little child
Was like an infinite light that gleamed."
"Even so was mine," the woman dreamed.

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Then whispered Mary: "Tell me, thou,
Of thine!" And she:
"Oh, mine was rosy as a bough
Blooming with roses, sent, somehow,
To bloom for me!
His balmy fingers left a thrill
Within my breast that warms me still."

Then gazed she down some wilder, darker hour,
And said, when Mary questioned, knowing not:
"Who art thou, mother of so sweet a flower?"
"I am the mother of Iscariot."

AGNES LEE.

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# IMPRESSIONS OF THE ESPERANTO CONGRESS AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY MARQUIS L. DE BEAUFRONT.

THE impressions which the Cambridge Esperanto Congress made upon me were so very many that I should write a book and not an article if I undertook to specify them all. Since, however, I do not wish to impose upon my readers, I shall limit myself to a choice of the most important of those impressions.

First of all, I brought away with me the thought of *great power*, acquired by the very idea of an international auxiliary language, thanks to Esperanto. That so great a number of persons undertook the fatigues and expense of a long journey, that our Congress was able to present to the world the astonishing spectacle of men speaking thirty-one different tongues, yet all understanding each other readily in our auxiliary language, show conclusively that Esperanto has made progress everywhere. It is not absolute victory, I admit: we are but twenty years old, and an idea needs more than twenty years for the conquest of the world. But from to-day onward, the Congress at Cambridge gives us the certainty of ultimate victory within a relatively short time. Our first two congresses refuted by facts the absurd theory that peoples of diverse speech could not understand each other orally by the aid of an auxiliary tongue. They had also shown that the neo-Latin peoples were surely not the only ones to flock to Esperanto. In fact, representatives of all the great European languages, as well as of a score of languages less important, appeared there; several English-speaking people were in attendance at each congress. And yet our adversaries continued to weary us with their eternal refrain: "Oh, yes, doubtless; but all that is nothing, for Great Britain and North America are not in the Esperanto movement!" Can one say that to-day, after the Cam-



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bridge Congress? Has not our stream been swelled by English tributaries? Were there not a goodly number of representatives from Esperanto societies in English-speaking lands? Did not North America clasp the hand of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Esperantujo? A whole English university town receives us royally; municipality, university, students vie with each other in their hospitable welcome; in full congress the American magazine which is the most influential and most widely read in North America, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, invites us officially to hold our Fourth Congress in the United States, offering us its utmost support; and yet we are able to question the adhesion of the English-speaking people to the Esperanto cause! In truth, I do not see what more our adversaries would have in order to believe.

Well, is not this adhesion of English-speaking peoples by itself alone a confirmation of the power acquired by Esperanto? Does it not carry elsewhere a new power whose importance is measured by the importance and extent of the countries where English is spoken? Does not this adhesion, better than all arguments, refute the affirmation or the hope that English is to be the future international language of the world? To me, who have always predicted it, this is only the natural fruit of the great good sense and of the admirable practical spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race, in the presence of the qualities of Esperanto which answer their end so well; but its consequences must of necessity be so great with respect to our swift and definite success, that I consider this adhesion—henceforth incontestable—one of the greatest events in our Esperanto history.

Another point particularly struck me at the Cambridge Congress; the progress made by Esperantists in the acquirement of their language. At Boulogne, in 1905, only certain orators and certain amateur actors took the risk of speaking in public. At Geneva, in 1906, the number of orators increased; at Cambridge it was superabundant, if I may say so; it was necessary to limit the time for speaking, and sometimes to call down the orator before he had finished. An excellent sign, in spite of its little drawbacks, for it proves that for the great part of those attending the Congress, Esperanto has become so easy to manage that they boldly court the judgment of an audience in this language —which most of them would not dare to do in their mother tongue.

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A third point left an equally favorable impression upon me: the special congresses that were held, outside the general sessions, by the various bodies, ideas, etc., represented at the Congress. It was the practical utilization of Esperanto. Lawyers, doctors, soldiers, sailors, merchants, etc., professors, peacemakers, men of science, members of the Red Cross, free-thinkers, Freemasons, Catholics, etc., held their sittings in Esperanto and discussed their special interests; yet for all that, they were no less cordial in the general sessions, or less faithful to the great principle of neutrality observed by the Esperanto body as a whole.

These special congresses, more numerous than at Geneva, are a part of the customs of Esperanto-land. On their side they will be neither less interesting nor less useful to the world than the general Congress. They remind me of a fourth impression, entirely moral, with which I will close.

In these meetings of specialists, various opposing interests were discussed. It would seem, then, as if good feeling must needs have suffered. And yet, as I have just said, the cordiality of relations between the members of the Congress was in no wise impaired. That was because the absolute neutrality of the Esperanto body leaves every one the unbounded right of employing Esperanto as he prefers to propagate and defend his religious, political and social ideas. No one sacrifices any conviction in becoming an Esperantist. On the contrary, all know, on entering our ranks, that every Esperantist enjoys absolute liberty. That is why tolerance and a due regard for the ideas and the convictions of others are so firmly grounded among us that our congresses certainly furnish the finest exhibition of respect, cordiality and reciprocal friendship which it is possible to find amid such a diversity of nations, races, beliefs and interests.

Also, without wishing to exaggerate in the least, without hoping for a perfect world while our poor human nature is so feeble and so prone to evil, I believe that Esperanto will do away with many misunderstandings, will prevent much hatred, and will scatter the seeds of goodness, of tolerance and of love. If that is a crime—one would think so to read certain authors—I take the full and entire responsibility for it before God and man, so far as I have urged or shall continue still to urge the world to commit that crime by the study of Esperanto.

MARQUIS L. DE BEAUFRONT.

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# THE PROGRESS OF ESPERANTO.

BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN.

A CERTAIN delegate to The Hague called the Cambridge Esperanto Congress the true peace congress, and every one who was in Cambridge last August could not but be struck with the aptness of that characterization. At The Hague, as one comic paper had it, a resolution was passed that there be no more war, and that if there is war, no explosive bullets should be used, and if explosive bullets are used notice should be given in advance, and so on. At Cambridge, on the other hand, 1,400 persons were gathered, not to wrangle over the kind of bullets by which men should be killed, but to affirm their dedication to the cause of peace on earth, and the federation of man.

If there is any one thing that we may reasonably expect from an assembly gathered for the purpose of forwarding peace, it is that peace and the spirit of peace should dwell in that body. But from The Hague all that we hear is of a gray tide of argument spreading over sombre days. At Cambridge, on the other hand, a band of men and women from all quarters of the globe came together to fortify themselves with renewed zeal in their efforts to spread an artificial language which has vast possibilities of usefulness in commerce and science. But behind these purely utilitarian objects there is another purpose, a sort of Platonic idea, or ideal, the brotherhood of mankind, and that ideal shone in the face of every delegate present. It pervaded the entire assembly like rich sweet music, and the town of Cambridge itself, for centuries witness of a bright procession of youth and joy, seemed to feel the thrill of this blithe, new spirit.

To exaggerate in a matter of this sort would not be difficult. But the writer's purpose in attending this Congress, on behalf of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, was not blindly to find it

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good. Rather was it to study, to scrutinize, even to criticise. Is Esperanto practicable or is it not? Is one conscious in this tongue of the click and jingle of machinery or does one find it vital, vivid, human? Can twenty different nationalities meet as men and brothers on the common ground of a common speech, or can they not? These are some of the questions which the writer, putting aside all prejudice and previous influence, sought to answer from an impartial and objective study of this assembly.

Once for all, the question of practicability has answered itself beyond peradventure. Here were fourteen hundred persons representing something like twenty-five different tongues, gathered in one spot for the space of more than a week. To at least a thousand of them English was an alien tongue, so that for the fulfilment of their most elementary wants they had to rely upon this new speech, which they had come to celebrate, yet in no case was there report or indication of the slightest difficulty. The trio of gentlemen who had arranged the Congress, Colonel Pollen, Dr. Cunningham and Mr. Mudie, had simply taken the precaution of putting an English-speaking Esperantist in every lodging with the foreigners; and by means of this interpreter and the new tongue, men of many nations dwelt at ease in England.

But, of course, more important than that was the daily business of the Congress, transacted in many sessions throughout the week by means of this language. At the principal sessions, which took place in the Cambridge Guildhall daily, every conceivable topic relative to Esperanto was discussed. Reports on the progress of the language were made by men from the antipodes, plans for its advancement were sketched by zealous apostles from every land, including America and Siberia, programmes for propaganda were laid out by those who have dedicated their lives to it. And about these speeches there was nothing cut and dried; there was no hint of that click and jingle which the ignorant fear and suspect. There was, on the contrary, a warmth, a spontaneity, an eloquence in these addresses that only a fervent partisan in a good cause, speaking a living language, can hope to supply.

There were, besides, the many lesser or sub-congresses representing the many interests of humanity. There were the Red Cross workers, socialists, musicians, free-thinkers, scientists, teachers, labor men, soldiers, sailors and many other such gather-

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ings which discussed their several affairs by means of the new tongue that united strangers from remote corners into homogeneous bodies. And then, most important of all to Esperantists, there was the powerful address by that almost Christ-like figure, Dr. Zamenhof, who, every year, urges upon his followers not to be carried away by the purely utilitarian benefits of Esperanto; but to continue cultivating that inner basic idea of Esperanto, the brotherhood of mankind. It is this inner idea, he tells them, and not the commercial use of Esperanto, that is represented by the green banner, symbol of a new hope in the world.

"In Esperanto-land," to employ his own words, "it is not the Esperanto language alone that holds sway, but also the kernel idea of Esperantism; in Esperanto-land reigns not only the ordinary official Esperantism (represented by the language), but also that other side until now not clearly defined, yet felt by all, the green banner."

Seldom has the writer seen such enthusiasm as greeted these utterances of Dr. Zamenhof in the New Theatre at Cambridge. It is no wonder every year the workers go forth into the world with a new energy, a fresh zeal, to work for this noble idea throughout the world, so that, as Dr. Zamenhof said, "Nature, which so long fought against us, now fights for us; for that same force of inertia which so long threw obstacles in our path at every step now urges us forward, and now we could not pause even if we would."

When, therefore, in the light of all these facts, of all this evidence, an American journalist, writing for the so-called masses on many subjects to which he obviously cannot give careful attention, tells his slenderly educated public, in positive terms, that "to try to manufacture a language out of odds and ends in a so-called 'scientific way' is nonsense," what can one say except that he is diffusing misinformation. He talks to them of French and its clearness, of Spanish and its beauty, of Italian and its grace, but he does not tell his public that if an attempt were made to make any one national language universal all the other nations of the earth would rebel against it. He tells them in his oracular manner that Dante knew only one language, Italian. We may pass over such details as that this in itself is not true, since at least one-fifth of Dante's work is in Latin, and that in his very monument to the Italian tongue, the Divine Comedy, he embodies certain verses,*

* Purgatorio, XXVI, 140, *et seq.*

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showing him to have been a master of Provençal. The point is that, just as in Dante's day it was unnecessary to know any except the national tongue because people did not travel, so it is to-day essential, because of the mingling of the nations. And by a stroke of genius a man has invented a neutral language endowed with body and life, in which journals are now printed the world over, which thousands of men and women in every part of the earth now speak and read and write; which, as the Congress has shown, fits every possible purpose of life; and, lastly, which is so simple and easy withal that even that journalist's public could learn it in one-sixth the time in which it could master any other tongue.

Some paragraphs back Dr. Zamenhof is quoted as speaking of "Esperanto-land," and that phrase calls to mind humorous queries as to the latitude of that strange land, the home of Esperanto. With the constant craving of the human soul for happiness and beauty, it is only natural to paint an imaginary land as some Fortunate Isle, or island-valley of Avilion,

> "Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

Now, of course, it is not the intention of the writer to say that the Congress suddenly transformed an English town into a Fortunate Isle. But certain it is that any one who mingled freely with the members of the Congress could not help yearning for a more wide-spread influence of the power of a common speech. The world to-days offers a sad prospect of hatred and suspicion. Even The Hague, with its Conference, brings to our minds the picture of a factious city overhung by the passage of storm. But among the delegates at Cambridge there was a brightness, a joy, a serenity that came only from these sources: they were all devoted to the idea of promoting sympathy and understanding among their kind and they were all free of the barriers of alien speech. Cambridge, to be sure, supplied an admirable setting for such a gathering. The ancient college buildings gray and ivy-covered, mellow in the soft light and adorned with a profusion of many-colored flowers, formed a beautiful and harmonious background. But just as a university is made, not by buildings, but by men, so a congress of this kind is successful and significant, not through accessories, but only according to the spirit which dominates it.

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Ten thousand clear-voiced chimes could not accomplish what the possession of a common tongue and a common aim did to make of the most widely separated nationalities friends and brothers. The American and the Spaniard conversing in this neutral language realized that the objects and strivings of humanity are much the same in Spain as in America, and the resident of far-away Siberia felt at home in this small English city, because the faces were friendly and the speech familiar to him. And all of these divers nationalities dined at one table, worshipped in one church, stranger beside stranger, but welded by the new tongue and spirit into one family.

The Englishman on his own admission is not of the most receptive to new ideas, yet stolid British men of business, as a result of this Congress, could be heard in public conveyances discussing the new language and conceding its obvious merits. Undergraduates, observing the singular effect for harmony and cordiality of this tongue not included in their curriculum, could be seen on the river in their canoes and punts, moored under shady willows, conning Esperanto primers, and many even of the officers of the conservative university were examining this new language that had brought so many intelligent strangers to their venerable seat.

Thus, we clearly see that Esperanto is a rich and vital language in which men can convey all manner of ideas delivered upon every conceivable topic, in which they can perform plays and sing songs, by which they can govern all the routine of their lives. It is quite free of the click and jar of artificiality, for by means of it men can move others to fervor, zeal and great enthusiasm. We see that it is more than a language constructed in a "scientific way," because it possesses an inherent spirit and vitality which only a miracle of genius could infuse into an artificial tongue. So that all the ordinary sophistical reasoning concerning artificial languages in general has no application in this particular case. Lastly, we see that this project carries within its core an idea so beautiful and noble that every proper human being must incline to it sooner or later. And for all these reasons it seems certain that Esperanto must prosper and triumph.

HENRY JAMES FORMAN.

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# NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS, LAWRENCE GILMAN AND JOSEPH H. COATES.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF SHAKESPEARE.*

A RECENT French biographer of Ben Jonson has drawn attention to the suggestive fact that in dealing with Shakespeare, the English seem to admire chiefly the poet, while the French are mainly interested in the psychologist, and the Germans in the philosopher. Perhaps it is to be left for us Americans to be active in paying proper attention to Shakespeare the playwright, and in analyzing his slow attainment of mastery in the difficult art of the professional dramatist, writing plays intended to be performed in a theatre by actors and before an audience. That Shakespeare was a playwright, first and foremost, and before he was a poet or a psychologist or a philosopher,—this is the principle that sustained the stimulating volume Professor Barrett Wendell published some ten years ago. And now Professor Baker pushes the inquiry further. In this book he seeks to trace the development of Shakespeare's dramaturgic skill and to show how he learned the art and craft of the playmaker.

As a preliminary Professor Baker is forced to consider the audiences whom Shakespeare had to please, the theatre to the conditions of which his plays had to conform, and the actors who were to impersonate his characters. As yet no scholar has put into a single treatise all the needed information about the English theatre under Elizabeth, like that which Mr. Haigh has massed together in his excellent book on the Attic theatre and like that which the late Eugène Despois collected in his invaluable volume on the French theatre under Louis XIV. Prob-

* "The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist." By George Pierce Baker. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

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ably the time has not yet arrived when our knowledge is secure enough to warrant such a book, although much of the ground has been covered in the third volume of Dr. Mantzius's "History of Theatric Art" and in Dr. Reynolds's "Principles of Elizabethan Staging." And no one has attacked the difficulties of explaining what the Elizabethan theatre was like and how plays were acted on its platform with a more minute knowledge and a more robust common sense than Professor Baker in these pages.

His conclusions may seem radical to readers who are not familiar with the more recent discussions; but they are in accord substantially with those held by nearly all later investigators. The stage for which Shakespeare wrote was a platform thrust out into the yard. It had no scenery whatever; but it had abundant "properties,"—thrones, well-heads, arbors, and so forth. It had a curtain hung from the gallery over the back of the stage, arras or cloth painted in imitation of tapestry. It may have had sometimes some kind of painted cloth in the gallery. It may have had also a curtain suspended from the "heavens," the penthouse roof that protected part of the stage from the rain. It had two or more doors, either permanent or temporary; and sometimes there may have been placards on these doors to indicate that they were the entrances to distinct places. But there is no warrant whatever for the oft-repeated assertion that changes of scene were indicated by changing a series of hanging signs,—"This is a street in Venice," "This is the palace of the Duke," "This is the Rialto."

As Professor Baker declares, we cannot rightly appreciate the accomplishment of Shakespeare as a dramatist unless we are able to visualize his stage, to understand the public for which he wrote and to know what was his inheritance of dramaturgic technic. What had Shakespeare's immediate predecessors trained that public to expect on that stage?—because it was this expectation which Shakespeare in his 'prentice days had to satisfy. What devices of situation, episode, plot, suspense and surprise could his predecessors employ on that stage to interest that audience?—because Shakespeare had to begin where his predecessors left off; he had to stand on their shoulders. It is this dramaturgic technic, this primitive method of playmaking, inherited by Shakespeare from Marlowe and Kyd, from Lyly and Greene, which the young Shakespeare had first to master and to make his own, which

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he had then to improve as he gained confidence and authority, and which he had finally to perfect as his powers ripened and he grew in strength.

Of course, it is impossible here even to summarize the results of Professor Baker's minute analysis of Shakespeare's slow and steady development as a dramaturgic artist. A poet Shakespeare was by the gift of God; a psychologist he became by observation and intuition; a philosopher he rose to be as the result of reflection and insight; but a playwright he made himself, by hard work, by absorption of every available trick of the trade which his predecessors and contemporaries had devised, and by constant and adroit experimenting of his own. In playmaking he was a conscious and deliberate artist, profiting by every possible effect permitted by the rude yet liberal playhouse of his time, and keeping in mind always the desires, the expectations and the prejudices of the sturdy and robust Elizabethan audiences, whom he had ever in his eye, even though he never gave a glance forward to us to-day.

This is what Professor Baker makes clear in his illuminating chapters, wherein he sets forth certain of the steps by which Shakespeare taught himself how to put together the framework of farce and of melodrama, and by which he rose in time to the more difficult construction of true comedy and of real tragedy. And in making these things clear, Professor Baker has, unintentionally perhaps, knocked the support from under countless labored disquisitions, largely of German authorship, which undertook to declare Shakespeare's theoretic system and his philosophical intention. The American critic brings out the fact that Shakespeare was no theorist and no maker of systems; and he suggests that not only to his contemporary audiences, but even to the dramatist himself, his great tragedies may have seemed only chronicle-plays better made, more compact, and therefore more interesting. Distinctions of type, which are important to the critic and to the historian of literature, are rarely present in the mind of the creator himself, who is satisfied to seek self-expression within the limitations imposed upon him by the conditions of his time, and who is often unconscious of his own enlargements of the art he is practising.

The illustrations which are scattered through the volume ought to have been massed in the earlier chapters. They consist

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of maps and views of London in Shakespeare's time. They include, also, a valuable series of drawings of Elizabethan theatres, inside and out, and of later attempts to reproduce what is now believed to be the Elizabethan stage. They would have gained in value if they had each of them been dated, and if the sources had been carefully indicated. Apparently the lower of the two drawings facing page 200 is modern, and therefore without authority.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

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MR. SHAW'S NEW VOLUME OF PLAYS.

DESPITE the cloud of controversial and expository dust which he has managed to raise along the highways of criticism, there is really only one authentic way of regarding Mr. Bernard Shaw. It is as otiose to view him as a dazzling and unscrupulous, though somewhat perturbing, mountebank, as it is to consider him a prophet and philosopher whose every dictum is to be accepted absolutely *au sérieux*. He has generously given us his conception of the "quintessential" Ibsen, and of the essential Wagner: well, the essential and quintessential Shaw is not a more recondite being than is either of the two masters whom Mr. Shaw himself has so elaborately exposed. We all know that he has derived infinite joy from a knowledge of the fact that he is very widely regarded, among a class of persons whom he quite honestly despises, as being somewhat in the same case as his *Andrew Undershaft* in "Major Barbara," of whom the excellent *Lady Britomart* observes that he is "always most clever and unanswerable when he is defending nonsense and wickedness." That is a conception of himself which Mr. Shaw is far from averse to fostering, and it suggests, for all who care to apply it, the key to a just and verifiable apprehension of him. Mr. Shaw is an Irishman of intellect—an enormously significant condition. His intellectual processes are colored by imagination, while his imagination is tempered and constrained by a quality of intellect that is at once peptonizing and astringent. He is at bottom a poet, a man of amazing intensity and sensitiveness of feeling; but he is also a moralist with an insatiable and inextinguishable sense of comedy: a more painfully and utterly inharmonious blend of characteristics than which it would be difficult to conceive. It follows, quite simply and as a matter of course, that Mr. Shaw is forced into a nervous

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and fidgety dread of parody or derision; he is mortally afraid that we will accuse him of taking himself with an excess of seriousness, or that we will burlesque him. Therefore, he is perpetually engaged in forestalling us by obligingly burlesquing himself. Hence his exuberant impertinence, his elaborate audacity, his heaven-storming insolence—in short, all that in him which scandalizes the conventional, enrages the unsympathetic, and distresses the candid friend. He would, doubtless, repudiate any such conception of his activities as engagingly and effectively as he would controvert any other confident or positive approach to his temperamental habits, and with his usual ignorance of the fact that he is least prepossessing when he is most airily and blithely self-conscious.

He was never more obviously and completely himself than in his latest published production: the new volume of plays* which contains his "John Bull's Other Island," "How He Lied to Her Husband," and "Major Barbara," all composed within the last three years. The first two have been played in America, the last only in England.

"How He Lied to Her Husband" is, as he points out in one of the prefatory notes with which the volume is accompanied, a *pièce d'occasion,* written to fill an immediate and actual theatrical demand. He has printed it, he observes, "as a sample of what can be done with even the most hackneyed stage framework by filling it in with an observed touch of actual humanity instead of with *doctrinaire* romanticism." "Nothing in the theatre," he goes on, "is staler than the situation of husband, wife and lover, or the fun of knockabout farce. I have taken both, and got an original play out of them, as anybody else can, if only he will look about him for his material instead of plagiarizing 'Othello' and the thousand plays that have proceeded on *Othello's* romantic assumptions and false point of honor." Admittedly *a jeux d'esprit,* this barefaced and indubitably "original" little farce is as preposterously veracious and as immensely telling as anything that he has done, trifle though it is; and it is full, as always with him, of vivid and irresistible divinations of character.

In "Major Barbara" (which has not yet been seen on the stage in this country) he is very nearly at his best. He is here, as he so

* "John Bull's Other Island"; "How He Lied to Her Husband"; "Major Barbara." By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. 1907.

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seldom fails to be, exquisitely and inexhaustibly amusing, and his unflagging sense of character is constantly in evidence. What could be, for example, more graphic and complete than this portrait of *Lady Britomart Undershaft:* "... a woman of fifty or thereabouts, well dressed and yet careless of her dress; well bred, and quite reckless of her breeding; well mannered, and yet appallingly outspoken and indifferent to the opinions of her interlocutors; amiable and yet peremptory, arbitrary and high-tempered to the last bearable degree, and withal, a very typical managing matron of the upper class, treated as a naughty child until she grew into a scolding mother, and finally settling down with plenty of practical ability and worldly experience, limited in the oddest way with domestic and class limitations, conceiving the universe exactly as if it were a large house in Wilton Crescent, though handling her corner of it very effectively on that assumption...."

And how delicious is her passage with *Barbara* and *Undershaft* concerning the discussion of religion:

"Really, Barbara, you go on as if religion were a pleasant subject."

*Undershaft*: "I do not find it an unpleasant subject, my dear. It is the only one that capable people really care for."

*Lady Britomart (looking at her watch)*: "Well, if you are determined to have it, I insist on having it in a proper and respectable way. Charles, ring for prayers."

In "Major Barbara" Mr. Shaw has been charged with deriding the methods of the Salvation Army, an accusation which he emphatically and categorically denies in his preface. On the contrary, he says, he upholds many of its essential methods, and he likes the spirit in which its crusades are undertaken. The lesson of the play—for here, as always, Mr. Shaw is first the inveterate and passionate moralist, then the maker of drama—is that the Salvation Army "is the accomplice of the distiller and the dynamite-maker [since it is obliged to accept their money in order that it may carry on its work—as one of its officers says, "they would take money from the devil himself and be only too glad to get it out of his hands and into God's"]; that they can no more escape one another than they can escape the air they breathe; that there is no salvation for them through personal righteousness, but only through the redemption of the whole nation from its vicious, lazy,

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competitive anarchy." Or, as *Barbara* says in the play, in one of those passages of singular eloquence in which Mr. Shaw betrays the poet of whom he is lurkingly ashamed: "My father shall never throw it in my teeth again that my converts were bribed with bread. I have got rid of the bribe of bread. I have got rid of the bribe of heaven. Let God's work be done for its own sake: the work He had to create us to do because it cannot be done except by living men and women. When I die, let him be in my debt, not I in his; and let me forgive him as becomes a woman of my rank."

*Cusins* [her betrothed, who has accepted a partnership in her father's cannon and gunpowder business, with her approval]: "Then the way of life lies through the factory of death?"

*Barbara:* "Yes, through the raising of hell to heaven and of man to God, through the unveiling of an eternal light in the Valley of the Shadow."

"John Bull's Other Island" is a picture of the Ireland of to-day in its relation to the England of to-day. It is an Ireland, as some one has well said, "for the moment no longer in revolt, an appeased, but still apprehensive creature, with a mouth full of well-meant and ill-considered remedies, trying to purr itself into detachment and content." The play is in nothing more striking than in the astonishing impartiality with which Mr. Shaw presents, throughout, the standpoint of his extremely diverse characters: the standpoint of the egregious Englishman, *Broadbent,* with his enormous and incredible stupidity; of *Larry Doyle,* the disaffected Irishman; of *Peter Keegan,* the gentle and lovable idealist. It is precisely this impartiality, this lack of preference, which perplexes many who see in this curiously fascinating and subtly veracious drama nothing but an indication that Mr. Shaw's sympathy with so many divergent points of view is satisfactory evidence that he has no view of his own!

In these two more substantial plays, as always, Mr. Shaw makes it plainer than ever, as has already been said, that he is first the determined moralist, the servant of his profoundly passionate convictions; then the architect of what happens to be their vehicle: in this case, satiric and imaginative drama. But scarcely less notable is the demonstration which is here furnished of that other inconvenient and embarrassing fact which Mr. Shaw is at such elaborate pains, when he is on his guard, to conceal: the

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fact that he is, *au fond* and incurably, a poet. Hear him, as a concluding example, in *Peter Keegan's* response to *Broadbent's* question as to what heaven is like in his dreams (after *Broadbent* has described it as appearing to *him* "a sort of pale blue satin place, with all the pious old ladies in our congregation sitting as if they were at a service; and there was some awful person in the study at the other side of the hall"): "In my dreams," rejoins the unfrocked priest, "it is a country where the State is the Church, and the Church the people: three in one and one in three. It is a commonwealth in which work is play and play is life: three in one and one in three. It is a temple in which the priest is the worshipper, and the worshipper the worshipped: three in one and one in three. It is a godhead in which all life is human and all humanity divine: three in one and one in three. . . . It is, in short, the dream of a madman." Any one who can write like that may not, I submit, be satisfactorily catalogued without some rather anxious and scrupulous deliberation.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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## "SISTER CARRIE."*

QUITE apart from its intrinsic merit as a work of literary art, "Sister Carrie" has, for the discriminating, in a marked degree the special interest which any writer's first novel possesses in proportion to the peculiarly individual power it may show as a promise for the future. In this, Mr. Dreiser's book is especially noteworthy, since rarely has a new novelist shown so singular a power of virile earnestness and serious purpose with unusual faculty of keenly analytic characterization and realistic painting of pictures. His people are real people; he compels you to know them as he knows them, to see the scenes amid which they move as he sees them. He shows absolute sincerity, he plays you no tricks; he is rigidly uncompromising, he scorns to tamper with the truth as he knows it, he refuses any subterfuges or weak dallying with what, to him at least, are the crucial facts of life. One may not always accept his philosophy fully and without reserve, but he himself believes in it. That is the general impression the book creates, and he possesses, therefore, a compelling individuality which is bound to make its mark.

"Sister Carrie." A novel. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: B. W. Dodge & Company.

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The story is of Caroline Meeber, a girl of eighteen bred in a small country village where her father is a miller, who comes to Chicago to seek an independent livelihood by the work of her hands. She has never been away from home before; she knows nothing about the life of a great city, so strange and marvellous to her inexperienced girlhood. She has come, impelled by some restless but vague and as yet unconscious craving for happiness; and happiness in her crude and immature imaginings is confused with pleasure and the sensation of the stir of life, as it is with so many of her brothers and sisters the world over. This impressionable girl, unsuited for any successful struggle with hardship by temperament or training, is thrown into the whirlpool of city life during the years when character is beginning to form; and she is weighted by a soft attractiveness of face and gentleness of heart. In the opening chapter, on her way to Chicago she meets Drouet, a travelling salesman, who greatly influences her career. Later, she met Hurstwood, the manager of a fashionable drinking resort and in his way a man of respectable position. The conditions under which she comes to live are not justified, nor excused, by any acceptable code. But they are not uncommon, and Mr. Dreiser handles them with such delicacy of treatment and in such a clean largeness of mental attitude, that they simply enforce an impressive moral lesson. The inevitable growth of her initial yielding softness into a hard cold selfishness at the last, but which yet fails to escape from the power of unsatisfied longing, is traced with much skill and with a logic which seems unanswerable. And the parallel working out of Hurstwood's character is surely a convincing piece of literary art.

"Sister Carrie" is a sombre tale. It does not leave you with a bad taste in the mouth, as one says, but with something very like a heartache; an effect even more pronounced here than in Mrs. Wharton's powerful novel, "The House of Mirth," to which it bears a notable similarity in the underlying theme, although widely different in most else. Mr. Dreiser belongs to the realistic school much more distinctly than Mrs. Wharton; he falls below her in grace and beauty of style and in her own characteristic literary art, but he gains in power and in vividness perhaps. The stories told are not the same, the methods of telling differ, but the *motif* in each is at the root of it essentially the



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same; the tragedy of human beings who, in our present social order, do not escape the crushing weight of a surrender to primal human impulses. The two books seem inevitably in the same class; they enforce a like moral. One is the complement of the other, with little or no superficial resemblance between them other than that each is of great and sombre power and deals with the same theme—the aberrations of social mankind, in America, in its search for pleasure and in its attempts at some basis for sex relations. In the two books the practical difference is only in the variables, the theme itself is constant. Mrs. Wharton works out her problem on one side, the complex laborious pleasure-seeking cult among that small and comparatively insignificant group, the idle rich; Mr. Dreiser is concerned with the greater and far more important class, the working-people from whose ranks it is that the upper strata of the future are to inherit character; for in this country, at least, the proletary of to-day begets the leader of to-morrow. It is the great lower and middle classes, if there are such things, that count.

Human nature is a tolerably constant quantity; men and women are pretty much alike in all times and places, and in all environments. Class distinctions, so far as the humanity of their elements is concerned, are more apparent than real; men are of the same nature everywhere. To find a great difference in essential quality between the very rich and the very poor, the very good and the very bad, the very cultured and intelligent and the very ignorant and stupid, we must, after all, take our measurements with a micrometric scale, so to speak; if we attempt to gauge these human differences by the finger of God, they are hard to find. No doubt, one bacillus differs from another in length, but you cannot mark it by a yard-stick. So that the "drummer" and the saloonkeeper who are arbiters of destiny for Sister Carrie are essentially of the same sort as the men who riot in "The House of Mirth," except that they appear to have retained more human quality of redemption; and the Lily Barts of the world of fashion are but Sister Carries after all. Indeed, the title of Mr. Dreiser's book is, no doubt, intended to suggest the kinship of the world.

And in these days, perhaps more markedly in America, the process of breaking down the class barriers, of interfusion of the social strata, is taking place with notable distinctness. Not only

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are the upper social ranks, or what passes for such, being constantly recruited by those who have lately risen from the lower stratum, but the economic change in industrial conditions is more and more bringing all humanity into closer touch; with the result that the high and mighty influence, as never before, the desires and the ambitions, the passions, too, of those who are low in social degree. As Mr. Dreiser puts it:

"The great create an atmosphere which reacts badly upon the small. This atmosphere is easily and quickly felt. Walk among the magnificent residences, the splendid equipages, the gilded shops, restaurants, resorts of all kinds; scent the flowers, the silks, the wines; drink of the laughter springing from the soul of luxurious content, of the glances which gleam like light from defiant spears; feel the quality of the smiles which cut like glistening swords and of strides born of place, and you shall know of what is the atmosphere of the high and mighty. Little use to argue that of such is not the kingdom of greatness, but so long as the world is attracted by this and the human heart views this as the one desirable realm which it must attain, so long, to that heart, will this remain the realm of greatness. So long, also, will the atmosphere of this realm work its desperate results in the soul of man. It is like a chemical reagent. One day of it, like one drop of the other, will so affect and discolor the views, the aims, the desires of the mind, that it will thereafter remain forever dyed. A day of it to the untried mind is like opium to the untried body. A craving is set up which, if gratified, shall eternally result in dreams and death. Aye! dreams unfulfilled —gnawing, luring, idle phantoms which beckon and lead, beckon and lead, until death and dissolution dissolve their power and restore us blind to nature's heart."

So that, from the sociological point of view, the study presented in this book of existing conditions operating on human impulses which are inextinguishable, and often dominating, is of timely import. There are signs that the future of the race in this country may be more perilous than its past has been; it is possible one of those racial crises which are constantly recurring in the history of mankind, may be on the way. "Sister Carrie" is a book to be reckoned with, just as the social conditions —or defects—on which it rests must be reckoned with.

JOSEPH HORNOR COATES.

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# WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG: WASHINGTON.

*London, August, 1907.*

King Edward has again shown himself the most adroit and effective of British Ambassadors, and there are at last some tangible tokens that Anglo-German relations are about to recover, if not their old confidence, at least their old sanity. King and Kaiser have met at Wilhelmshöhe with every appearance of cordiality; the Emperor and Empress are to pay a State visit to England in November; and the press of both countries is dropping something of its belligerent acidity. For the past few years English and German jingoes have found a certain excuse for their excesses in the personal estrangement between King Edward and his nephew. They have felt that they had behind them the tacit approval of their respective Courts. Of that excuse they are now deprived, and the chances are that the paper warfare which for the last decade has been waged between London and Berlin, with hardly more than one lucid intermission, is now within measurable distance of extinction.

Moreover, the meeting at Wilhelmshöhe had the further significance of following hard on some European events of the first moment. Just before it took place, the Kaiser and the Tsar had given a fresh proof of the many bonds of political and dynastic interests and sympathies that unite the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs; the approach of a definite Anglo-Russian understanding in the Middle East and along the Indian frontier had been announced; France had formally subscribed to the main purposes of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; and England, France and Spain had embodied their respective Mediterranean interests in a diplomatic convention. Developments such as these gave a peculiar importance to the meeting between King Edward and the Kaiser.

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It was interpreted, and on the whole, I think, rightly interpreted, as a sign that an Anglo-Russian understanding has either ceased to be regarded as necessarily injurious to German interests, or that at the least it has now come to be looked upon as something inevitable, to which further opposition is futile, and which should therefore be accepted with a resigned graciousness. It was also taken as the equivalent of Germany's admission that the agreements regarding the Mediterranean and the Far East furnish her with no ground of complaint and are destitute of an anti-German point. Of late years, Germany has seemed to regard any arrangement between the Powers in whatever quarter of the world as aimed at her and intended to isolate or humiliate her. And some of the Powers, England especially, have been by no means solicitous to correct this impression. They have rather enjoyed than otherwise the spectacle of German disquietude. Englishmen and Germans therefore naturally regard the reconciliation between their monarchs from different points of view. To the former, it is a welcome token that Germany is recovering from her mood of suspicious irritability. To the latter, it is a not less welcome token that England's attempts "to hem Germany in" have now been abandoned. Whichever view is correct, the result can only be a general easement. It is not optimism, I think, but a reasonable reckoning of probabilities, that inclines one to date from the Wilhelmshöhe meeting the dawn of a more stable and a brighter dispensation. The facts of European politics remain as they were, but the temper in which they are handled is likely, from now onwards, to be more pacific and considerate.

I am bound, however, to add that the Conference at The Hague has shown but few signs of the coming change. On nearly every issue of importance that has come before it, England and Germany have differed, and in regard to at least one of them—the American proposal for a permanent court of arbitration—the diplomacy of the German delegates appears to have been more clever than straightforward. It is, perhaps, just as well for international repose that the proceedings of the Conference have nowhere aroused a sustained interest. In England especially they have been singularly neglected, and that is strange, since, as the first naval Power of the world, Great Britain might have been expected to take a pre-eminent interest in debates so largely occupied with naval questions. From the special marks of identifica-

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tion to be displayed by hospital-ships to such far-reaching issues as the creation of an International Prize Court, the recognition of the immunity of private property, the abolition of commercial blockades, and the use of floating mines, there is scarcely a principle or a detail in the conduct of maritime warfare that has not been canvassed at The Hague.

These are matters that touch England's national security very nearly. The British delegates have naturally taken the leading part in discussing them, but they have been utterly unsustained by any vigilant interest among their fellow countrymen. This, if it argues apathy, argues also an almost sublime confidence in the capacity of the Government to take every needful step for the protection of British interests. The confidence has been justified, and the British delegates have shown themselves throughout eminently practical, progressive and conciliatory. The few who have followed the proceedings of the Conference with any closeness endorse unreservedly the attitude taken up by the British delegates on the matters of the International Prize Court, of converted merchantmen, of submarine mines, and of the capture of private property at sea. On this last point Sir Ernest Satow bluntly informed the Conference that his instructions were categorical and admitted of no compromise. English naval men, indeed, feel that they might as well make the world a present of the Home Fleet as forego the right of seizing an enemy's property whenever the opportunity presented itself; and they are delighted to find their position in the matter backed up by such an authority as Captain Mahan. For whether labelled "private" or "public," the property of an enemy is a part of his national strength which it is the first object of war to destroy. To abolish contraband while maintaining the right of capture—which was the essence of the British proposals—is to spare neutrals and to afflict belligerents, both of them sound and practical objects. But to do as the Americans and Germans suggested, to abolish the right of capture while greatly enlarging the scope of contraband, and with it the scope of searching for contraband, is in English opinion to harass neutrals and to release belligerents from one of the heaviest penalties of war. It is, however, on the question of the use of submarine mines that the clash between England and Germany has been most marked. Germany wishes to sow the seas with these engines of destruction without regard to time or location or the safety of peaceable mer-

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chantmen either during or after the war. To this proposition Great Britain, with the approval of almost all the Powers, has offered an unflinching resistance; and in this country it is strongly felt that, if the German views prevail, the net result of the second Peace Conference will have been, not to mitigate, but to increase the horrors of war.

In domestic politics the event of the month has been the re-emergence of Lord Rosebery and his dashing assault upon the Government's Scottish Land Bill, an assault which contributed more powerfully than any other agency to the final abandonment of the measure. Nothing was lacking that could lend piquancy to the occasion. A brilliant orator, an unequalled authority upon the sentiments and needs of Scotland, an admirable landlord and scientific farmer, and above all a former leader of the very party whose handiwork he was now undoing, Lord Rosebery was presented with an opportunity of which even a much less practised speaker could hardly have failed to make good use. In his dexterous hands it developed into one of the most pulverizing Parliamentary onslaughts I have ever witnessed. It was not the first time Lord Rosebery had felt called upon to withstand the Government, nor will it, I think, be the last. We may yet find him emulating the earlier career of M. Clémenceau, destroying many ministries but forming none. As for the particular object of his attack, I think the general opinion is that he made out an unanswerable case. The Government has three separate land policies. In Ireland, it has accepted the policy of its predecessors and is hastening on the final abolition of the demoralizing and poisonous system of dual ownership. To expedite its complete extinction and to close the last open wound of the great agrarian struggle, it has brought forward a measure for the compulsory reinstatement of the evicted tenants. I do not propose to describe the measure in detail. In any country but Ireland it would be considered a piece of confiscatory injustice. Americans, who, in all that concerns the rights of property, are far less radical than the English, would not have tolerated its introduction even in the most empirical of Western States. But no analogies can be made to fit the case of Ireland. The struggle for the land, which for seven and a half centuries has convulsed her politics, makes all her circumstances unique—makes them, indeed, so unique that the ordinary principles of legislation do not apply. The best and indeed the only

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possible defence for the Evicted Tenants Bill is to be found in Irish history.

But while in Ireland the Government is assisting the abolition of dual ownership and the establishment of a peasant proprietary, in Scotland it proposed to introduce dual ownership and to obstruct peasant proprietorship, while in England it has devised a plan of compulsory purchase from landlords by County Councils of land which is to be let, and not sold, to tenants. The mere fact that the Scottish Land Bill aimed at setting up in Scotland a system which has proved the curse of Ireland ever since its introduction, was, in itself, a strong argument for its rejection. With the general motive of these Land Bills—the encouragement of small holdings—everybody feels sympathy, though I must add that many people, while holding the experiment to be justifiable on social and moral grounds, believe it destined to fail economically, are convinced that if it succeeds at all it can only be by the artificial and fostering aid of the State, and are inclined to argue that as England is irrevocably committed to industrialism, rather than to agriculture, the conditions of urban are of much greater moment than the conditions of rural life. However, the Government is resolved to do what it can, and the results of its efforts will be watched with the utmost interest and solicitude.

Meanwhile, there is next to no sign that the House of Lords, by procuring the abandonment of the Scottish Land Bill, has in any way damaged its position. I am even inclined to think that, had the Government concurred with the Lords' amendments, a better Bill than the one actually introduced would have been the result. The Government has left on the public mind the impression that it rejected the Lords' suggestions, not on their merits, but as a matter of tactics, hoping to pile up a case against the Upper Chamber for the needs of the autumn campaign in the country. Such an impression will do the Government no good and the House of Lords no harm.

It is admitted on all hands that the House of Lords question must become, and that very shortly, the paramount issue of British politics. But nobody wishes to see it raised and tackled except in a straightforward fashion. The Government will make a disastrous mistake if it adopts against the Upper Chamber the roundabout manœuvres that, more than anything else, disgusted the country with Mr. Balfour's ministry.

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ST. PETERSBURG, *August, 1907.*

HARVEST time has begun in Muscovy and with it a brief season of temporary peace and relative order. The peasants are busy mowing, cutting, stacking and generally garnering the fruits of the seed which they committed to the soil many months ago, and in some cases they are boldly reaping where they did not sow at all—in the corn-fields of the nobility. The crops are very much better than even optimists ventured to anticipate, and the yield of this year's harvest will be abundant. This is one care the less for the people and the Government.

But, if Russia bids fair to escape famine, she is seriously threatened by cholera, which is still an Egyptian plague to the shiftless subjects of the Tsar who cultivate in lieu of combating it. Against the inroads of disease or the approach of some dire calamity, the Russians are helpless. For one thing, superstition envelops them like a soul-atmosphere created by a Circe, and they shrink with awe from undoing what the hand of God hath done. Blessed be the will of God, but whenever the people suspect the doctors, the well-to-do classes, the Government, of spreading the infection, of poisoning the water, of conjuring up the spirits of evil and generally of leaguing themselves with the powers of darkness against the helpless masses, then they take the law into their own hands and show no mercy. That is what happened when the scourge last visited the Tsardom, and what may again take place if it comes back next year.

But during this short period of truce the country is living as much in the past as in the future. At present it is mainly upon the secret history of the defence and surrender of Port Arthur by the champions of the Autocracy that public attention is concentrated. For the trial of Lieutenant-General Stoessel for high treason is at last drawing nigh, and certain of the allegations against him, which are gradually becoming known to the general public, make the blood of patriotic Russians boil.

If all the officials who are to blame for Russian disasters by land and by sea are summoned before a tribunal and tried, there will be work enough to last a whole decade. For as it has taken over two years and a half to bring General Stoessel to judgment, many more years will be required to get up cases against the legion who led Russia to the edge of the precipice. Take the Admiralty and the Ministry of the Marine by way of illustration; compare the

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amount of money spent by Japan and Russia, respectively, on their navies, and then contrast the results. In 1896, the vote assigned for the up-keep of existing ships by Japan amounted to about $49,000,000, whereas that given by the Russians was $166,000,000. Again, during the eight years ending in 1904, Japan spent about $1,050,000,000 in shipbuilding, whereas Russia invested no less than $1,327,000,000. In the same interval of time, 1896-1904, Japan's outlay on the up-keep of existing ships amounted to $72,500,000, while Russia paid out $1,610,000,000 on her existing navy. In other words Russia's expenditure had increased by 65.2 per cent.; that of Japan by 24.1, and the net result was Port Arthur and Tsushima. Now, who are the responsible officials?

Journalists and politicians are busy investigating these and kindred matters on the eve of the elections, when the all-important point is to discredit the Government and to defeat those parties and individuals who are not sufficiently hostile to it. For nobody intends to boycott the elections, not even the revolutionists or the Socialists, in spite of the new electoral law, which they are denouncing from the house-tops. And undoubtedly, it is a law that enables the Cabinet to influence the choice of the constituencies.

The Cabinet looks forward to the elections without apprehension; indeed, it cherishes hopes of doing well at the voting-urns. In truth, however, the Cabinet is incorrigibly optimistic and its expectations are therefore no index as to what is coming. Moreover, even the Ministers are doubtful whether they will obtain a majority with which they can work or only a larger minority than in the second Duma. The Premier, Stolypin, allows it to be known that his recent policy was based upon a sharp distinction between the revolutionary movement on the one hand and the Liberal and Agrarian movements on the other. The Liberal movement, he holds, is reasonable, and has reason to be satisfied with the vast changes that have taken place since October, 1905. The Agrarian demands of the peasantry, who are accustomed to assume that the head of every family has a right to own a farm, cannot, it is true, be fully granted. But much can be accomplished by colonization in Siberia, and by helping the peasants to purchase land in European Russia. And all that is possible will be done and done speedily. Thus far the Premier. But the trend of public feeling in political Russia is against the Stolypin Cabinet and in favor of

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the Constitutional Democratic party. This party, however, like all others, has made blunder after blunder, and seems incapable of utilizing its opportunity. If it had played its cards skilfully a Constitutional Democratic Cabinet would now be ruling Russia, a liberal electoral law would be insuring a fair representation of public opinion, and the situation would be very different from what it is. But the leaders of the party spent much of their time in hesitating, and they are now wasting more of it in repenting. For statesmanlike action they substituted "high-faluting" speeches and turned upon the ministers "an unforgiving eye and a disinheriting countenance." In the Duma, many a politician arose, spoke and looked great things, but none among them accomplished anything great.

One of the moderate Constitutional Democrats, P. Struve, has been telling his comrades very salutary but somewhat bitter truths, and many of them are for ostracizing him in consequence. For instance, he writes: "Those who refuse all compromise with the Government forfeit thereby the right to prefer any accusations against it. The charges made against the Government by the revolutionists who warred against it are meaningless, as would be accusations made by Russians against the Japanese for having defeated them." These are true words; but political parties and truth might be wed in Russia, for they can hardly be said to be closely related. The degree to which deliberate calumny is employed in the electioneering campaign is superlative and is one of the most unpleasant traits of the progressive movement in the country. The Social Democratic party, which has the courage of its convictions, is less careless of its facts. A manifesto which it recently issued to the electors contains an emphatic expression of its opinions. It denounces the attitude, not only of the Octobrists, who are the favorites of the Premier, but of the Constitutional Democrats, and affirms that the former are "cheering the sanguinary deeds of the Government," while the latter "are cowards ready to sacrifice everything merely in order to become Ministers in the near future."

While party is thus meeting party in the tug of bloodless war, the Ministers and other prominent men are away on their holidays. Even the monarch has been to Swinemünde. Count Witte, for whom the Tsar has now no work to do, is in the Pyrenees recovering from the effects of a throat operation and is jotting down his

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reminiscences for the future historian—an interesting manuscript, which will not, however, be published until after the statesman's death. He is resolved, it is said, to take no further part in the political life of his country: on his return to St. Petersburg in December, he will probably ask to be relieved of his duties as member of the Council of the Empire and will become Director of a private bank. The venerable Count Solsky, ex-Ministers Durnovo and Schwanebach, Finance Minister Kokofftseff and others are all endeavoring, in various watering-places, to recuperate their health. Even Premier Stolypin slipped away secretly on board a war-ship, and took a whiff of fresh air beyond the reach of telegrams and State documents, congratulating himself on the significant fact that, since the dissolution of the Duma, crime against the person and property has decreased by fifty per cent. True, bombs are still being manufactured, schools exist for teaching boys how to employ them, murders are committed with impunity and highway robbery is still one of the chief means of replenishing the empty money-chests of the Revolutionary Committee. But the number of these crimes is less by about one-half. That is a step forward. Still, the Government has an arduous task before it—how arduous, one can hardly realize. The following incident may help the reader to form a notion of the difficulties to be surmounted before order is completely restored.

State Councillor Minayeff, the President of the District Congress of Sharinsk in the state of Perm, lately received a letter from a schoolgirl of sixteen—a dry, business-like communication. She stated that, being very poor, she had been forced to join the revolutionary party and had been deputed to kill him. For this feat she had already received one hundred dollars earnest money and had been promised another hundred as soon as he had ceased to breathe. But she does not relish the business, would in fact like to get out of it, and therefore she requests Councillor Minayeff to leave Sharinsk at once. Minayeff made inquiries which confirmed the girl's statements. Then he asked to be appointed to another city, but the State Governor sent him to the Minister of the Interior. And now he has requested the Government either to give him some other employment or else to accept his resignation. This is the outcome of a schoolgirl's letter.

Of contemporary Russia one may say what Benjamin Franklin said of the world: nothing is certain there but death and taxation.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., *September, 1907.*

THERE seems to be no doubt that on September 17th the people of the inchoate State of Oklahoma (made up of the Territory of Oklahoma and of the Indian Territory) adopted at the ballot-box by a considerable majority the proposed State Constitution, in spite of the warnings received from President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft that, without material amendments, it might not be sanctioned by the Federal Government, in which event the acquisition of Statehood would have to be deferred. On what ground can the State Constitution of Oklahoma be said to fail to conform to the type of "republican" government contemplated by our Federal organic law? Scarcely on the ground that the proposed State Constitution authorizes the employment of the "referendum" and "initiative," even though a recourse to these expedients should be carried so far as almost to amount practically to the substitution of a "pure" for a "representative" democracy, so far as State affairs are concerned. Among the types of a "republican" government which the framers of the Federal Constitution had before them were, as we know from the record of their debates and from the "Federalist," examples of a "pure" democracy, afforded by some of the Greek city-states and by the three Forest-Cantons of Switzerland, which, so far as their local legislation was concerned, did not recognize the representative principle. Moreover, the referendum is embedded in our Federal organic law, so far as the ratification of Constitutional amendments is delegated to State Conventions. It is true that State Conventions are themselves representative, but the United States Supreme Court has gone further and has refrained from prohibiting the appeal to the individual voters provided for in the case of Constitutional amendments by many, if not all, State Constitutions. It must be, then, for some other reason that Oklahoma politicians were warned by Mr. Roosevelt and Judge Taft that their proposed State Constitution might at Washington be held violative of the Federal organic law.

Probably the objection to the proposed State Constitution is that the Oklahoma Convention, in its determination to cramp, stunt, stifle and otherwise harry corporations, allowed itself to go too far, and to violate one or more of the first ten amendments of our Federal organic law. Those who inspect carefully the eight thousand words devoted by the Oklahoma Convention to the con-

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trol and regulation of railways will find it hard to reconcile some of the provisions with the fundamental principles of the Anglo-Saxon system of judicature, which it was the purpose of the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth amendments of our Federal Constitution to uphold.

Carefully restrained and thoroughly judicial was the language in which former Chief-Judge Parker, speaking at Jamestown on "Constitution Day," pointed out the inevitable tendencies of the programme comprising what Mr. Roosevelt terms "my policies." It will be remembered that in a speech at Harrisburg, Mr. Roosevelt, repeating and emphasizing what Secretary Root had been requested to say previously in New York, declared that what the country needed was, through executive action, through legislative action, and through wide judicial interpretation and construction of organic law, to increase the powers of the Federal Government. There would, of course, be nothing new in the employment of these instrumentalities for that purpose. It is well known that as early as 1801 John Marshall, who had been made Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court by a Federalist President, began and pushed very far the process of expanding the powers of the Federal Government, at the expense of the constituent States. The example has been followed more than once by subsequent occupants of our highest Federal tribunal, and it remains to be seen how much further this indirect method of modifying our Federal organic law will be carried by their successors. Nor is the record of our Executive and Legislative departments blameless from this point of view. Nobody now pretends that the purchase of the Louisiana Territory was valid without a constitutional amendment. What justified it was the sense of national self-preservation. Neither would any constitutional lawyer assert that Mr. Roosevelt was constitutionally warranted in interposing between mine-workers and mine-owners in the Pennsylvania anthracite-coal strike, in the absence of any appeal from the Legislature or Executive of that State. Nevertheless, in both cases the act of the Federal Executive was sanctioned by the Federal Legislature. The departure from the fundamental principles of the Federal Constitution which is now advocated by Mr. Roosevelt is, as Judge Parker shows, far more serious. For the President proposes that, so far as a very wide field of productive and distributive energies is concerned, the Executive, Legislative and Judicial powers, so

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carefully distinguished by our Federal organic law, shall be united and delegated to commissions appointed by the Federal Chief Magistrate. That is to say, a drastic transformation of our Federal Constitution, which would involve very grave encroachments on the powers reserved to the separate States, or to the American people as a whole, is to be brought about, not by constitutional amendments, but by concerted action on the part of the three divisions of the Federal Government. Whether the American people will permit so momentous a revolution to be effected in that way is the primary and paramount question to be answered at the ballot-box next year. Former Chief Judge Parker has done his fellow countrymen a service by setting forth the issue with so much precision and with such absolute abstention from partisan rancor. What he has said will not be wasted on sober-minded and thoughtful men. Fortunately, they have upwards of a year to ponder it.

The efficiency with which Secretary Root performed his mission to the Spanish and Portuguese speaking peoples of South America has been attested by subsequent events. It is well that the former mission should now be supplemented by a visit to Mexico, which is by far the most important in respect of wealth and population among Spanish-American commonwealths. Moreover, by her geographical position, Mexico is peculiarly qualified to perform, in conjunction with the United States, a mediative function, which shall bring to an end the internecine warfare that, for some three-quarters of a century, has proved a bar to the progress and prosperity of the Central-American States. The mission should, and, doubtless, will, complete the beneficent work which has been begun by the agreement—brought about through the joint influence of the Washington and Mexican Governments—for a conference of the five Central-American republics to be held at our Federal capital, with the aim of providing for the reference of all disputes arising between them to arbitration. If the agreement shall provide for the enforcement thereof by the joint intervention of the United States and Mexico in the capacity of guarantors, we may look upon the future tranquillity of Central America as practically assured. Such a conference, relatively circumscribed as is the field to be affected by its outcome, will really do more solid work for the promotion of international peace than now seems likely to be accomplished by the gathering of rep-

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resentatives of more than forty-five States, including all of the great Powers of the world, at The Hague. Secretary Root may well be satisfied if his official record is illumined with such inscriptions as "the confidence and friendship of South America:" "the lasting pacification of the Central-American Commonwealth."

As Secretary Taft is understood to have been the author of the concession of partial self-government to the Filipinos—a concession which has had disappointing results—the outcome of his visit to the Philippines will naturally be awaited with much curiosity and interest. It is well known that a large majority of the chosen members of the elective branch of the Filipino assembly—a branch invested with consultative rather than legislative functions—has hastened to announce, in advance of their meeting, a determination to secure, if possible, political independence. Will it be practicable, under the circumstances, to procure from a lower chamber, inspired with such a resolve, an assent to any legislation which the upper, or appointive, house can sanction, and the Governor-General approve? Suppose the answer to this question is in the negative; what course will Secretary Taft pursue? Will he modify, or withdraw altogether, the concession of an instalment of self-rule? It is hard to see what modification could be hit upon which would improve materially the existing situation. On the other hand, the discontent of the Filipinos would naturally be aggravated if now the backward step should be taken of denying to them any participation in the government of the archipelago. Obviously, it is a difficult problem which the Secretary has to solve, but the responsibility for the difficulty is shared by our Congress. His influence in the Philippines would have been promoted immensely could he have fulfilled his desire to secure the admission of Philippine sugar and tobacco to our markets duty free. On every ground of equity and justice, we ought, as he has declared repeatedly, to treat the Filipinos as liberally as we have treated the Porto-Ricans. We have no more moral right to comport ourselves as a stepmother in the one case than we would have in the other. We have behaved ungenerously toward the Filipinos and the unquestionable fact has handicapped Secretary Taft in his well-meant endeavor to elevate them—perhaps too hastily—to the plane of self-sustaining and self-guiding civilization.

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# THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

### As Our Cousins Behold Us.

READERS of THE REVIEW are aware that we have never manifested excessive enthusiasm over professions of friendliness to this country by our English relations; to our ears such protestations have sounded hollow and insincere, and they have been made, seemingly, only at times when America's apparent favor would serve Britain's political purposes in dealing with other Powers. While holding firmly, however, to this view as the lesson derived from rather close inquiry, we have given unqualified admiration to the excellence of the pretence. Of all of England's important public journals, but one has been openly antagonistic to this country since the aristocracy and the statesmen concluded that our good-will was worth catering for and, through their estimable king, made their determination known to the publicists of the upper middle class. True, that one—we refer to the famous "Saturday Review"—has not thriven upon its policy in comparison with its contemporaries, but it has possessed the knowledge that secretly it was cherished and that its opinions were shared by those whose favor it most ardently desired, and with that it has been content.

We have always felt that this shrewd journal voiced the true British spirit,—which we consider to be the spirit of selfishness and envy—and signs are now multiplying daily in apparent confirmation of the correctness of this opinion. Our cousins seem to think that we are in trouble, politically, socially, commercially, financially—as, indeed, we are—and that the time for giving vent to sentiments hitherto restrained is consequently propitious. Hence the recent avalanche of censorious expressions from the great daily journals of London and the resumption by weekly reviews of the sneering attitude formerly affected. An aggravated,



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though in our view not in the least aggravating, instance is afforded by the well-known and representative literary periodical called the "Academy," which publishes, over the signature of Mr. Arthur Machen, the following interesting summary of articles apparently published previously:

"Readers of the 'Academy' may remember my very inadequate attempt to depict the horrible body of death, decay and wickedness which is called the United States of America. Briefly, I showed, from American evidence and from unchallenged reports, that (1) the whole judicial system of America had fallen into contempt; (2) that it was corrupt; (3) that its proceedings, as in the Thaw trial, were in the highest degree degraded, offensive, and abominable; (4) that its ordinary police methods, as in the case of Signor Caruso, lately honored by King Edward VII, were beneath the standard of Hottentots; (5) that in Chicago, for example, the magistrates and the police were brigands and thieves in league with thieves; (6) that when a poor man, without money to bribe the loathsome press and the more loathsome judge, was executed, he was killed with hideous and revolting tortures; (7) that the deficiencies of American 'justice' were supplied by the kerosene-can of the obscene Judge Lynch; (8) that a peculiarly savage and abominable form of slavery was actually engineered by legal officers; (9) that all the municipalities of America are corrupt, and (10) frequently depend on enforced bribes from brothels; (11) that children are held to industrial slavery; (12) that the condition of the poor is unspeakably wretched and far worse than in any other country; (13) that the Legislatures are corrupt; (14) that every kind of noisome and poisonous adulteration flourishes together with (15) a host of peculiarly squalid, silly and mischievous impostures known as 'new religions.'"

There is no call for extended comment upon these somewhat vehement statements; the separation of those which, in any sense, or to any degree, are warranted from those that are not can be readily made by the most casual of observers. It is not true, of course, on the one hand, that our courts are corrupt or have fallen into contempt, while, on the other, it is a fact deeply regretted that the proceedings in the specific trial referred to were indeed most distasteful. Whether the manners of the singer mentioned merited rebuke or approbation is a question of taste. The Americans take one view, the English the other, and the two judgments are irreconcilable; but therein we find no cause for quarrel. The remaining points in the indictment are matters partly of opinion and partly of fact; for some, we sadly admit, there is too much justification; for others, none whatever. The reference to "new

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religions" we do not understand; the only new religion, so called, that has come under our notice in recent years is that promulgated in England by an English preacher; and, so far from its being squalid or silly, we found much in it that was appealing and likely to prove helpful.

But it is provocative of ill-nature and unkindliness to discuss assertions that seem unwarrantably severe, and we have no intention of doing so; our sole purpose now is to present an indication of what we have long considered to be the real attitude of the Briton of high class towards Americans of whatever walk in life. We do not resent it; indeed, strictures that are deserved may well be brought to our attention for our own good, and exaggeration or vindictiveness never offers adequate cause for offence to properly balanced minds. The only point we would make relates to our own attitude towards other peoples. Let it be not influenced by hypocritical professions or sentimental racial appeals in one direction, or by futile and unworthy resentment in another; let it be the same to all men and to all nations, forbearing, generous, modest as befits youth, yet properly insistent upon recognition of real worth, and, most important of all, as free from entanglements of whatever nature as the fathers, if living, could wish the great Republic to remain.

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**On the Proper Conduct of Funerals.**

We would not deny the gravity of death; it is a quite serious matter even to those of us who, while conscious of, or at least admitting, no really sinful performances in the past, would nevertheless, if pressed, confess to certain minor indiscretions which we would be only too willing to join with the Lord in forgetting. Nevertheless, if form or ceremony or general interest be considered the criterion, dying is one of the most popular things one can do. Nobody goes to see a man born, but the entire community turns out to see him buried. Indeed, it is well known that many people, perhaps a majority, derive actual enjoyment from beholding with their own eyes life flicker out of a person's body. The almost universal satisfaction found, from time immemorial, in witnessing a hanging we can understand; the event is more spectacular and less expensive than a circus, possesses grisly human interest to a distinctive degree, is pre-

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sumably grimly just and, in any case, is unpreventable. If the hanging is to take place anyway, why shouldn't we see it? That is the reasoning,—and it seems good enough if one cares for that variety of sport. But we could never understand why old women should, as they unquestionably do, love to attend funerals, or how anybody could be induced, except as a matter of duty, to make a business or profession of the handling of corpses.

We have often wondered how it would seem to be an undertaker. Although no other trade seems quite so gruesome, there are many we can imagine more distasteful. Indeed, the really proficient undertaker, while notoriously considerate and even ostentatiously patient in dealing with those whom he classifies in a broad professional way as "the bereaved," nevertheless bears himself in a manner singularly proud, and so affords the most nearly perfect example to be found anywhere of an harmonious blending in a personality of haughtiness and humility. Physically he conveys the impression of unhealthiness; his liver in particular always seems to have been making injudicious secretions; but this is a condition inseparable, doubtless, from the nature of his work. What can be reasonably expected of the liver of a man whose business it is to maintain constantly a mournful mien? Exercise, too, is beyond the pale of his consideration. Who ever saw an undertaker playing tennis or even so deadly a game as golf? How could one given to such practices hope to retain the custom of the elite? He may with propriety, it is true, attend divine service; but to one constantly engaged in semi-participation in similar rites, the relaxation to be obtained under even the most shocking ministrations must necessarily be limited. Indeed, the most casual observation confirms the suspicion of the futility of this method of securing relief. We have seen undertakers in church many times, but never one awake; their very familiarity with death seems to blunt their consciousness of the presence of souls within their own bodies and the desirability of arranging to have them saved. Gradually they come to regard themselves as apart from other men,—and so, perhaps, they are, as a sexton is or a hangman.

Of the undertaker's home life we know practically nothing. Does he preserve the official demeanor through meals, and at other times when free to mingle with the family? Does he romp with his children? Does he even have children? Would it be

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proper for an undertaker's wife to fetch such obvious distractions into the world? What, we wonder, would be the view of our Chief Magistrate upon that point? And, as a matter of fact, did any one ever hear of the son or daughter of an undertaker? That progeny is not uncommon to executioners we know, because in the old days the business, then more profitable than it is now, was kept in the family through many generations. Whether a like thrifty spirit animates the undertaking clans we cannot say, but if so it would be interesting to know whether a male child is taught to subdue his emotions from the beginning and forced, perchance, to wear black mitts in the cradle. It is doleful to be unable to pass on to interested readers authentic data respecting the inner life of the undertaker, but partial compensation is found in the revelation of the outward aspects of his existence and of his attitude towards humanity contained in a sadly fascinating book now lying before us, written by a distinguished member of the craft, decorously clad and entitled "The Funeral."

It is a suggestive and comprehensive work, comprising four distinct parts, viz., (1) The Undertaker, (2) The Minister, (3) The Bereaved and (4) the Friends.

That the undertaker should be accorded first place in the book is but natural, since obviously the writer regards him as the central figure and best fitted to withstand successfully the glaring rays of publicity. But, while he should not shun duty, he must not seek business. "Like a modest damsel," says the mentor, "he is to wait until called. Any attempt on his part to bid for the privilege of caring for a body is vulgarity." Although he does not say so explicitly, we are confident that our instructor would disapprove of manifestations of exceptional interest in the precise condition of a sick person or undue promptitude in the use of the telephone upon receipt of information that dissolution had taken place. Not that the undertaker should disregard the business aspects of his calling. No. "He should make money, but he should make it decently; he should advertise in legitimate ways, but to contest for work like cab-drivers is disgraceful; let the work seek the undertaker, not the undertaker the work." The work having found him sitting, like a modest damsel, in his shop door, he must manifest "responsive tenderness," whether he feels it or not, "for the sake of policy"; *i. e.*, as we construe it, in order to insure subsequent orders from related sources. For

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the same reason, he should give personal attention to the singers, whose comfort is so often neglected. "In the opinion of the writer, it would be a paying investment for the undertaker to furnish free of charge, if necessary, a carriage for the accommodation of the singers; it would add greatly to the undertaker's popularity and ultimately to his business."

The ideal undertaker is progressive; "the world moves"; so must he. "That undertaker who is content to follow antiquated customs and willing to abide forever in old ruts is no credit, but rather a disgrace, to his profession." And yet he must not be unduly insistent. "If the bereaved are positively set in their ideas, it will be difficult for the undertaker to effect any change, and it may be a decided mistake to attempt it. Tact must decide." How true this simple dictum seems in view of the blunders of which we are all cognizant,—such, for example, as the inconsiderate announcement of an undertaker who, having relieved the distressed widow by promising to attend to the wig on the head of the deceased, afterwards informed her with a smirk of satisfaction that she need feel no further apprehension, as he had tacked it on. Even though the operation did seem necessary and was, of course, harmless, how tactless such an observation at such a time!

The Minister is regarded by our author as an unsatisfactory assistant. True, "a successful minister is usually a very busy man and cannot be expected to give himself in a spiritual way to funeral reforms"; nevertheless, he should forego the use of "antiquated methods" and "by practising modern and correct customs" cooperate with the undertaker. He should take care, too, that his remarks be appropriate. Under no circumstances should he "attempt to preach a departed to heaven, regardless of the life he had lived"; even "to conduct the service of a notoriously bad person and ask the choir to sing 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus' is hardly the proper thing." Briefly, says the undertaker, people should not be led to believe that a man can live like a devil and die like a saint.

Much is said, and well said, respecting the arrangement of the physical details of the ceremony; thoughtfulness, consideration, tact, are heavily drawn upon, although it is doubtful whether the keenest foresight could provide for every contingency. There was, for instance, the sad case of the man who, having buried

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his wife successfully, complained at the store in the evening that his having been obliged to ride to the graveyard with his mother-in-law had "spoilt the whole day" for him. Fortunately, such unhappy incidents are so rare that our author does not perceive the necessity of considering them. Each general situation he treats comprehensively and with delicacy; exceptions he leaves to the individual.

The Friends are dealt with somewhat summarily. They are urged to exhibit no vulgar curiosity, and are warned, in particular, that, "if engaged by the bereaved to sit up with the body of the departed, they should not make a picnic of the occasion, since laughing and joking, and otherwise offending the feelings of the bereaved, is exceedingly bad manners."

So the helpful little book ends. One more decorous itself or more completely given to the cause of decorum we have never read. In but a single instance is there the slightest departure from the prevailing tone. "If a person is never seen in a church on ordinary occasions, he should never be seen there on a funeral occasion, unless the funeral be his own," may be based upon sound judgment; but it seems somewhat suggestive of flippant satire hardly becoming the treatment of a subject shrouded in solemnity. In view of the fact, however, that in the multiplicity of directions to all participants, from the man who tolls the bell to the boys who hitch up the teams, this is the only sign of a hint, respecting seemly conduct, to the departed, the slighting nature of the allusion may well be regarded as pardonable. With all other conclusions of the writer we find ourselves in complete accord.

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**The Selection of a Husband.**

BECAUSE it is the duty of every woman to marry some man, it by no means follows that she is deprived of the privilege of making acute discrimination; on the contrary, to fulfil her mission as completely as possible, she should exercise the greatest care in selecting a mate. Time was when she had no say in the matter, and in some countries she has little or none to-day; but in this happily civilized land she still possesses, and will undoubtedly hold for all time, the right first to choose and then ensare. It is a noble prerogative,—one, in our judgment, that should be appreciated and cherished above all others. And yet, as we have ob-

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served, it should be exercised with caution. Let nothing be left to chance, as Plato would have had it when he decreed that pairing should be done by lot; while not over-nice, be at least particular, in order that the one chosen may feel honored by the distinction conferred upon him, and so be the more readily induced to show his undying gratefulness.

Much that was thought and written years ago on how to choose a wife was good enough for the time, but the recent reversal of the relative attitudes of seeker and sought renders it valueless. Nevertheless, despite the fact that, in considering the points to be heeded and the precautions to be observed by womankind, we find ourselves in a fallow field, certain general principles may be regarded as established. It is best, for example, to capture a husband while he is still young, docile and plastic. Preferably also he should be in love. He may then be trained after the manner best calculated to serve the convenience of her for whom thenceforth he must and should toil.

Under no circumstances would we, if a woman, unless a widow, marry a bachelor past forty years of age, and we should look askance at one approaching thirty-five. Such an one, however ingratiating in appearance and demeanor, is not only invariably trying, but actually hopeless, and only too frequently commits suicide on the honeymoon, to the intense annoyance of the bride. Nor would we—again, unless a widow, of course—select a philosopher or a writer of essays upon the proper conduct of life and kindred disagreeable topics. Such as they know too much that is not true and are prone to build in imagination absurd theories and then insist upon their being put into practice. Here now is our delightful Mr. Benson admitting that he is anxious to be chosen, but obstinately declaring that his marriage must be the climax of a romance, of a great passion which he is satisfied cannot be the result of reflection. "One cannot argue oneself into it," he adds, "one must be carried away." And he forty-five and looking it!

Hardly less distasteful were the requirements of the learned Gibbon, who, at forty-seven, wrote from Lausanne to the Right Honorable Lady Sheffield in this characteristic strain:

"An excellent house, a good table, a pleasant garden, are no contemptible ingredients in human happiness. The general style of society hits my fancy; I have cultivated a large and agreeable circle of acquaintance, and I am much deceived if I have not laid the foundations

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of two or three more intimate and valuable connections; but their names would be indifferent, and it would require pages, or rather volumes, to describe their persons and characters.

"With regard to my standing dish, my domestic friend, I could not be much disappointed, after an intimacy of eight-and-twenty years. His heart and his head are excellent; he has the warmest attachment for me, he is satisfied that I have the same for him: some slight imperfections must be mutually supported; two bachelors, who have lived so long alone and independent, have their peculiar fancies and humors, and when the mask of form and ceremony is laid aside, every moment in a family life has not the sweetness of the honeymoon, even between husbands and wives who have the truest and most tender regard for each other.

"Should you be very much surprised to hear of my being married? Amazing as it may seem, I do assure you that the event is less improbable than it would have appeared to myself a twelvemonth ago. Deyverdun and I have often agreed, in jest and in earnest, that a house like ours would be regulated, and graced, and enlivened by an agreeable female companion; but each of us seems desirous that his friend should sacrifice himself for the public good. Since my residence here I have lived much in women's company; and, to your credit be it spoken, I like you the better the more I see of you. Not that I am in love with any particular person. I have discovered about half a dozen wives who would please me in different ways, and by various merits: one as a mistress (a widow, vastly like the Eliza; if she returns I am to bring them together); a second, a lively entertaining acquaintance; a third, a sincere good-natured friend; a fourth, who would preside with grace and dignity at the head of my table and family; a fifth, an excellent economist and housekeeper; and a sixth, a very useful nurse."

It is pretty writing and probably not too seriously meant, but yet how indicative of the utterly selfish and calculating spirit of the bachelor in the forties! Assuredly, the erudite Gibbon and the crotchety Deyverdun would have liked a woman to attend to their household affairs, but each preferred that the other take the chance of assuming a burden; and, however prudent a wife thus obtained might have proven to be, we may be certain that her advent would have been attributed to human prescience and that she would not be regarded as coming, as the Scriptures truly say, "direct from the Lord." And yet the pompous Gibbon should have known better. Twenty-odd years before, while still capable of feeling human emotion, he had fallen in love really and truly with the Lausanne minister's daughter, Susanne Curchod, and would have married her but for his father's disapproval; but self-interest prevailed and he let the beautiful girl go to become the wife of

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Necker and the mother of Mme. de Staël. Doubtless the melancholy aspect of the great man's autobiography is due largely to his subsequent feeling of aggrievement at having deprived himself, by excessive caution, of a most desirable companionship.

But it is ever so with men who have passed forty unsubdued by domestic discipline; their flagrant demands invariably exceed the bounds of reason. Observe Gibbon's requirements: a mistress, a lively acquaintance, a good-natured friend, a dignified head of the table, a frugal housekeeper, and a useful nurse, all moulded into one feminine form. The enormity of the requisition becomes quickly apparent when we stop to think and realize that even few men possess so many qualifications in abundance. Indeed, if the truth be told, we can think of but two or three now living.

In all fairness, however, it must be confessed that the learned one betrayed an appreciation, somewhat humorous, of his own absurdities, having the grace finally to add to his letter:

**"Could I find all these qualities united in a single person, I should dare to make my addresses, and should deserve to be refused."**

Of his rightful deserts in such a contingency there can be no question, but in point of fact, of course, there was no need of apprehension, for the simple reason that such a female person never lived, and if she had and Gibbon had found her, he would have invented and demanded additional qualifications for the winning of his favor.

Mr. Benson is less explicit, but quite as exacting. How can a man, silly enough to have lived singly for forty-five years, expect to feel the "grand passion" and be "carried away"? Simple observation should have taught him what has been beaten into the heads of many of us by bitter experience, viz.: that it is contrary to some irrefragable law of nature to fall in love after forty. One may, of course, continue to hold to the very grave the inestimable blessing previously acquired; but that which, after twoscore, a gentleman of the present day considers a recrudescence of love is really no more than a blending of mawkish sentiment, growing out of passing fancy, with regard for creature comforts, derived from habits of self-indulgence. Of such male persons we say emphatically to all women, except widows, Beware! in no wise, however, disavowing our previous declarations to the effect that if none better can be had, the narrow path of duty lies straight and plain before the searching eyes of every living spinster.

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The Theory and Practice of Osculation.

ORIGINALLY, kissing was a form of mere salutation, corresponding to the custom among the Esquimaux of rubbing noses. Thus, in the very olden days, it seemed to many a seemly and even pious act to kiss the feet of idols, just as even now millions would rejoice in the opportunity—after the modern manner, of course—to kiss the toe of the Pope. St. Paul extended this phase of the ceremony by inventing and enjoining the "holy kiss," or kiss of charity, signifying Christian love and brotherhood. So far as we have been able to learn, this method of presenting evidence of fellowship served satisfactorily while confined to the brethren; but gradual, and apparently not unwilling, participation in it by the sisters gave rise to uncertainties in the minds of so many husbands of selfish disposition that the practice was long ago discontinued, and is now never observed, except under an unusual stress of circumstance, or when a peculiarly plausible pretext can be found. As a matter of fact, the kiss prescribed by the Apostle was as harmless a thing as the kisses of Arabian women upon the beards of their male relatives; but, as the requirements of the times became less rigorous, the distance between cheek or forehead and lips seemed to shorten, and abandonment of the pretty custom became necessary, for reasons which we need not recount, since they may be readily supplied by intelligent and experienced readers of both sexes.

But it is not the kiss as a symbol of friendship or respect, or even of such abject submission as is referred to by David in his well and favorably known psalm telling how it is well for certain undesirable citizens to "lick the dust," that we deem worthy of consideration at this time. Indeed, we should as soon think of endeavoring to deduce a moral from a shake of the hand or a wag of the ear by one of the few known to be gifted with the capacity to practise that accomplishment. That which formerly fascinated us, we admit frankly, and to this day possesses an interest which we suspect to be shared by many, is the kiss upon the lips by reputable members of the opposite sexes—such, for example, as Jacob lifted up his voice and wept over, on first meeting Rachel, when, having rolled away the stone so that her sheep might reach the water, he took his reward after the pleasing manner of his kind of those primitive days.

The notorious and reprehensible conduct of historians in

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neglecting matters of real importance to the human race is responsible for our lack of information respecting the precise time when the nature of the kiss insensibly changed from perfunctoriness to something more vital and worth while; but, apparently, the evolution was completed early in the seventeenth century. At any rate, the most observing of Frenchmen who thrived at the end of the sixteenth century bemoaned the fact that promiscuity had rendered "of no esteem" the kisses which Socrates had pronounced "so powerful and dangerous for stealing hearts"; whereas, only twenty-five years later, Doctor Heylin, making his interesting "Survaye of France," recorded his indignation at the incivility of the ladies in turning away from kindly proffers of salutation, and added in true British fashion his own belief that "the chaste and innocent kiss of an English gentlewoman is more in heaven than their best devotions." We should hesitate to question the exactitude, even as to adjectives, of one so highly reputed for accuracy as the learned doctor, but his disappointment—even chagrin, perhaps—may be appreciated when we recall the fact that simultaneously Erasmus was writing from England to his friend Andrelinus, somewhat enthusiastically, in this wise:

"If, Faustus, thou knewest the advantages of England, thou wouldst run hither with winged feet, and if the gout would not suffer that, thou wouldst wish thyself a Dædalus. For, to name one among many, here are girls with divine countenances, bland and courteous, and whom thou wouldst readily prefer to thy Muses. And, besides, there is a custom which can never be sufficiently praised; for, if you visit anywhere, you are dismissed with kisses; if you return, those sweet things are again divided; wherever you go, you are abundantly kissed. In short, move which way you will, all things are full of delight."

We perceive, therefore, that France, as usual, established this fashion of regarding promiscuous osculation by even bland and courteous ladies as improper, if not, indeed, immodest, at least in public; but the dissatisfaction of England at being compelled to heed the decorous dictum of the true arbiter is clearly evidenced to this day by the more responsive attitude of her own daughters when reasonably assured of immunity from discovery.

But, however interesting may be the history of transition in national characteristics, it can be only dull and even tiring in

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comparison with consideration of a topic, not only so fascinating in itself, but so suggestive of related subjects and so helpful in a constant endeavor to point out to the human race the way of advancement along rational and practicable lines. So we revert, with a certain sense of relief and anticipatory joy, to reflections upon the theory and practice to which allusion has been made in our simple title.

To begin with, then, at the beginning: Is kissing a necessity or a luxury? Is it beneficial or harmful? Under what circumstances, to what extent, and by whom should it be indulged? And why, among those presumably capable of and responsible for the shaping of our common destiny, has it received so small a percentage of the attention which all of us not unfamiliar with its certain delights and probable consequences fully realize that it deserves?

Clearly, custom plays a large part in the determination of these problems. The marriage service does not impose the specific osculatory obligation upon either party to the contract; but nobody would question for a moment the implied right of each to kiss the other at suitable moments, and in a manner, of course, not inconsistent with the maintenance of the dignity of both. Although, we may safely assume, in a large majority of cases the practice has not been wholly neglected during the period of courtship, there is general tacit recognition of an abrupt change taking place in the quality or flavor, if we may so term it, of the caress simultaneously with the exchange of marital vows. Indeed, no engraving is more popular, particularly in our rural communities, than that of the tired and tearful bride receiving from the groom a salutation of the variety commonly described as "melting," as the minister and parents ostentatiously disappear through the doorway. In France, where young persons are permitted far less freedom than in America or even in England, the picture is truthfully labelled "The First Kiss"; but here the difference in condition is recognized by the substitution of "Wedded Bliss," or, as if spoken or breathed, "Mine!" and, in rare instances, "All Mine!"

It is in this hint of possession that we detect the underlying cause of the change in quality or flavor; probably at no other moment, either before or afterward, are necessity and luxury so happily blended. From that time forward, even among the

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best-regulated and least-fashionable families, the caress, as an inevitable consequence of frequency and easy acquisition, gradually simmers down to an inoffensive but somewhat perfunctory evidence of friendliness. It by no means follows that this fact implies reproach; on the contrary, evolution in any other direction, especially toward a display of more ardent emotion, would be in flat opposition to the laws of nature, and consequently abnormal.

A further distinction, involving partial reversion to the earlier type, often arises from the decease of one of the partners, usually the husband; but it may be accepted as a certainty that the savor peculiar to the original participation can never be wholly regained. A more apt illustration or more conclusive confirmation of this unhappy truth could not be desired than that contained in the appellations bestowed upon the products of his art by the most famous of concocters of beverages designed to induce a quickening of the appetite. Of the two mixtures from whose invention he derived the highest satisfaction, one he called "The Maiden's Prayer"; the other was designated as "The Widow's Delight." Both were, and continue to be, according to current reports, deservedly popular; but the significance of the delicate differentiation and the certainty that even to the untutored mind a reversal of the terms would have seemed preposterous tend greatly to clarify our sufficiently explicit, yet necessarily somewhat vague, assertion respecting the constantly varying quality of the kiss as a consequence of changing conditions. We suspect, moreover, that the essentials to full appreciation of osculatory favors differ correspondingly; the ingredients, for example, composing that which the artist felicitously termed a "maiden's prayer," while sufficing in early life, in later years seeming insipid and inadequate as compared with the richer combination of elements comprised in a "widow's delight." Either would be regarded, of course, as a luxury. Indeed, broadly speaking, we may safely assume that only such kisses as convention decrees that we may and should have at will fall within the realm of necessity; all others, although in widely varying degrees, are indeed luxuries.

Whether kissing should be regarded as beneficial or harmful depends largely upon the point of view from which the subject is considered. In a strictly selfish sense, a nice balance, probably,

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should be struck between the spiritual gain and the physical injury; but it is a grave question whether for any reason we are justified in withholding pleasure from others of a sex whose chief craving is for sympathy. To this extent we may agree with the physicians, that osculation should be confined to those of approximately the same ages; the indiscriminate kissing of babies, keenly susceptible to attacks from germs of all kinds, and the fondling of young women by old men and of young men by old women, are practices not only offensive in themselves, but unjust in the sense of depriving others of their just dues. We know of but one instance of happiness, though of a mitigated kind, having been secured through abstinence from kissing. That was the case of a lady who married a man who had a bad breath, and who went to her grave, conscious, of course, of the suffering she had undergone from such hateful contact, but quite unaware that her situation was in any way peculiar, as she supposed to her dying day that all men's breaths were offensive. Inasmuch as the poor lady probably could not have divorced the wretch for such a cause, it may perhaps be urged that she profited from her ignorance; but we have never heard any boasting more absurd than that of her relatives over so rare an example of perfect chastity. As a matter of fact, of course, the unfortunate lady's exceptional ignorance merely evidenced her unattractiveness; because, surely, nobody will insist that a comely female, wed or unwed, deaf, dumb or blind, ever passed through life in such utter darkness.

That kissing in moderation among those of like ages and dispositions involves no great risk may be considered established; else it would not have been invented and authorized by Holy Writ. The difficulty lies in acting within reasonable restrictions, but this is common to all fascinating practices; and the sure way to rout a total abstainer from any cause of enjoyment is to hurl Horace at his head, thus:

> "*Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,*
> *Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petit ipsam,*"

or, as we would say:

> "Mad grow the wise, the just unjust are found,
> When e'en to virtue they prescribe no bound."

In such matters, those who desire to live rightly without depriving themselves unnecessarily of any form of enjoyment may

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well take home Paul's admonition to the Romans: "Be not wiser than you should, but be soberly wise." Heed paid to this sagacious injunction will prevent one from going very far along the wrong road, while simultaneously permitting suitable gratification of human impulses.

Why osculation has received so little attention from wise men we cannot tell. It may be that thinking and kissing go not well together; if so, few of us would require long time to choose between them. Or, possibly, the subject has seemed to require too delicate handling; or it may have seemed trifling. We neither know nor care. The most valuable practical lesson to be derived from experience and now set down is that closing of the eyes is essential to perfection in kissing. Aside from this hint to those of congenial spirit, we would merely direct the attention of those who may decry the importance of the topic to the influence of the charm in retaining hold upon one worth keeping, and rendering less frequent and hazardous those absences which are only too likely to make the heart grow fonder—of some one else.

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# THE ESPERANTO SOCIETY.

THE Esperanto Society, organized by THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, now has close upon fourteen hundred members, and in printing a list of their names there is a double purpose. In the first place, each member will obtain an idea as to the identity of his fellow members. The second object is more important still.

Esperanto is spreading so rapidly, the movement is growing so strong, that THE REVIEW'S provisional Society must now be superseded by a permanent, cohesive organization.

At the present time the only officers are the two Honorary Presidents, Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, the originator of Esperanto, and the Marquis L. de Beaufront, head of the Esperanto movement in France.

Our suggestion now is that the members in each State, Territory, insular possession or foreign country choose two persons, one to act as president, and another as secretary for that particular section. Since there are no charges for membership in this society, we earnestly hope that every member will feel it a duty to notify us promptly of his or her choice. The majority will decide.

---

ALABAMA

Felter, S. A.
Fowlkes, Ethel E.
Lang, George
McCormack, G. B.
Marshall, J. Leslie

ALASKA

Hobart, Clarence
Reynolds, Major F. P.

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Toney, Dr. L. C.
Williams, Herbert C.
Williams, Mrs. T. A.

ARKANSAS

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Rutherford, Mrs. Minnie U.
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Streepey, John P.
Streepey, Mrs. John P.
Walker, C. T.
Wills, F. J.
Wooten, June P.

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Aitken, Wilhelmina E.
Ash, Dorsey
Bain, Wilhelmina S.
Balch, David M.
Berry, David M.
Berry, Mrs. David M.
Bobsin, H. A.
Boothe, Lawrence W.
Brereton, W. C.
Briggs, Dr. W. A.
Bryan, Captain R. B. (U. S. A.)
Carleson, Carl O. F.
Case, E. L.
Chevalier, Herbert
Costello, S. V.
Cummings, Mrs. J. M.
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Disher, O. E.
Drew, F. C.
Dwyer, Misses
Egan, Miss J. R.
Eguchi, Kiyomi
Feigenbaum, Sanford
Floyd, Miss Louise
Floyd, Mrs. M. E.
Forwood, Peploe
Garland, F. A.
Goodwin, W. H.
Gray, Dr. Edward
Guerard, A.
Hawkins, Mrs. C. A.
Hodge, G. B.
Holbrook, George C.
Hoyt, J. M.
Hunter, Dr. Mary P.
Johnson, W. P.
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Knight, Cora A.
Kraft, Dr. Mary
Laws, H.
Lessow, Paul
Logan, Alfred
McClure, Rev. David
McLeod, Kenneth
Maddux, L. J.
Maddux, Mrs. L. J.
Montfort, Henrietta M.
Nagata, Shojorie
Nakamoto, Kiuji
Nilsson, B. E.
Pahl, Dr. P. C. H.
Payne, Edward B.
Peck, F. S.
Plastre, J. E.
Rivers, Fred
Roos, Andre
Sessions, C. B.
Shearman, W. H.
Stumm, Frank J.
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Warner, R. C.
Waterhouse, Ruth A.
Watson, Mrs. S. C.
Wayman, J. V.
White, Charles Alfred
Whiting, Mrs. Eriphyle
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Brown, Elizabeth N.
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Hovey, M. L.
Hurd, Carrie R.
Jenkins, J. T.
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Ludwig, M. F.
Mackey, Joseph

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Olds, Mrs. Mary J.
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Randolph, James W.
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Powell, Wade H.
Stephenson, J. M., Jr.
Strickland, Henrietta

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Tople, Prince L.

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Countryman, Carl C.
Domblazer, Harry Edmund
Dracass, Mrs. Carrie E. T.
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Hamill, Charles P.
Hardin, Floyd B.
Harvey, M. M.
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Jackson, Josephine
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Motley, Wilfred R.
Neely, John Hinsdale
Newcomb, Louis F.
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Pettit, James
Pinkerton, R. W.
Reed, Allen
Rice, Montgomery G.
Roberts, F. E.
Ross, Emory W.
Rushton, Joseph A.
Schneider, Otto C.
Schultes, Elsie
Simpson, Dr. Kate B.
Stockmann, Professor W. F.
Todson, Dr. Clara L.
Veiby, John
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West, S. B.

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Baer, S. W.
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Coble, Jennie A.
Decker, Ralph S.
Dodd, D. R.
Dodd, Mrs. D. R.
Egger, Joseph K.
Fletcher, George M.
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Fowler, J. L.
Henley, Howard E.
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Holmes, Miss Eunice J.
McEvoy, Mary
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Oldfather, C. H.
Osborne, Frank L.
Rice, Mrs. Herbert
Ritterskamp, G. H.
Stoner, Winifred Sackville
Turrell, H. B.
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Woolsey, J. Francis

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McWhirt, W.
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Yancey, David W.

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Baker, Anna M.
Baldwin, Laura P.
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Beach, Mabel C.
Benshoff, C. W.
Brodkey, Max
Carrigan, Ethel
Chapman, H. J.
Chapman, Leo
Clancy, Joseph
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Coyle, Edna
Custer, John
Durigan, Eva
Finley, Blaine G.
Gearen, Ruth
Gilbert, Mabel I.
Green, John
Hacker, Rose
Haley, L. W.
Hamilton, Ida
Higney, Mabel
Horne, J. F.
Ines, M. L.
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Keating, Madge
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O'Shonessy, Loretto
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Weaver, Harry B.
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Graves, Dr. H. W.
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Parker, Rev. Willis A.
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Samson, Mrs. C. H.
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Graham, John C.
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Herndon, Miss Wilda Spottswood
Lucas, Le Grand
Marzian, Albert F.
Newbolt, Maude
Platt, Edward A.
Van Ardsdall, Dr. C. B.
Walton, John R.

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Fowler, Irving J.
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Haupt, J. G.
Keener, Verona
Kress, Rev. W. S.
O'Toole, W. P.
Saunders, Eugene
Saunders, Mrs. Eugene
Selvidge, R. W.
Vignes, Dr. C. V.
Weaks, Pinckney P. M.
Young, H. L.

MAINE

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Furbish, Samuel B.
Goodwin, Mrs. Mary L.
Hamilton, William
Harris, Herbert
Hervey, A. B.
Jones, Thomas F.
Jones, William S.
Jordan, Ray V.
Morris, Guy M.
Morris, John S.
Pierce, Gertrude M.
Porton, Solomon
Salsman, Mrs.
Savage, Marita H.
Savage, Roy Mark
Seiders, Miss
Small, Harold Weston
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Thompson, P. G.

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Kerr, Eugene
Matthews, M. Grace
Micon, James R.
Miller, Lee A.
Riffel, Albert G.
Torgensen, Lloyd R.

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Ashby, Fred M.
Ayer, M. Isabel
Ballantine, Rev. John W.
Bauer, W. F.
Blake, Ralph
Blanchard, Denman
Chin, F.
Church, William L.
Connolly, Dr. John M.
Coombs, Catherine W.
Crawford, Frank E.
Crosby, Florence A.
Deppen, Rudolph
Dixon, Edward
Dolan, Rev. E. J.
Ellis, Walter
Farwell, Ada W.
Farwell, Oscar J.
Fessenden, Dr. C. H.
Fish, Mrs. L. J.
Foster, Helen W.
Garabedain, A.
Gillespie, Annie M.
Gillespie, Michael J.
Gough, John W.
Gray, M. F.
Griffin, Harold H.
Gross, Mrs. Kate T.
Harrison, F. G.
Harvey, Edward K.
Hill, Beulah C.
Hutchins, Carroll
Kibbe, Ralph M.
La Baw, W. L.
Makechine, Mable W.
Merrill, Albert R.
Metcalf, C. H.
Moore, Dr. George Colton
Mueller, Gustave A.
Murch, George J.
Park, Julian
Parsons, William E.
Pierce, Walter B.
Priest, H. Malcolm
Reid, J. James A.
Seavey, William H.
Sheffield, G. S. J.
Thompson, Dr. E. J.
Wallace, William
Weiss, Alfred
Whittlesey, Melzar
Wing, Professor C. H.
Wood, Leslie B.
Woodbury, Sarah T.
Woolway, F. W.
Worcester, Bertha G.

MICHIGAN

Armstrong, E. A.
Barbour, Levi L.
Cameron, Mrs. Katherine Morse
Caulkins, Dr. John S.
Dort, Ralph Bates
Gilmer, Albert H.
Hoover, J. C.
Inman, Mrs. M. J.
Kinney, Mrs. A. L.
Kirkpatrick, Russell A.
Latham, Mrs. Olga O.
Lewis, F. H.
Luce, Dr. Ransom W.
Lyle, Roy C.
Marsh, Frank B.
Morrison, Donald G.
Northrup, Mrs. C. L.
Northrup, Miss Lottie
O'Connor, Arthur
Perkins, Ralph Alonzo
Pierce, E. L.
Platt, F. A.
Porter, E. L.
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Briggs, Mrs. Charles H.
Carlsen, G. K.
Christensen, George
Conner, Flora C.
Cook, Mrs. Stephen
Davis, Graenie
Drummond, Willis
Duff, Mrs. William F.
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Fey, Rev. Henry Perry
Fisher, H. W.
Fisher, Mrs. H. W.
Forseth, C.
Gilbert, Mrs. F. W.
Gill, Robert I.
Hayley, W. H.
Hoorn, T. R.
Jacob, Henri
Jett, C. M.
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Kjell, Olof M.
Knopf, Rev. F. E.
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McLean, Florence
Miller, George A.
Mitchell, E.
Murphy, C. J.
Moses, W. J. B.
Nelson, Albert
Nolan, F.
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Bubenzer, Bessie
Buchanan, Jeanette
Coyle, Lelia
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Devours, Adeline
Doran, Edwin W.
Gardner, Vivienne
Gruber, C. C.
Hanson, Marjorie
Heidelberg, Lurlie
Hoggatt, Louella
Huff, Myrtis L.
Irwin, Elizabeth
Jarmon, Pearle
Joffrion, Viola
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McKee, Beulah
Meeker, Eloise
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Veltin, Anita
Virden, Cynthia
Willing, Janie
Wilson, Mary

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Fearl, C. E.
Fleming, Edwin R.
Forse, William H.
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Schroeder, Robert C.

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Wright, Roy
Yeater, Charles E.

MONTANA

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Iddings, Daisy D.
Lemert, R. J.
Mapes, T. A.
Ober, Walter M.
Packard, R. M.
Place, Mark H.
Rowand, Edith K.
Rowe, J. H.
Schenck, Professor Fred C.

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Anderson, J. L.
Andrews, Rev. Mary G.
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Howell, Fred L.
Jaynes, Irene Eva
Nielson, Leo C.
Svoboda, F. H.

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Fraser, J. A.
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Hamlin, John H.
Hurst, Glenn
Thompson, Alice L.
Thompson, Mrs. F. M.

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White, Charles H.

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Barlow, Mrs. Dewitt D.
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Bourne, Randolph
Bush, Egbert T.
Conroy, John J. T.
Davis, Everett D.
De Groff, A. L.
Eberle, O. L.
Fahy, F. P.
Francis, Earl B.
Freeman, Mrs. U. S.
Frey, Mrs. Charles P.
Genzmer, G. W. A.
Harrison, Charles D.
Hinrichs, A. E.
Jacob, Richard
Jahn, Frederic W.
Johnson, C. H.
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McCutcheon, Morton
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Sherman, Hiram, Jr.
Shirrefs, Robert A.
Shove, Erwin L.
Tejada, Juan de Dios
Voorhies, Paul D.
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Wood, Rev. George B.

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Martini, Mancini L.
Palmer, Mrs. M. R.

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Almy, Francis
Andrews, R. M.
Augspurger, Owen B.
Aus, Gunwald
Bachmann, Raymond
Banta, Herbert D.
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Barron, Maud K.
Baumann, Emil J.
Bease, Frederick
Bigley, Miss N. A.
Blackwood, Surgeon N. J. (U.S.N.)
Blauvelt, B. Willard
Boughton, Mrs. Martha A.
Bowen, H. E.
Boyd, George A.
Bricker, W. F.
Brown, Colvin B.
Brown, J. Stanford
Bruce, Gordon D.
Bucher, Clara J.
Burks, J. D.
Butterfield, R. L.
Callesen, Nis
Camp, A. C.
Campbell, Mrs. D. J.
Cardozo, Miss C.
Carleton, Mrs. Enriqueta D.
Case, Schuyler, O.
Chambers, B.
Chandler, A. D.
Churchill, Marlborough
Cioffi, Raphael
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Clarke, R. E.
Clayton, C. E.
Clendenin, C. F.
Cleveland, Fredk. A.
Clyde, Mrs. G. H.
Combs, T. E.
Corwin, Ernest D.
Corwin, Oriette M.
Cranmer, Margaret P.
Creesy, F. Wallace
Crosby, Alice M.
Cryder, R. W.
Cullen, Edward J.
Curran, Samuel P.
Davis, Arthur D.
Davis, Betsy B.
Davison, Miss Heloise
De la Vergue, James P.
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Deierlein, William
Dodman, Dora L.
Douglass, E. H.
Dowd, Francis J.
Duneka, F. A.
Dunn, Gano
Earnshaw, Rev. J. Wesley
Eaton, H.
Epstone, Robert
Fellows, George H.
Fife, George B.
Filley, M. L.
Filley, Mrs. O. D.
Fisk, C. W.
Fliashuck, Saml. B.
Forman, H. J.
Fox, Philip J.
French, Halsey
French, Thomas, Jr.
Frey, Clarence P.
Frost, Lowell C.
Gahagan, Mrs. W. H.
Gaines, Clarence H.
Gelston, Miss M. A.
Gilman, Lawrence
Goetz, Philip B.
Graham, Edward F.
Granfield, Horace
Greaves, Vincent
Green, Samuel R.

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Gregg, Wallace
Grismer, Phoebe Davis
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Harper, Joseph W.
Hart, Dr. A. Henri
Hartman, Lee Foster
Harvey, George
Hearn, John Edmond
Hertz, Michael
Hess, Arad F.
Hindle, Henry
Hinsdale, Louise
Hirsch, Herman D.
Hitchcock, Ripley
Hochheimer, Miss Helen A.
Hofferberth, Bertha
Hoffman, Max
Hopkins, Frederick M.
Howard, William F.
Howe, Mrs. William D.
Hoyns, Henry
Hudson, Frances L.
Hueg, William Harrison
Hutchinson, Frank J.
Iden, Oscar Glenn
James, George W.
Jenssen, Thoralf
Johnston, Russell R.
Jones, C. H.
Jones, William T.
Jordan, Miss Elizabeth
Kaplan, Nathan J.
Keeler, George B.
Keenan, Thomas J.
Keilty, M. J.
Kelman, John H.
Koebler, Capt. H. J. (U. S. A.)
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Leffingwell, Albert
Leigh, Major F. T.
Leiser, Joseph
Long, Alice B.
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McGuckin, William G.
McGuire, May
McIntyre, Miss G. E.
MacArthur, James
Mandel, Ernest L.
Marean, Maud L.
Martin, Mrs. John
Mayhew, Ralph S.
Meikle, J. T.
Melvin, Julia
Michelbacher, Miss Adele
Mines, L. F.
Mitchell, William
Mitchell, William
Moore, Charles C.
Morton, Darwin A.
Morton, James F., Jr.
Moses, F. H.
Moyer, F. E.
Mullin, Richard
Munro, D. A.
Naramore, Mrs. M. J.
Nash, Frances
Nast, Frederick A.
Nawn, Hattie M.
Neish, A. J.
Nichol, Edith
Nichols, Mrs. W. E.
Niess, Xavier
Noble, Harvey W.
Nugent, Florence
Olmstead, Seymour H.
Paret, Miss A. P.
Parker, Roy F.
Patterson, Harry V.
Payne, Mrs. Jessie L.
Perry, Dr. Edward C.
Phayre, John F.
Phœbus, William J.
Pifford, Dr. Henry G.
Platt, George Foster
Prendergast, William A.
Price, George V.
Primavesi, F. J.
Rector, Rovilla
Roberts, John T.
Rodgers, James
Roome, William P.
Roraback, W. A.
Roy, Rev. James
Samain, Helen F.
Sawyer, Miss L. E.
Scott, William R.
Scheiner, Richard
Schmidt, G. E.
Schneider, Fanny W.
Sebiri, Max
Sewall, Jeanette S.
Shackleton, Robert
Sheffield, Mason K.
Sheldon, Arthur J.
Simmons, Mrs. E. W.
Skach, Oskar
Skern, Dr. A. M.
Smith, Alexander
Smith, Frances
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Snyder, George D.
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Turner, Arthur
Van Ness, Myron J.
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Walsh, Thomas F.
Webb, Robert P.
Wells, Charles B.
Wells, Thomas B.
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Wherley, Professor F. C.
Whish, John D.
Whittle, Lewis W.
Wottrich, Frederick W.
Zirinsky, David

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Bedell, Dr. Leila G.
Brach, W.
Brunot, Eugenia
Comstock, Dr. Caroline B.
Deans, A. B.
Garrison, Mrs. J. B.
Shannonhouse, Ruth

NORTH DAKOTA

Anderson, D. S.
Mugan, John J.
Sheldon, Bessie
Simpson, W. L.
Sinness, Isabel
Sinness, Torger
Skulason, Bardi G.

OHIO

Ampt, W. M.
Bancroft, A. L.
Barry, Henry D., Sr.
Benton, Professor Elbert J.
Bliss, J. J.
Brinkman, Herman
Case, Byron A.
Coombs, D. Wheeler
Cross, Annetta L.
Damon, Dr. W. E.
Dute, Walter S.
Earnshaw, J. H.
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Frankenfield, Mrs. Mabel W.
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Harr, Herbert S.
Hayden, James G.
Hochwalt, A. F.
Hornung, C.
Hoskins, Elbert L.
Johnson, Nora
Kaufmann, Rosa
Kemble, Duston
Kibler, Edward
Light, Melvin
Lutz, Margaret
McConnell, Glen
Mattison, A. M.
Mears, Charles W.
Mitman, Mabel
Mittman, E. E.
Murray, S. H.
Neumann, A. V.
Peacock, David
Peacock, Grover
Phillips, Mrs. F. B.
Pixley, Marie
Ranscher, Albert
Rayhouser, N. C. A.
Saum, O. C.
Saumening, Margaret
Seebers, Sara
Shroder, Jacob
Sulzer, Dr. G. A.
Sweeney, E. C.
Taylor, E. B.
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Fellow, Henry C.
Ferguson, M. J.
Hiatt, Mack
Hinchcliffe, Cora
Jacobs, Jessie
Jenisch, F. L.
Kirkham, Floy
Loomis, Myra
Oshel, Herbert
Pierce, Walter C.
Prophet, Orpha
Sears, Arlie
Spurrier, Mamie
Sturges, William
Walton, Loren
Weaver, Cleveland
Wells, Frank

OREGON

Hasch, J. F.
Lake, E. R.
Lindstrom, T. A.
Mayer, F. J. Alexander
Mingus, Edna T.
Powell, P. O.
Powell, Mrs. P. O.
Smith, James G.

PENNSYLVANIA

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Althouse, James H. W.
Arndt, Mrs. John S.
Auerbach, Dr. Martin H.
Blair, Robert B.
Bowman, Charles W.
Breck, E. G.
Brehm, A. A.
Bryden, W. D.
Bushong, Robert G.
Byers, Wiley L.
Clifford, John M., Jr.
Corson, Estelle
Donaldson, Louis D.
Doran, John L.
Dulles, Joseph H.
Ege, Charles R.
Evans, A. B.
Farr, G. B.
Farson, Anne
Ford, H. E.
Forrest, R. L.
Fitzhugh, Olando
Gerway, Albert H.
Gibbons, Oliphant
Gilger, C. C.
Griffith, Ira M.
Gruber, Paul
Hampson, W. B.
Harrison, Helen
Hewes, George H.
Hull, J. K.
Humphreys, Mrs. C.
Jordan, John H.
Keller, W. R.
Kerr, Kenneth C.
Kirkpatrick, Mrs. G. E.
Koch, Mrs. H. N.
Kreidt, Very Rev. A. J.
Linton, Edwin
Lüders, Lewis B.
McAleer, Mrs. Della A.
McClelland, W. C.
McCutcheon, Dr. Thos. P., Jr.
McIntyre, J. W.
McKelvy, J. E.
McNess, Mary F.
McRoberts, Margaret
Mason, Laura K.
Mearns, William H.
Michener, Mrs. Charles F.
Michener, Mrs. Jesse H.
Milroy, William
Moninger, Arthur V.
Orr, J. William W.
Pfahler, W. P.
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Toerge, Elsie
Trowbridge, M. Charlotte
Ward, Thomas H.
Weiss, Alfred
White, Margaret L.
Woodman, Mary E.
Wright, Robert K.
Zang, Jacob Milton

RHODE ISLAND

Brinley, Godfrey
Corp, Henry W.
Cottrell, Arthur M.
Eldridge, F. R.
Eldridge, Mrs. F. R.
Foster, Frank A.
Gilker, William M.
Grose, Lawrence R.
Hovey, Horace M.
Moulton, Preston S.
Pollard, Sara E.
Sherman, Rose
Tashiro, K.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Aldrich, A. P., Jr.
Dean, Professor H. L.
Dean, Mrs. H. L.
Mears, R. A.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Beaumont, E. A.
Cotton, Earle L.
Sutphen, Doran
Swanton, J. H.
Wold, Walter

TENNESSEE

Alley, Rayford W.
Barber, S. E.
Baxter, Eleanor
Bostick, W. E.
Burrow, Gertrude
Chambers, W. R.
Fowler, J. A.
Harkleroad, Frank
Hurt, Oscar H.
Kontzach, Miss
Leddra, Mrs. F. C.
Lucky, Mrs. Julia S.
Lynn, S. E.
McIntyre, Roscoe A.
Mathes, C. Hodge
Middleton, George W.
Miller, W. E.
Morrison, J. J.
Onstott, T. E.
Patterson, Carlos
Porter, Dr. Otey J.
Rushton, Mrs. H. R.
Sohm, J. J.
Stephens, G. L.

TEXAS

Bachtel, J. E.
Borgum, Charles
Corbett, John M.
Edwards, Frank B. (U. S. A.)
Fell, J. P.
Fitzgerald, B. S.
Hildebrand, Bert
Ibanez, J. M.
Morgan, E. A.
Paget, O.
Spearman, Dr. G. T.
Underwood, Porter R.
Valeton, W. L.
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Ryan, James
Smith, J. B.
Steiner, Charles
Thompson, J. Walcott

VERMONT

Cook, Mrs. A. B.
Fowler, Frances J.
Gallup, Lillian R.
Robertson, W. E.

VIRGINIA

Almond, Frank H.
Biro, Stephen
Campbell, B.
Galt, Mary Mears
Gray, Fred W.
Hundley, W. T.
McCullough, Miss C. L.
Owen, Mrs. T. E.
Robinson, Lieutenant Gordon
Simpson, F. A.
Steger, S. A.
Webster, Rear-Admiral H.

WASHINGTON

Anderson, Mrs. C. O.
Baldwin, Edward D.
Bartlett, Amy M.
Bartlett, H. M.
Bond, Mrs. Florence M.
Bond, S. C.
Behr, Lieutenant C. J.
Case, C. E.
Clason, Elsie
Davies, John F.
Hager, John R.
Hohneck, E.
Kline, John
Levin, Nathan
Lund, Edna B.
Mulligan, Mary E.
Palmer, Irma
Plisterer, Captain F. W.
Pietrzycki, Dr. Marcel
Randall, C. E.
Reihl, John F.
Sikes, Marguerite B.
Sonnenberg, Otto A.
Stackpole, Everett B.
Sutherland, J. M.
Townsend, C. C.
Wagner, Dr. G. C.
Wegener, H. F.
Wood, John W.

WEST VIRGINIA

Crist, Clyde M.
Hicks, Spiller
Kee, O. Hunter
Pool, C. F.
Thoenen, D. E.

WISCONSIN

Blackwelder, Eliot
Bowe, William
Crary, Jules E.
Harvey, Richard G.
Heaney, Thomas
Henkel, Isabel
Joyce, Mrs. James T.
McNally, W. F.
Moe, Maurice W.
Reynolds, P. A.
Saby, T. S.
Simon, Arthur
Simonds, Harold
Starr, William
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Vilas, Charles A.

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Clark, H. K.
Coltant, Ian
Elliott, W. R.
Ewing, Dr. F. J.
Graham, Dr. J. H.
McLauchlan, William
Nabokoff, Leo
Smith, G. E. F.
Symes, Katherine R.
Twohy, Ada J. F.

CUBA

Longman, John B.
Mellen, R. H.

ENGLAND

Beaufort, P. Stanley
White, Howard E.

MEXICO

Alaman, Arturo
Burns, James
Harnecker, Mrs. Lawrence
Hubbard, Mrs. Charles
Sloan, W. H.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Bitterman, Theodore
Clark, Charles A.
Grierson, Charles H.
Hultman, Augusta S.
Yemans, Dr. Herbert W.

PANAMA

James, Richard

PORTO RICO

Español, Heraldo
Font, Julio
Nava, Antonio Alvares
Palmer, Augusto
Ricabado, F.
Vidal, Juan

PORTUGAL

Arayo, A. F. Carneirs
Auguste, Raul
Ayme, Louis H.
Barros, Jorge F. de
Brederode, Fernando
d'Albrea, Joaquin da C. Gomes
d'Almeida, Edwardo G. F.
Da Silva, Alfredo H.
Da Silva, Antonio Marques
Da Silva, Felecinno Lopes
Da Silva, Joaquim Rodrigues
de Liba, Luciano Pereira
de Mangualde, Count Fernando
de Mello, Carlos J.
Donnet, Adelaide
Donnet, Dorothea
E'Silva, Jose A. S.
Ferreira, Godofredo
Horner, Mrs. Harry
Horner, Rudolpho
Lino, Jose Elias G.
Martinez, Mario
Moderno, Jos. Antonio R.
Moreton, Robert
Mostin, Francisco M.
Peru, Delphim C.
Pitta, Antonio A. Rodrigues
Quintella, Jose A.
Sa, Aurora Barroso de
Sa, Carlos Barroso de
Sa, Lila Barroso de
S'Abren, Cæsar Tiburcio
Santos, Edwardo Antonio
Saramago, Amaden Ferreira
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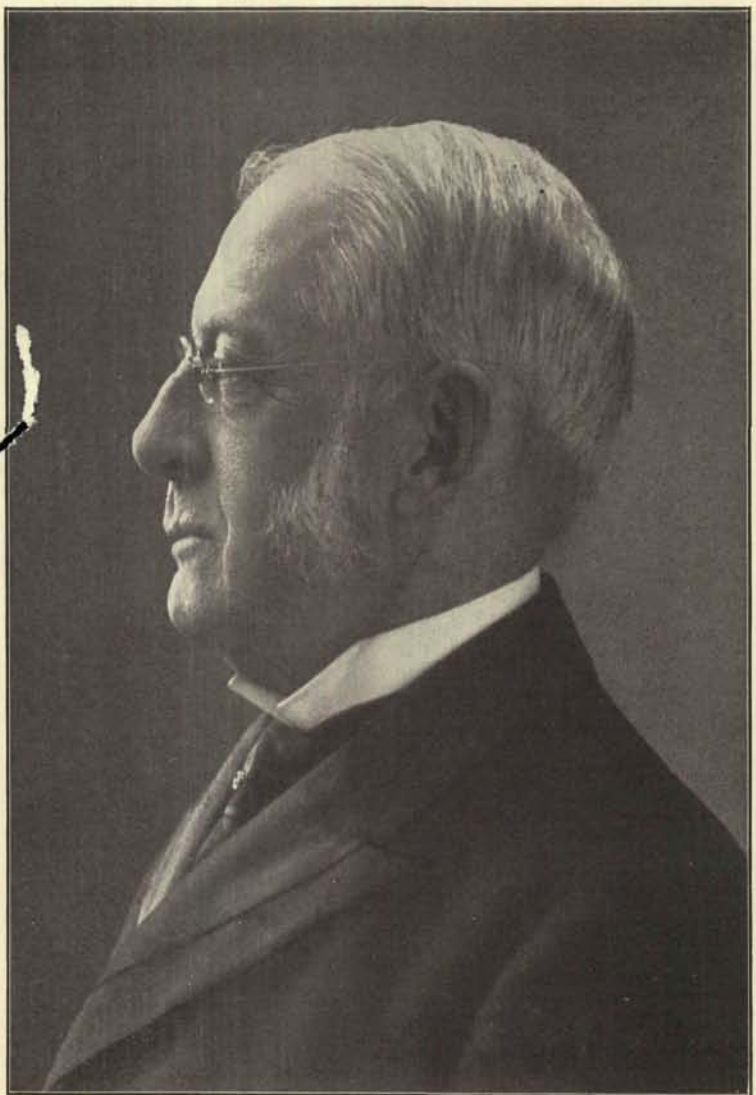

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